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GUIDE.

TO

HOLINESS.

EDITORS:

REV. H. V. DEGEN, REV. B. W. GORHAM.

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Henry V. DeGra

ESS.

After a severe surgical removal of a cancer, the epidemic. This was followed by the re-covery, constituted the most important bearing on the subject. At the age of twenty he went to the North to acquire a practical knowledge of the art of the citizen of Boston. He was engaged in mercantile business, which was shaped according to the wishes of a three years' apprenticeship in Academy, Andover. At fourteen he went to the West, visiting the ports of Baltimore, Canton in the Islands, and St. Louis. Various circumstances occurred which directed his mind to the study of the law.

During a severe illness, at the same age, a prophetic vision, which was lost over his death, was extinct, he was left with the birds of the air, and in the wake of the storm, whatever may be the result of his death impressed a fearful thing into the hands of the people at Canton, tid-ings of the capture of a vessel, while doubling the bay, who murdered the crew, and the chances of the most

THE GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

OUR ENGRAVING.

OF its artistic merit, we think there can be but one opinion. It is the production of our fellow citizen, S. A. Schoff, Esq., who stands at the head of his profession in this part of the country. As a likeness, those best acquainted with the subject pronounce it the best that has been taken.

The wish has been expressed, and often repeated, for years past by the patrons of our magazine, that the editors would allow themselves to appear in connection with others whose likenesses have been introduced in the Guide. The desire to look upon the features of those with whom, by correspondence, or otherwise, we have become familiar, is certainly natural, and, for aught we know, innocent; and yet we feel a delicacy in allowing ourself to appear so conspicuously in a magazine of our own publishing. We yield, however, to the judgment of our friends, humbly committing our motives to Him who searcheth the hearts and trieth the reins of the children of men.

Following former precedents, we may be allowed to give the following brief biographical sketch.

Our subject was born in Leghorn, Italy, at which place his father was for many years the resident British Consul, on the 14th December, 1813. At the age of seven, he removed, in company with his parents, to the Southern States. Here he

lost his father, who, after a severe surgical operation in the removal of a cancer, died of the prevailing epidemic. This blow, followed shortly after by the removal of a sainted mother, constituted the beginning of a course of divine chastening, which had an important bearing on the whole of after life. At the age of nine, he was sent to the North to acquire an education, and placed under the guardianship of a prominent citizen of Boston. His friends intending him for mercantile pursuits, his education was shaped accordingly, terminating with a three years' course at the Franklin Academy, Andover. At the age of fourteen he went to sea, visiting consecutively the ports of Malta, Smyrna, Gibraltar, Canton in China, the Philippine Islands, and St. Helena. Several circumstances occurred during the voyage to direct his mind to the subject of religion. During a severe gale, a shipmate of the same age, a profane, thoughtless youth, was lost overboard, and, long before life was extinct, he could be seen struggling with the birds of prey, who generally follow in the wake of vessels, to feed upon whatever may be thrown overboard. This death impressed him much with what a fearful thing it was to fall as a sinner into the hands of the living God. While at Canton, tidings reached them of the capture of a merchant ship by pirates, while doubling the Cape of Good Hope, who murdered the crew under circumstances of the most

revolting character. The Holy Spirit employed this circumstance, also, to impress him with the uncertainty of life, and his utter unfitness for death. These impressions, however, were like the morning cloud and early dew. On his return to terra firma he forgot past dangers, and gradually laying aside the restraints imposed by early training, he soon became not only a neglecter of, but a disbeliever in God. He now settled in New York, and entered a counting-room. Here was inaugurated a school of the severest discipline. For three years he was met by the Divine chastening in every avenue of life, till he became convinced, like Balaam, that God, whom he had forgotten and forsaken, had sent his angel to arrest his progress, and call attention to himself. The neglected sanctuary was again sought, and the commands of God obeyed—through fear, however, more than love. In 1832 he left New York, and moved to Carbondale, Pa. It was while here that Paley's Evidences were put into his hand, and he became thoroughly convinced of the authenticity of the Scriptures, and the reality of religion. Its outward duties were performed with scrupulous attention, and the world regarded him as a Christian—an opinion in which he shared himself. The Searcher of hearts knew otherwise, and employed means to undeceive him. A protracted meeting was in progress among the Presbyterians, and he was invited to attend and participate in its exercises. At this, the first meeting of the kind he had ever attended, he was invited to lead in prayer for those who had presented themselves as penitents. He did so, repeating the general confession in the Common Prayer Book, the formula of the church in which he had been educated. He had scarcely finished, when he felt deep conviction for sin, and more in need of being prayed for than those for whom he had been addressing the throne of grace. Deeply humbled, he retired from the meeting to

his chamber, threw himself on his knees, and gave himself up to God. The sweet peace that followed, and subsequent joy in the Holy Ghost, was inexpressible.

For a year or more he continued with those who had been instrumental in his conversion, but finding their Calvinistic theology not in harmony with his views of scriptural truth, he sought acquaintance with the Methodists, whose doctrines he heartily embraced, and immediately connected himself with the class. In 1835 he again returned to New York, and finding a vacancy in the office of the Christian Advocate and Journal, he entered the employ of Messrs. Waugh & Mason, then in charge of the Methodist Book Concern. Here he remained five years, after which, having received a license to preach, he undertook his first parochial charge at Patterson, N. J., where he remained till the meeting of the Maine Conference, in July, 1840. The first year he travelled under the Presiding Elder, and was appointed to York, Scotland Parish. The following year he joined Conference at Skowhegan, where he was ordained local Deacon. He subsequently served the following appointments in Maine: Orono, Hampden, W. Prospect (now Searsport), and North Bucksport. In 1845 he was transferred to the New England Conference, and stationed at Westfield. Afterwards, at Wilbraham two years, South Boston four years (two as Pastor of the Centenary Church, and two as Chaplain of the House of Industry), Lynn, Common Street, two years, and Charlestown two years. In 1856 he was made Supernumerary, sustaining that relation to the Conference till last year, when he was again made effective, and again appointed Chaplain to the House of Industry. He became publisher of this magazine in July, 1851, and since January, 1852, he has had the principal control of the editorial department.

Christians never see far till they learn to live much with their eyes shut.

THE LOVE OF GOD SECURES
GOOD FORTUNE.

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God."—*Rom. viii. 28.*

PROMISES are of two kinds, specific and general, or universal.

Specific promises are those made to particular persons or communities, or they are pledges of particular blessings, or blessings under specified circumstances.

General or universal promises are promises which God makes to his people for all time and all circumstances. The text is a universal promise, in which God pledges all nature and all providence to those who love him.

I. WHAT IS IT TO LOVE GOD?

Acquaintance with an object must necessarily precede our love for it. No man can properly be said to love an object till he has knowledge of it. A blind man is never smitten with Niagara, nor a deaf man with Old Hundred; and a man that knows nothing of God, cares as little for him. "The world by wisdom knew not God." "Neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal him." So it seems men are naturally ignorant of God. This ignorance seems to result from the power of depravity by which the heart is rendered incapable of perceiving spiritual things; or rather, perhaps, it should itself be recognized as a part of that depravity. But, however this may be, ignorance of God is set down in the Bible as coincident with sinfulness of character, and the Saviour accounts for some of the most terrible acts of rebellion against God and opposition to him and his church by the remark, "These things shall they do because they know not the Father nor me." In the final award, the terrible denunciation of wrath is to be upon them that know not God and obey not the gospel. "And this is life eternal," said Jesus, "that they might know thee the only

true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

But what is it to know God? We sometimes speak of knowing a personage when our acquaintance is something less than a personal knowledge of the object. If you have been to London, and have visited St. Paul's Cathedral, you have noticed in some convenient locality a marble slab, with these words: "*Sir Christopher Wren*. Do you ask for his monument? look around you." Now after this you hear men speaking of Sir Christopher, and some one asks, "Do you know him?" You reply, "Yes; he was the architect of St. Paul's." There is no perversion of language in your claiming to *know* a man whose great monumental work you have seen, though obviously you use the word "know" in its feeblest sense in such a case. Now heathen men have seen God's great work in nature, and when they are said to "know" God, it must be in this lowest sense of the word. "For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead; so that they [the heathen] are without excuse; because that when they *knew* God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful."

Again. You have read the history of the Reformation in the sixteenth century, and you say, "I know Martin Luther." And so you do in a higher sense than you know Sir Christopher Wren, because you have marked his whole character as sketched in history. So a man who has attentively read the Bible knows God in a sense higher than the man who has merely looked upon nature and marked God's providence.

But a man asks you if you know Mr. A.,—mentioning the name of your father, —and, with a smile, you say, "O yes, I know him; I am called by his name. He is my father." Now it is plain enough that you use the word "know" in a still

higher sense in this last case, for you mean by it, "I have often met him face to face from a child. I have been dandled on his knee, and carried in his arms. I have been nursed and fed and clothed and educated by his bounty. *I know my father!*" So a man to whom Jesus has revealed him, knows God. It is not indeed that he understands the mysteries of the Godhead, as you are still ignorant of a thousand things touching the interior being of your father; but the Lord hath spoken to his heart, "Seek ye my face," and his heart has responded, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek." God has called him by his name, and his heart has responded, "Abba, Father." He daily walks with God, and at night his heart communes with God upon his bed, and is still. He endures as seeing Him that is invisible. His conversation is in heaven. He knows God by a gracious personal acquaintanceship through the revelation of Jesus Christ.

Now the man that knows God, in the proper sense, as just set forth, loves God, for God is love, — not lovely, not loveable, but love itself, — the eternal centre and fountain and fullness of all perfection of excellence. There are created things that are never regarded but with delight. There is but one opinion of the sun shining in his strength, nor of the rainbow that arches the sky, nor of Niagara, nor of the ocean. But what is this verdict of admiration for created things, when weighed against the rapt astonishment of a soul into whose darkness the Sun of Righteousness hath sent his beams, and whose eyes are now first opened somewhat to see the King in his beauty? The love of a holy heart to God is a union of all dutifulness, all admiration, and all gratitude.

From love comes obedience. "If a man love me he will keep my words. He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me." Nothing more natural, since we instinc-

tively wish to please the object of our affection.

Love is happy in her labors, and he that serves God in spirit under the impulse of love, is a reliable Christian, and a happy one as well. He enjoys the very sacrifices and toils which he feels are recognized by his gracious Saviour as the little testimonials of his love to him.

Love is God's great propelling power. Love, in his own bosom, wrought redemption for man. Love between man and man makes each the happy contributor to the other's good. Love in the household is God's method for making home a heaven. Love in the heart of "Mother" for her child toils on through weary days, and nights of broken rest, for no reward except to see the feeble life she guards at length grow strong. And love to him is the agent which he ordains shall be at once the test of our discipleship and the motive for our activities.

The question, whether I love God or not, is the natural and inevitable test of my character. God's character is the standard, and my agreement or disagreement with that standard shows me right or wrong. God is King, — ruling by eternal right and with eternal rectitude. The soul of loyalty is love to the king. God is my friend, and his benefactions, thicker than my moments, have dropped upon me for a lifetime, keeping me alive, surrounding me with joys, and offering me heaven. If I have no love for such a being, I ought to know that my heart is utterly corrupt and in ruin.

Let no man say, "Love to man is the great test of character." Except as it is related to love to God, it is no test at all. He that is a rebel against righteous government, especially the government of God, can have no other fact in his character to compensate it. The son that treats his mother with mockery and insult, decides and advertizes his character in that single fact, nor will men go beyond it to the inquiry whether he be brave, or

noble, or truthful, or generous, among his companions in sin. The bandit murders and robs the traveller at the risk of his own life, then hastens away to divide the spoil among his band with most scrupulous regard to "honor among thieves." Is he less a villain deserving the gallows for his fidelity to his brother rogues? Against the best of human governments many thousands are now in league. What matters it that these men are true to each other? The test of character is obedience to proper authority, and the prodigal, the bandit, and the traitor are each to be adjudged in the view of that single point of his character.

But mere hand-service is not enough, does not satisfy the text, does not satisfy the heart of God. God loves the world. "*God so loved the world—*" and love always yearns for love in return. Days' works are not a lawful tender here. Love alone can respond to love, and God will have your heart or nothing. Yet men on every hand are offering themselves to be God's slaves, and the churches abound in worshippers who display

"Devotion's every grace, except the heart."

Indeed I cannot account for the strange want of *heart* which some members of the church exhibit but by supposing that they never have really received the spirit of adoption. They are perhaps nearly as active as they should be, but there is a strange want of heavenly sweetness in their spirit, and their hearts never seem to find quiet rest in the bosom of their Heavenly Father. God looks upon those and says, "*Give me thy heart.*" The answer is, "I will try to be more than ever punctual at church." "*Give me thy heart.*" "I will increase my subscriptions." "*Give me thy heart.*" "I will pay tithe of mint, anise, and cummin." But still the tender requisition comes from the heart of Infinite Love, "SON, GIVE ME THY HEART."

Don't allow yourself to say, my brother, that this view puts love in the place of

obedience, for I have before shown that love is certain to *secure* obedience, and to secure it on proper principles. I have intended, in what I have just said, to teach that love to God is the only adequate motive force for the Christian life, and that if outward obedience could be maintained in the absence of love to God, it would not be acceptable to him.

The truth is, love to God is at the foundation of all personal piety. Jesus indicates as much when he says, "The first and great commandment is, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, mind, and strength." The love of God is the parent Christian grace. It will make me prayerful, for I love to talk with a friend. It will draw me *often* to my closet, for I love interviews with a particular friend *alone*. It will make me obedient, for, loving him, I shall instinctively desire to please him. It will make me love the Bible, for my desire to please the Captain of my salvation will lead me often to the "Order Book," and I shall always find a delight in perusing the words of him whom my soul loveth. It will make me love Christians, for they too love God, and are like him; and, in a word, the love of God shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost given unto me, shall plant and nourish there every grace, every excellence of Christian character, and make my very nature a fountain whence shall flow living waters, springing up into everlasting life.

II. WHAT ARE WE TO UNDERSTAND BY THE PROMISE OF THE TEXT?

"All things shall work together for good to them that love God." Precious promise! How it surrounds the believer with an impregnable wall of defence. How it marshals all forces and all contingencies about each child of God, and gives them charge of his support and keeping. How it reveals to my faith the universe itself as a vast laboratory, compounding good fortunes for Christians,—my Father the alchemist.

But let me not mistake the gracious words. They are no pledge that I shall never be unfortunate, in the usual sense of that word. They do not insure me against poverty, or bereavement, or desertion, or persecution, or death by martyrdom. They only say that whatever God allows to occur touching me, shall work good to me, so long as I love God.

I think I can best exhibit this promise to you in two views.

1. *God overrules all occurrences for the good of his people.*

There is a special providence exercised over the people of God. I do not mean by this that God supervises and controls certain portions of the operations of nature, while he leaves certain other portions without supervision; but I mean that he has a covenant with his people by which he engages to allow nothing to occur which must necessarily work ill to them in the end. A Christian may suffer great physical pain; but a degree of pain which God sees must ultimately harm him, he shall not suffer. He may be tempted; but let the child of God look up and trust, for the arm of the oppressor shall be broken before the temptation assume a fatal power. Along whichever of two paths there lie the largest blessings for one of God's children, thither will our Heavenly Father open the way for him to go. Some remissness or slowness to duty, or some earthly love creeping in, may make a chastisement necessary for you, my brother; and then you should remember chastisement is the greatest blessing God can give you, so that though you are sometimes afflicted grievously, you are not to repine, but meekly and earnestly to inquire what are the lessons God would have you learn under the rod.

The other view I wish to take of this promise I will state as follows.

2. *There is something in the very fact that a man loves God to make all occurrences a blessing to him.*

Men are affected by the facts that

transpire around them much according to their own characters respectively. *Life is what we make it*; and a good man, by his filial response to the various providential dealings of the Lord, will often extract a blessing from them where a sinful man would exhibit only despair or rebellion.

Contrast two men, whom perhaps you know, and you will likely get my idea. I will suppose them alike in all the essential facts of providence, while they are wholly unlike in character,—one of them being a thorough Christian, and the other an infidel.

Both these men have the Bible; but while one of them finds it an inestimable guide to his feet, and so an unspeakable blessing upon his life and his house, the other treats the lamp of God with neglect or contempt, and finds a curse just where his neighbor found a blessing.

Both these men have the Sabbath; but mark how differently they use it. One spends the day, together with his family, in listening to the gospel, studying the Scriptures, teaching the young, and in self-examination and prayer. The other desecrates the day to business purposes, or squanders its moments in idleness or dissipation. They have both had the same day, but one of them is a better man, and the other a much worse man, on Sunday evening, than he was on Sunday morning.

These two men alike have access to church privileges and Christian association. The one uses what the other despises and ridicules, and, as the result, the one has found advantage just where the other has brought on himself another curse.

God bestows on both these men some measure of wealth, and while one uses his means for wise and beneficent purposes, the other finds in the same fact new food for avarice or vanity, or both, and so cash is blessing one and cursing the other.

They both have large intellectual pow-

ers, and in this God treats them alike ; but the result is vastly different in the two cases. Mark that great, good man. See how he leaves his mark for God at every point where he touches society. He plans and guides, as well as assists, benevolent operations. He exerts a wholesome and elevating influence over the young men of his place. He sows good seed in the Sunday school, that shall spring up and bear fruit in these days and in after time. He makes himself felt in business circles as a man fearing God, and intent on higher things than the mere accumulation of wealth ; and thus, by using the power with which nature has endowed him for the good of those around him, he honors his Saviour and is himself honored in return.

His neighbor, too, has great power over other minds, of which he is not a little vain, and which he does not fail to exert with terrible effect. He gradually brings under his control a considerable number of persons, of less capacity and knowledge than himself, whose opinions and prejudices he moulds to the type of his own. Oh, 'tis fearful to contemplate such a man moving on to the ruin and despair of perdition, with his freight of ruined ones in train. Better had it been for that man if he had never been born, or, being born, that he had come into the world a driveling idiot, instead of being intrusted with the splendid powers with which Heaven has endowed him.

Each of these men has an interesting family ; and here, as elsewhere, the one is cursed where the other is blessed. A diligent Christian training, early begun and steadily and patiently prosecuted, which one of these men has bestowed upon his household, has wrought its happy results in the character of his children, and in turn they surround him now, in after life, with an atmosphere the most grateful to his heart and helpful to his piety.

With the other it is far otherwise. His

family have been taught to despise the church, and to treat the sanctity of the Sabbath with contempt. They are in utter ignorance of the Scriptures. They have eschewed religious companionships, and have found their associates only among the giddy and the profane. The result is such as might have been expected ; and now, in his after life, he is doomed to reap the harvest he has sown, in the profanity and recklessness and ingratitude of the children whose characters he has moulded. The reaction upon his own character is neither pleasant nor profitable.

A long life is given to each of these men, and one grows in grace till he dies, and the other grows in sin till he dies. Better and better, and worse and worse, for living long.

Bereavement comes alike to both. One receives the blow with meekness, and says, through his tears, "Not as I will." The other murmurs and repines, and hardens his heart against God, and will not be reproved.

Death comes at last to both ; and while "the righteous hath hope in his death, the wicked is driven away in his wickedness."

When I was a little boy I used to mark two trees that stood near my father's house in the country. One was alive, the other was dead. I saw them there, side by side, standing in the same soil, and acted upon by the same natural forces ; and yet I noticed, year by year, how those two trees made progress in exactly opposite directions. The sun, the winds, the rain, the earth, were nourishing the one and working steadily the ruin of the other. And I remember well when that tall dead tree, from which the bark had peeled and fallen, and limb after limb had been torn away by the storms of successive years, till it was a naked needle against the sky, was one day struck with lightning and stood a pillar of fire for some minutes, till it careened in the wind

and fell a smouldering ruin on the ground. I used to mark the contrasted fates of those two trees, with an interest which my childish thought could not then interpret to itself, and when the old tree fell, my heart was strangely sad with thoughts for which I had no name.

In later days, as I have seen how the same providences move different characters toward heaven or hell, I often seem gazing again upon the two trees of my childhood, repeating Paul's language, — "Sin, that it might appear sin, *working death in me by that which is good.*"

Indulge me a few more words before I sit down. My friend, you have listened kindly to me to-day; let me ask you, do you love God? Have you the Bible evidences to which reference was made in the early part of this discourse that your heart is in sympathy with the Divine Being and government? Then happy are you! All things are yours! Nay, better still than that, for if you owned the universe of things, you still would lack the wisdom and the power to wield it; but as it is, without your care, all agencies are made to work in your behalf. The Bible is yours. The Sabbath is yours. The church is yours. All providences are yours. And life, and death, and immortality, are yours, because you love the King.

But what shall I say to the man who loves not God and obeys not the gospel? Unhappy man! All things are against you. If you are to live and die as you are, I cannot think of a fact in relation to you that is not a misfortune. It is a misfortune that you were ever born, or that you was not strangled in your cradle, — that you have a soul, — that you must die, — that there is a judgment day, — that God is just, — that you are immortal. Nay, could God with all his attributes, and all things with all their relations, pass in panorama before you, you might wave your hand over the infinite cavalcade and say, "All these things are against me!"

Vain man! you have antagonized yourself against all things in your enmity to God. What will you do? What can you do? Only this. You can fly to the Infinite Heart that waits your coming and stoops to ask your love.

INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE.

TEN years ago, when an unconverted man, I boarded in the family of a pious woman, whose husband was not a Christian. There was a daughter of nineteen, another of fourteen, and a son of ten. Every morning after breakfast, I heard that humble woman gather her family in the kitchen, and read with them a chapter — "verse about" — in the Bible. Then, as I could not help listening, there was a peculiarity of service which mystified me. At last I asked one day if I might remain. She hesitated, her daughter blushed, but said I could do so if I really desired it. So I sat down with the rest. They gave me a Testament, and we all read. Then, kneeling on the floor, that mother began her prayer audibly for dear ones there, her husband, and herself, and then, pausing a moment, as if to gather her energies, or wing her faith, uttered a tender, affectionate supplication for me. She closed, and her daughter began to pray. Poor girl, she was afraid of me; I was from college — I was her teacher; but she tremulously asked for a blessing as usual. Then came the other daughter, and at last the son, — the youngest of that circle, who only repeated the Lord's Prayer, with one petition of his own. His Amen was said, but no one arose. I knew in the instant they were waiting for me. And I — poor prayerless I — had no word to say. It almost broke my heart. I hurried from the room desolate and guilty. A few weeks only passed, when I asked their permission to come in once more; and then I prayed too, and thanked my ever-patient Saviour for the new hope in my heart, and the new song on my lip.

It is a great thing to remember, that there is in the gospel, as in the law, provision made not only for "thy son, and thy daughter, thy man servant and thy maid servant," but also even "for the stranger that is within thy gates."

[The following article appeared in the Guide for August, 1858. At the request of many of our readers, we republish it.—*Eds.*]

A CHILD'S VISION OF HEAVEN.

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN: During a recent visit to Rochester and its vicinity, for the purpose of attending a camp-meeting, I became acquainted with a Mrs. J., of Batavia, N. Y., and one of her daughters, a girl nine years of age. The mother seemed to possess a Christian character, strongly marked, and I noticed in the daughter an apparent thoughtfulness and calmness not usual in children of her years. She is above medium size, in apparent health, the muscular system is well developed, brain large, but apparently in a healthy, normal state; she sleeps regularly, and eats, also, regularly, though, since the remarkable occurrence which I am about to relate, she has, at times, complained of a choking sensation on attempting to take her meals. The family consists, or did consist, of five children,—a daughter of eleven years; the subject of this narrative, nine; a daughter, seven; a son, William, four; and a daughter, Harriet, two. William and Harriet died, the one on the twenty-seventh of last September, and the other five days after.

The oldest daughter was converted in January last, and the second and third daughters were converted in February. The second is the one of whom I write. She was converted at home, in family prayer, and at the time she seemed to be lost in the contemplation of the glory of God, and continued long in adoration and praise. From that time forth, each evening, she seemed to get lost to all

earthly things while praying in the family prayer-meeting, and often prayed till checked by one of her parents.

About two weeks after her conversion, the father and mother spent the evening out, leaving the three young sisters and their cousin, a young lady, at home. During the evening, the said young lady was converted. When Mr. and Mrs. J. returned, the evening was far spent, and they proposed a season of prayer, briefer than usual. The eldest daughter prayed first, and was followed by the second. As usual, she was soon apparently lost to all things earthly, and more and more absorbed in the contemplation of the glory of God and the realities of the eternal state. Her voice changed, and her language assumed a character altogether unlike herself. Her mother suggested that it might be best to stop her, but her father said, "Let her have it out." The change went on, both in her tone and language, until the whole scene became unearthly in its solemn and awful interest. Twenty minutes had now elapsed since she began to pray, when she said, "Jesus! let me say three words more." She uttered another sentence or two, and then, falling gently sidewise on the floor, became entirely silent. Her breath ceased entirely, and there was at first no pulse, but a slight tremor of the heart.

The countenance became deathly, the eyes were closed tightly, and the jaws set. A clammy sweat, like that of a person dying, appeared upon the skin, and the limbs would remain fixed wherever placed. She was laid upon the sofa, and remained, with substantially the same symptoms, one hour and a half from the time when she first fell or sank over on the floor. She then came to herself, and opened her eyes, exclaiming, "Glory! Ma, I didn't want to come back here. I asked Jesus if I might stay, but he said, 'Your time is not yet come, your work is not yet done, but you

will soon be here.' I have been to heaven. I saw God on his throne, and I saw Willie and Hattie." "Where did you see them?" "They came out of a bed of flowers that never decayed, and they kissed me. The flowers are of all manner of colors, very beautiful. They asked me if I came to stay, and I asked Jesus again if I might stay, and he said, 'No, but you will soon be here, and *the gates will be wide open.*' I saw twenty-four elders on one side of the throne, and they all had crowns, with twenty-four stars in each. The stars were in four groups, and each front group had twelve diamonds, *of various colors.* Each of the elders had a Bible in his hand, printed in gold letters. God was asking them questions on 2 Kings, iv. 1, 2, 3, out of a Bible on the throne, larger than our large table." Here she repeated the verses, though her mother says she did not know them before. "They were answering in concert." "Had God a crown?" "Yes, and it was like a flame, and gave light to the whole world there. Heaven is not a building, but a large world. Their eyes of God were like fire, his hair was white, and his throne was larger than any building, and looked like white marble. On the wall, behind the throne, were the ten commandments, written in gold. There were other verses on the throne." Here the child repeated a considerable number of poetic verses which her parents had never before heard, and which she has now forgotten herself.

"I also saw the archangel, with his trumpet, on the other side of the throne. He was sitting down most of the time, and I sat by his side, and between him and his trumpet. All about the throne there were robes and crowns for the faithful, thousands of them, of all sizes. I saw millions of infants there. They were nearest the throne, and the children next, right in front. There were a great many seats, which all looked like white

marble, all around the throne. There was a beautiful place, where they sometimes marched. There are no high seats, but some are nearer the throne, — these are for the children. When they marched, we went two by two, then pretty soon the archangel sounded his trumpet, not very loud, and we all sat down. Then Diantha Firman* came and kissed me, and asked me if I had come to stay. Each child carried a palm and a Bible, which looked like gold." Here she broke forth in singing, in unearthly strains, some enrapturing stanzas, and, when she was through, she said, "The angels sing so, Ma." Soon after this, she sang again; and, in the course of her communication, she performed thus some three or four pieces, which she said she had heard them sing in heaven. In every case, the tune and the words were new, and the performance, though exceedingly quiet, was overwhelming in its effects upon the listeners.

"I saw all my uncles and aunts, and I knew them, and I saw millions of people besides.

"The angels all had harps, and were flying all through heaven. I could not see their feet, their robes were very long, and they seemed to use their wings in moving when they were on the ground.

"I saw the sea of glass. There was one straight street through heaven. The tree of life was on one side of the street, in the middle of heaven. It bore twelve kinds of fruit, — six on each side. There was another tree that bore grapes on the side of the street opposite the tree of life. The grape tree was very high; the branches ran out very far, and then bent over, and hung down to the ground, like the branches of the weeping willow. The fruit grew in clusters from the bend, — the curve to the ground. The grapes were as large as my two fists." Here the child made the first motion

*A little girl, daughter of Rev. Mr. Firman, that had died a few months before.

after the trance, except of her organs of speech, by bringing her two fists together. "Did you eat of it?" "No!" she said with surprise, "it is for the *redeemed*. They drink wine there. All the patriarchs, and apostles, and other people that have been in heaven so long, wore white, and their garments were not soiled or old. There is no dust in heaven. I asked Willie and Hattie, Do you want to go back and see Ma? They said, 'No, but we want Ma to come to this beautiful place.'" "Did they look as they used to here?" "Yes; only more beautiful." "How did you get to heaven?" "Jesus came right here in this room, and took me in his arms." "How long did it take you to go to heaven?" "Not a minute. He flew away with me, and set me down in heaven where Willie and Hattie were in the flowers. They both wore crowns, and there were six stars in each."

These statements were taken from the lips of Mrs. J., who thinks the order of the several particulars, as related by the child, was the same in all material respects as here given. The night was far advanced before the statements were closed. The recollection of the child, touching most of the particulars, remains yet entirely distinct, and the statements have been several times repeated to her parents, — always in the same order. A profuse perspiration was upon her during the whole time, and to prepare her for bed, all her garments were changed. In odor and appearance, they were like those taken from a corpse after the death-struggle.

For three days she was not able to take food, but, on attempting to eat, complained of choking. The same symptom has frequently exhibited itself since, to a greater or less extent. She says the Saviour has sanctified her soul: and, strange as the words may sound in some ears, she does seem to me to exhibit the fruits of the Spirit in their maturity. Her mother says that, so far as she knows,

her daughter has not, since that time, even for a moment, exhibited any temper not in perfect accordance with the Spirit of Christ, though she is generally cheerful, and sometimes playful. Her manner in prayer has greatly changed. She approaches God with deep reverence and awe, utters a few simple petitions, and relapses into silence. Her nervous system, though apparently sound, does not endure hard study. She told me she would be glad to die and go to heaven now, if the Saviour would let her; but she did not understand him to mean, when he told her she would soon be there, that she would certainly die before she should grow up to be a woman.

Persons who shall read this account will be likely to ask two or three questions in regard to it.

They will very naturally ask, Are the statements reliable? I have given them from the lips of the mother, as corroborated by the daughter. None were present but the family on the evening referred to, but the intimate friends of the family imply, in all their allusions to it, the most unquestioning credence of the account as a statement of facts; the persons concerned being evidently altogether above suspicion in the opinion of their neighbors. The known character and habits of the child are in accordance with the supposition of the sincerity and honesty of her statements. Her manner, while making the statements to me, impressed me deeply. I told her that her mother and myself had been conversing about the remarkable exercises which she had last spring, and that I wished to publish an article about it in the Guide. She sat with her eyes fixed upon the ground, but made no response. I then read the notes to her which I had made of the account, as given by her mother, with a view to ascertain if it were in any point incorrect touching what she saw and heard on the occasion referred to. During the reading, she

seemed oppressed with a sense of awe, her chest heaved with deep emotion, and she answered my questions with apparent reluctance, and in monosyllables. Several questions she could not be prevailed on to answer at all. This deep reverence of the child's manner, and her reluctance, until motives of piety were set before her, to have the matter inserted in the Guide, impressed me as in striking coincidence with the manner of the Rev. Wm. Tennant, of New Jersey, who, when a young man, lay in a trance three days, being favored with a vision of the heavenly state. It is known that he never mentioned the thing as a matter suited to ordinary conversation, and that occasionally, when in the presence of an intimate friend or two, if he spoke of it at all, it was in few words, and with the deepest solemnity.

Some will ask, "Was it a trance?" I see no reason to assert the contrary.

Some will object that the view it gives of God is too little elevated, too physical. But her view was strikingly like that of John the Revelator,—"his head and his hair were white like wool, as white as snow, and his eyes were as a flame of fire." Rev. i. 14.

Some will question the propriety of publishing this account. The reasons for doing it are, that the facts are of sufficient interest, as it seems to me, to make them well worthy of permanent record; and I feel it to be a privilege, both to myself and those around me, to contemplate often, and with deep attention, the state of the glorified. It is an element of power in any Christian man to live habitually with heaven in his eye. I am persuaded every devout mind will be quickened and inspired in the perusal of the account, as my own soul has been greatly refreshed in the preparation of it.

I am, very truly and affectionately,
your brother in Jesus, B. W. G.

Scranton, Pa., June 30, 1858.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN BEING CLEANSED AND BEING FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT.

The following copy of a letter nearly fifty years old, was handed us by a dear friend at Charlotte Town, P. E. I., a few weeks since. We have read it with great interest, and now lay it before our readers in the hope that they will relish its unvarnished and straightforward statements as keenly as we have done. It is a sad thing that many seem to feel, when they receive the blessing of cleansing, that they have nothing more to look for this side of heaven. Nearly all the great blessings prayed for by the apostles at the close of Ephesians 3d, seem to lie beyond the blessing of perfect love.

COPY of a letter from Mr. Abram Keith, of Dublin, to Wm. H. More, dated 4th July, 1805:—

Dear Sir:—I suppose you have received the letter I sent by sister Gallachin, and I gladly embrace the first opportunity, by Mr. Gallachin, of adding something to what John wrote. Though the change I experienced was glorious, and though I never often felt an enemy within, yet about this time twelve months I began to feel my want of something greater. I sensibly knew the seeds of sin were destroyed, and that I had deliverance from the tempers which were contrary to love. I was not left at uncertainty in this matter, because the work which God had wrought in me was put to test on various occasions, and it stood the test. Through the grace of God I had always the victory, and stood fast in the liberty into which God has graciously brought me. But I then saw that what I enjoyed was what is usually termed a negative salvation. I had, it is true, considerable love, peace, and joy, but I felt a weakness in the divine principle, a want of love to God, as that alone can satisfy it. But I had not a clear view of my wants till Wednesday, which day I set apart for solemn prayer, and waiting upon God, to know his will concerning me, and for the purpose of devoting myself more unreservedly to him. I received not an

immediate answer or light at that time, but a day or two after, these words came with divine energy to my soul, "Be ye filled with the Spirit." I felt that they were from God. I saw what I wanted, and determined to abandon myself entirely to the teachings of his Spirit, for the accomplishment of what I sought. For about three weeks my soul was in continued agony of prayer, too great for utterance. During this time the Spirit helped my infirmities, while the words, "Be ye filled with the Spirit," were continually sounding in my ears; at the same time such light shone upon my mind that I was not satisfied with my words or actions, there appeared so little of God or the Spirit in them.

In the course of the third week I felt at times something of what I wanted. On the Tuesday after, we had a band love-feast, at which I spoke; but while speaking, and immediately after, was exceedingly tempted. I felt the enemy raging violently. It seemed for a time I had been pursuing a phantom, but perceiving it to be of Satan, I immediately cast my soul upon the Lord Jesus, and was delivered. All that day, while engaged in my usual employments, I felt the Lord remarkably present, and precious, and believed the blessing was near. I said frequently, "Glory be to God! I shall soon be in possession of the blessing I want." On returning home in the afternoon, and whilst in the most crowded part of the street, I was struck with astonishment, and involuntarily cried out, "Glory be to God! I am in possession of the blessing which till now I wanted. I am filled, sweetly filled, with the Spirit." I felt the aching void filled, every faculty of my soul filled, sanctified, restored to perfect soundness. This was different from any extacy of joy or rapture. I found myself in a state in which I might always live, always walk; a heaven I always carry with me.

I found, after several days, the same

sensation continued, and was more and more confirmed in the reality of the change I experienced. I found I was not only emptied of sin, but filled with God. As Satan was not able to keep me from the blessing, his design was now to make me conceal it; but I did not listen to him. Everything he had to say was forced to give way to the words of the adorable Jesus, "No man lighting a candle putteth it under a bushel," which words came down with power, and, thank God, I did not fail on the first opportunity simply to relate what I experienced, and continue to do so whenever I find it my duty.

I have been particular in the account, because I know you understand the work of God in the soul; therefore you will not stagger at anything I have said. I should also have added, while under conviction, for the blessing I have been speaking of, the 13th chapter of the 1st of Corinthians was continually held up before my eyes, and I saw in it a beauty I had never seen before. It is true I felt no temper contrary to love, but I wanted power to fulfil the law of love equal to its demands. After the above change I was not afraid to look at the commandments full in the face, in all their height, length and breadth, for I found love equal to the great demand.

My soul was in rapture while repeating these words: Love is not puffed up — doth not behave itself unseemly — seeketh not her own — is not provoked — thinketh no evil. My soul had entered into rest, and the glory of the Lord had risen upon me, and rested upon me every moment. There was no barrenness, and no complaining. "Peace flowed as a river, and righteousness as the waves of the sea." Of late the Lord has confirmed, strengthened, and established me so that "I fear no evil." Some time after this change I began to consider, — is there any part of the word of God which describes his work in the way I experience it? Though satisfied of the

reality of the change wrought in me, yet I wanted to appeal to the word of God as the criterion of the change I professed to experience. Making this a matter of prayer, the 36th chapter of Ezekiel was brought to my mind, where God promised to cleanse believers from all their idols, and from all their filthiness, and to give them a new heart and a right spirit; and in verse 27th, it is said, "And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them." I had now a foundation firmer than the pillars of heaven. The last verse comprehended the very salvation the Lord has set before me, and actually put me in possession of.

It is now twelve months since I experienced this change, and I am certain I neither *was* nor *am* mistaken or deceived. The liberty, the happiness, the spiritual strength I daily enjoy, puts the matter beyond a doubt. Perhaps the greatest proof I have of the change wrought in me, is the power I have constantly to resist all temptations from Satan. I know by experience that the adversary has not found anything in me to join in the temptation. The heart is pure, the eye is single, and the whole soul determined to be on the Lord's side.

In the course of the last year the enemy has endeavored, by every possible means, to rob me of what I enjoyed; and toward the end of it, as if enraged at his want of success, disturbed me every night, for a month together, in the most horrible manner, so that all that time I scarcely got one whole night's rest. The particulars would be too tedious to enter into a minute account of. I did not, indeed, see anything, but I heard and felt more than I thought I could. But the grand adversary could not do me any harm, all glory be to God. I now saw clearly that many who are saved from sin, lose their hold, because they stop short of their glorious privilege, which, as Mr. Fletcher says, is

not only to be saved from sin, but to be filled with the Spirit.

I remain, with sincere affection,
Yours in Christ.

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

SOLDIER, *go* — but not to claim
Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure,
Not to build a vaunting name.
Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.
Dream not that the way is smooth;
Hope not that the thorns are roses:
Turn no wishful eye of youth
Where the sunny beam reposes;
Thou hast sterner work to do,
Hosts to cut thy passage through;
Close behind thee, gulfs are burning,—
Forward! — there is no returning!

Soldier, *rest* — but not for thee
Spreads the world her downy pillow!
On the rock thy couch must be,
While around thee chafes the billow;
Thine must be a watchful sleep,
Wearier than another's waking;
Such a charge as thou dost keep
Brooks no moment of forsaking.
Sleep as on the battle-field,
Girded,—grasping sword and shield;
Foes thou canst not name or number
Steal upon thy broken slumber!

Soldier, *rise*! — the war is done:
Lo! the hosts of hell are flying;
'Twas thy Lord the battle won;
Jesus vanquished them by dying.
Pass the stream! Before thee lies
All the conquered land of glory;
Hark! what songs of rapture rise!
These proclaim the victor's story.
Soldier, lay thy weapons down;
Quit the sword and take the crown:
Triumph! — all thy foes are banished,
Death is slain, and earth has vanished.

Presb. Mag.

WHEN Aristides, the Athenian general, sat to arbitrate a difference between two persons, one of them said, "This fellow accused *thee* at such a time." To whom Aristides replied, "I sit not to hear what he has done against me, but against *thee*." If a heathen give such light, how should a Christian shine. "If, therefore, thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." Not the coals of vengeance to consume him, but the coals of kindness to soften him.

HEATHENISM IN THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA.

THE following account of a terrible tragedy, the result of the heathen superstition of one of the tribes through which he travelled, is given by M. Paul B. Du Chaillu, a gentleman of French origin, we suppose, but a citizen of New York, of whose book see notice in this No. of the Guide. The author says:

"We arrived at Goumbi on the 13th of October, 1859." Goumbi is a Camma village, on the river Rimbo, about one hundred miles above its entrance into the sea. "I was asked to go and see an old friend of mine, Mpomo, who was now sick. They had spent the night before drumming about his bedside, to drive out the devil. But I soon saw that neither drumming nor medicine would help the poor fellow. The film of death was already in his eyes, and I knew he could scarce live through the approaching night. He held out his hand to me in welcome, and feebly said, 'Chally, save me, for I am dying.'

"He was then surrounded by hundreds of people, most of them moved to tears at their friend's pitiable condition.

"I explained to him that I had no power to save him; and that my life and his were alike in the hands of God. But he, and all around, had the conviction that, if I only wished, I could cure him. They followed me to my house, asking for medicine; and, at last, not to seem heartless, I sent him a restorative, — something at least to make his remaining moments easy. At the same time I warned them that he would die, and they must not blame me for his death.

"When I awoke next morning I heard the mournful wail which proclaimed that poor Mpomo had gone to his long rest. This cry of the African mourners is the saddest I ever heard. Its burden is really and plainly, 'All is done. There is no hope. We loved him. We shall never

see him again.' They mourn literally as those who have no hope.

"In the last moments of a Camma man who lies at the point of death, his head wife comes and throws herself by him on his bed. Then, encircling his form in her arms, she sings to him songs of love, and pours out a torrent of endearing phrases, all the village standing by, uttering wailings and shedding tears. Such a scene was always very touching to me.

"When I went to his house, I saw his poor wives, sitting in tears upon the ground, throwing moistened ashes and dust over their bodies, shaving their heads and rending their clothes.

"In the afternoon I heard talk of witchcraft.

"The mourning lasted for two days. On the 17th, the body, already in a state of decomposition, was put into a canoe, and taken to a cemetery of the Goumbi people, down the river some fifty miles. It was pitiable to see the grief of his poor wives. They seemed to have really loved him, and sorrowed for him now that he was dead, as they had carefully and lovingly attended upon him till he died. I saw them, on the night of his death, weeping over him, one after the other taking him in her arms. It was a strange sight. In these sorrowful moments there was no sign of jealousy between the poor women, that I could see. All were united by their love for the same object.

"It is curious how easily the African women cry. At a death all shed copious tears, even when they do not know or care for the deceased. It is a fashion, and they have power to pump up tears on the slightest occasion, or for no occasion at all.

"On the day Mpomo was buried, proceedings were begun to discover the persons who had bewitched the poor fellow. They could not be persuaded that a young man, hale and hearty but a few weeks ago, could have died by natural causes

A great doctor was brought, from up the river, and for two nights and days the rude scenes which I have once given an account of were repeated.

"At last, on the third morning, when the excitement of the people was at its height, — when old and young, male and female, were frantic with desire for revenge on the sorcerers, — the doctor assembled them about him in the centre of the town, and began his final incantation, which should disclose the names of the murderous sorcerers.

"Every man and boy was armed — some with spears, some with swords, some with guns and axes, and on every face was shown a determination to wreak bloody revenge on those who should be pointed out as the criminals. The whole town was rapt in an indescribable fury, and horrid thirst for human blood. For the first time I found my voice without authority in Goumbi. I did not even get a hearing. What I said was passed by as though no one had spoken. As a last threat, when I saw proceedings begin, I said I would make Quengueza (the king) punish them for the murders committed in his absence. But, alas! here they had outwitted me. On the day of Mpomo's death they had sent secretly to Quengueza, [he was down the river at this time,] to ask if they could kill the witches. He, poor man, sick himself, and always afraid of sorcerers, and without me to advise him, at once sent back word to kill them all without mercy. So they almost laughed in my face.

"Finding all my endeavors vain, and that the work of bloodshed was to be carried through to its dreadful end, I determined at least to see how all was conducted.

"At a motion from the doctor, the people became at once quite still. This sudden silence lasted about a minute, when the loud, harsh voice of the doctor was heard:

"There is a very black woman who

lives' — describing the house and its location, — 'she bewitched Mpomo.'

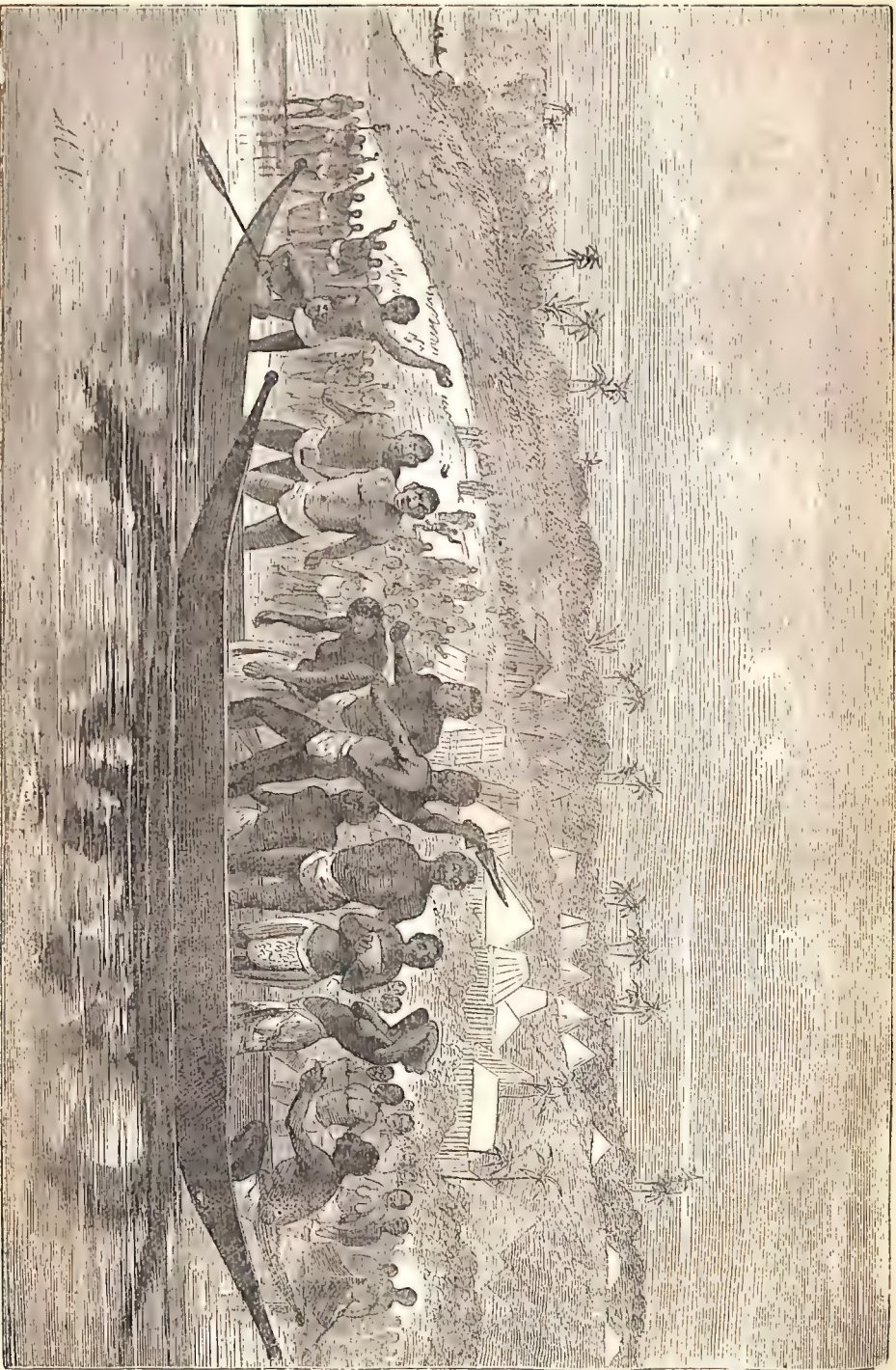
"Scarcely had he ended, when the crowd, roaring and screaming like so many hideous beasts, rushed frantically for the place indicated. They seized upon a poor girl named Okandaga, the sister of my good friend and guide, Adouma. Waving their weapons over her head, they tore her away from the hut, and rushed along with her toward the water-side. Here she was quickly bound with cords, and then all ran back to the doctor again.

"As poor Okandaga passed, in the hands of her murderers, she saw me, though I thought I had concealed myself from view. I turned my head away, and prayed she might not see me. I could not help her. But presently I heard her cry out, 'Chally, Chally, don't let me die!' It was a moment of terrible agony to me. For a minute I was minded to rush into the crowd and attempt the rescue of the poor victim. But it would have been of not the slightest use. The people were too frantic and crazed to even notice my presence. I should at best only have sacrificed my own life, without helping her. So I turned away into a corner, behind a tree, and — I may confess, I trust — shed bitter tears at my utter powerlessness.

"Presently, silence again fell on the crowd. Then the harsh voice of the devilish doctor rang over the town. It seemed to me like the hoarse croak of some death-foretelling raven.

"There is an old woman in a house' — describing it — 'she also witched Mpomo.'

"Again the crowd rushed off. This time they seized a niece of king Quengueza; a noble hearted and rather majestic old woman. As they crowded about her, with flaming eyes and threats of death, she rose proudly from the ground, looked them in the face unflinchingly, and, motioning them to keep their hands off, said, 'I will drink the mboundou,



DECAPITATION SCENE AT GOTTIBI.

but woe to my accusers if I do not die.' She, too, was escorted to the river, but without being bound. She submitted to all without a tear or a murmur for mercy.

"Again, a third time the dreadful silence fell upon the town, and the doctor's voice was heard. 'There is a woman with six children, — she lives on a plantation toward the rising sun. She, too, witched Mpomo;' when again there was a furious shout, and in a few minutes they brought to the river one of Quengueza's slave women, a good and much respected woman, whom also I knew.

"The doctor now approached with the crowd. In a loud voice he recited the crimes of which these women were accused. Okandaga, he said, had some weeks before asked Mpomo for some salt, he being her relative. Salt was scarce, and he had refused her. She had said unpleasant words to him then, and had by sorcery taken his life.

"Then Quengueza's niece was accused. She was barren, and Mpomo had children. She envied him, therefore she had bewitched him.

"Quengueza's slave had asked Mpomo for a looking-glass. He had refused her. Therefore she had killed him with sorcery.

"As each accusation was recited, the people broke out into curses. Even the relatives of the poor victims were obliged to join in this. Every one rivalled his neighbor in cursing, each fearful lest lukewarmness in the ceremony should expose him to a like fate.

"Next, the victims were put into a large canoe with the executioners, the doctor, and a number of other people, all armed. Then the tam-tams were beaten, and the proper persons prepared the mboundou. Quabi, Mpomo's eldest brother, held the poisoned cup. At sight of it poor Okandaga began again to cry, and even Quengueza's niece turned pale in the face, — for even the negro's face

has at such times a pallor which is quite perceptible. Three other canoes now surrounded that in which the victims were. All were crowded with armed men.

"Then a mug of mboundou was handed to the old slave woman, next to the royal niece, and last to Okandaga. As they drank, the multitude shouted, 'If they are witches, let the mboundou kill them; if they are innocent, let the mboundou go out.'

"It was the most exciting scene of my life. Though horror almost froze my blood, my eyes were riveted upon the spectacle. A dead silence now occurred. Suddenly the slave fell down. She had not touched the boat's bottom ere her head was hacked off by a dozen rude swords.

"Next came Quengueza's niece. In an instant her head was off, and the blood was dyeing the waters of the river.

"Meantime poor Okandaga staggered, and struggled, and cried, vainly resisting the working of the poison in her system. Last of all she fell too, and in an instant her head was off. Then all became confused. An almost random hacking ensued, and in an incredibly short space of time, the bodies were cut into small pieces, which were cast into the river.

"When this was done the crowd dispersed to their houses, and for the rest of the day the town was very silent. Some of these rude people felt that their number, in their almost extinguished tribe, was becoming less and less, and the dread of death filled their hearts. In the evening poor Adouma came to my house to unburden his sorrowing heart to me. He, too, had been compelled to take part in the dreadful tragedy. He dared not even refrain from joining in the curses heaped upon his poor sister. He dared not mourn publicly for her who was considered so great a criminal.

"I comforted him as well as I could, and spoke to him of the true God, and of

the wickedness of the conduct we had witnessed that day. He said at last, 'O, Chally, when you go back to your far country, let them send men to us poor people to teach us from that which you call God's mouth,' meaning the Bible. I promised Adouma to give the message, *and I now do so.*" Let the Christian church hear.

"I have often endeavored to get at the secret thoughts of the doctors, or wonder-workers, among these people. They lead the popular superstition in such manner that it is almost impossible to suppose they are themselves deceived, and yet it is certain that most of them have a kind of faith in it. Nevertheless, it is not likely that they are imposed upon to the same extent as the common people, and this because they are most barefaced impostors themselves. They go about covered with charms, which they themselves give importance to. They relate most wonderful dreams and visions, which are most certainly spun out of their own brains. They practise all manner of cheats; and when they fasten a charge of sorcery on any person, it is scarce possible to conceive that they are the victims of a delusion which they themselves create. I have never found them very friendly to myself, and never disposed to assert or deny anything. One thing only I can assert about them: they can drink great quantities of mboundou without taking harm from it, and this is one great source of their power over the people." pp. 441 to 448.

"IT IS A FEARFUL THING TO RECEIVE THE GRACE OF GOD IN VAIN."

WHILE reading the above sentence, in the July No. of the Guide, my mind was deeply impressed with its general applicability. Alas! how few there are who have not sometimes neglected to profit by the grace bestowed upon them, in neg-

lecting to let their light shine to the glory of him who kindled it.

The command of Jesus to the healed demoniac, "Go tell thy friends what great things God hath done for thee," is applicable to all Christians, especially to those who by power divine are saved from "inbred sin." Yet how many fail to do this, and soon lose the witness or the blessing, or both. And how many others are there who in the hour of their cleansing have shouted aloud their gratitude to God for sanctifying grace, and exhibited for a while the love of God perfected in their hearts, shining out in their lives, and spiritualizing their testimony for Jesus, who nevertheless have not learned to live by simple faith. The result is, when their fulness of joy subsides, though *peace and quietness* remain, they are soon persuaded to doubt the reality of the work, and adopt the language of hesitancy in speaking of it. "*God, in answer to prayer, has bestowed a great blessing on me.*" "A great blessing!" Yes; but why not call it by its proper name? Failing to do this, they permit Satan to gain a *great* victory over them. The witnessing Spirit is grieved, and the soul, oppressed with a conscious loss, is shorn of its strength. The church has lost a witness, and seekers of full salvation an example.

"Oh! it is a fearful thing to receive the grace of God in vain."

Surely it was not unmeaningly written, "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." God requires that we *tell* "what great things he hath done" for us. Yet how often is the spirit of that law disobeyed. What a shrinking is there in many persons from acknowledging *fully* God's merciful dealings with their souls! The promise says, "Ask, and ye shall receive." Receive what? Why, of course, the blessing for which you ask. God does not trifle with the suppliant at his feet, nor, if we "ask bread, give us a stone." But ah! how

few have unquestioning faith in God, especially as regards the blessing of full salvation.

Many years ago, at a camp-meeting, I received into my arms the fragile form of a maiden about twelve years of age, who was falling under the glorious weight of God's-converting power; and as she lay, with tears of joy gushing from her closed lids, and "Praise God!" softly murmured from her lips, a friend kneeling at her side inquired, "Praise him for what?" and she instantly responded, "Because he has pardoned *all* my sins." Hers was unquestioning faith, and an explicit testimony.

And such should be the testimony of all, especially of those who are saved from all unrighteousness. Failing in this, many fall out by the way, and many die. In fact, our fidelity is the measure of our *faith*. In other words, our faith cannot retain a greater fulness of gospel blessing than we are willing to *acknowledge*.

"One thing I know," said the young man whose sealed eyes Jesus had opened, "One thing I know: that, whereas I *was* blind, I now see." And we, according to *his* promise, "*know* the things that are freely given to us of God," and should acknowledge the greatness of his gifts; since the experience of thousands coincides with the word of God in declaring that "it is a fearful thing to receive the grace of God in vain."

Locust Grove, November, 1861.

IS THERE ANY HOLY GHOST?

Do not start, my beloved brethren; either there is a Holy Ghost or there is not; but do we not to a great extent ignore this truth? True, we talk about the Spirit and its power, and we pray for the descent of the Spirit, and sometimes ask to be baptized with the "Holy Ghost;" but do we always understand, or do we always mean what we say?

Now, without meaning to cast any reflection on any one, let me kindly ask, Do we really desire the descent of the Holy

Ghost? Have we not seen some of the workings of his power? some of his operations? and have we not read sometimes how peculiarly he was manifested to his people? Did he come in the fire? or in the earthquake? or in the rushing mighty wind? or in the still small voice? and yet it was the Holy One. And how have some of us seen his power among his people! yea, and in the midst of sinners too; and as the tear has started, and the sigh escaped, and the groan been uttered, and as they have given their hearts to God, we have heard them shout aloud the praise of God, and afterward have witnessed the proof of the genuineness of the work.

But still, do we not almost deny that there is any Holy Ghost while we do not seek, and that constantly, to be led by the Spirit? for they that are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God; and does it not follow, then, that those who are not led by the Spirit, they are not the sons of God? Do we pray, nay, do we not pray, and that often; and where, O where are the answers to our petitions? Now, if we really believed that there was a Holy Ghost, and that God would thus hear our prayer, how would we not call upon God, and our God would come with power? It is written: "And when the apostles had prayed the place was shaken, and they were all filled," yes, "filled with the Holy Ghost;" and do we not see how much labor is performed, both in preaching and in the prayer-meetings, and yet how little is accomplished? Is there not a fault? and is it not just here, we do not seek for his divine agency?

We have known some men who have seemed to carry with them a superior force. Now is this native genius, or an aptness to speak? Nay, rather, is it not the power of the Holy Ghost? Go with those men and watch them, and how often do they kneel before God in secret and implore his aid, and ask his grace,

and rely upon his Spirit for the accomplishment of the work. But how often do we rely upon our own strength, and lean to our own understanding. And shall we prosper? and how, without the Spirit? It is written, "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." And then, too, we must know that all power comes from God. "Tarry ye in Jerusalem," saith Jesus to his disciples, "until ye be endued with power from on high." See these timid and fearful disciples, one of whom denies with an oath that he knows Jesus, and the rest follow at a distance, and finally all forsake him and flee. Having received the Holy Ghost, they began to preach Jesus and the resurrection, and that boldly and energetically. Nay, and he who then denied that he knew Jesus now says to these same men, "With wicked hands ye have crucified and put to death the Son of God." Whence this power or courage?

The answer is plain. I will give you a mouth and wisdom which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist. As the letter killeth but the spirit giveth life, and as the body without the spirit is dead, so are our works and prayers and labors of no avail without the "Holy Ghost." How, then, dear brethren, shall we be able to labor successfully unless we are filled with the Spirit? We labor and toil through a whole year, and if perchance a dozen or a score are converted, we think we have done a mighty work; but let us remember the sermon by Peter, whereupon three thousand souls were pricked to the heart, and that as effect follows cause, so if we are filled with the Spirit, as preachers or laymen, we shall accomplish the work our Father has given us to do; and as the altar sanctifieth the gift, so also does the Spirit sanctify (set apart or make holy) those who labor, and give unction to the word spoken and the prayers offered, so that God may be much glorified, and many saved

in Jesus Christ our Lord. Let us then pray evermore, Lord, give us thy Spirit.

J. H. K.

HOW LONG WILL YOU LIVE?

You will live forever.

There are no dead. The blow which struck asunder body and spirit did not end the spirit's life. And so the countless myriads of the past, whose dust has long since mingled with the soil, "still live." The men, women and children of Noah's day, and Abraham's and David's — the motley tribes that herded beneath the crescent of the Arabian prophet — the swarms of Goth and Hun, Tartar and Vandal, that swept the plains of the Eastern world — the red men that roamed the forests of the Western world, and left in mounds and tree-grown ruins the dim history of their earthly existence — all these are yet alive. They cannot die. Immortality is their birthright and inheritance. With the first breath of life they inhaled immortality.

You, too, are henceforth eternal. The life you have begun is an endless life. You have only crossed the threshold. The countless ages lie before you stretched out in immeasurable distance. When you have trod the paths of those years or millions of years which you can reckon up, there will still be before you as many more, fresh and new like the first — and so on forever and ever. As a traveller can discern his pathway winding among the hills till far off on the horizon it seems to end, but when he reaches the place there stretches the path again away to the hill-top — so will the ages of your endless life lie before you ever the same, age following age, cycle following cycle, till all your powers of computation and measurement have been baffled and silenced — and yet you have scarce begun! The never-ending eternity stretches out just as far ahead as when you took the first step of the journey.

How long will you live? You will live forever. And your life there will depend on your life here. Every day, as you complete it, will appear in the years to come—every hour, every moment, as it hurries on its way, leaves a page to read before the throne. Every word, every act, every thought and feeling of your heart, records itself imperishably in the memory of One who never forgets. You are writing your life for eternity.

In a gallery in Paris hangs a famous picture, by Murillo, of an old Spanish monk seated at his desk. He had begun the chronicle of his life. Death had summoned him before the work was done; but he had sought and obtained leave to return to earth and finish it. You see in the monk's pale face a more than natural energy. Those sunken eyes had looked "beyond the veil," and gleam with the visions of eternity. The soul within has communed with the unseen world, and beheld face to face "Him who is invisible." And the solemn task is renewed with the earnestness of one who has passed the fading scenes of time, and is absorbed in the realities beyond.

So let the record of your life be written as in the light of eternity. Look beyond and see the unutterable things which shall soon surround you when you stand before your Judge. Behold your endless life—your speedy departure. Oh, heedless soul, I adjure you to prepare for that eternity—and write now such a life-record of faith in Jesus Christ and obedient service toward him, as that you may read it in eternity with joy.

THE SCHOOL OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

"BLESSED be disappointment!" said we to ourselves one evening, as we sat at the table of a distinguished civilian. He was one of the honored of the land. A goodly group of "olive branches" were

gathered around him. The sweet-voiced wife at the head of the table had in her early days been affianced to a youth of great wealth and promise, but on the appointed day of their marriage he disappeared under circumstances of peculiar baseness. What a disappointment to expectant friends and ambitious kinsfolk! But the true-hearted girl swallowed her tears of mortification, and in fitting time gave her hand to a worthier man, and in a humbler position in life. She lived to see her renegade lover reel into the grave of the profligate. How little did she know what an escape God had opened to her through the dark door of disappointment.

We might multiply instances of a like character from daily observation. A man hurries breathlessly to the wharf in order to reach a departing steamer. He is a few minutes too late. The plank is drawn; and as he watches the stately vessel plow her way off through the blue waters, she seems to be plowing through his very heart. "How provoking!" he exclaims to the half-smiling, half-pitying bystanders. He goes home sulky; he retires sulky to his bed, and wakes up to read in the morning paper that "a few hours after leaving port that steamer took fire, and when last seen was floating on the water a flaming wreck." He fancies himself clinging in despair to a sinking billet of wood, and his very blood runs cold when he thinks how near he came to being on board that death-freighted vessel. And yet the very next time that man is thrown out by Providence in some favorite plan, he is slow to apply the lesson of the past, and to thank his heavenly Father for a disappointment.

I do not pretend to be a very apt learner, but many of my best lessons through life have been taught me by the same stern old schoolmaster, *disappointment*. And one lesson I learned was, that *this world was not made only for me*. If it had been, the sun would have shone just when my hay needed it, and the rain

would have fallen only when my garden needed to be watered. But God goes on, and orders things as pleaseth him best without consulting us. And when our schemes were thwarted the stern school-master said, "The world was not made for you alone. Don't be selfish. Your loss, perhaps, is another's gain. The rain that spoils your new-mown hay makes the blade of corn to grow faster in your neighbor's field. The fall in grain that cuts down your profits will help the poor widow in yonder cottage to buy bread cheaper for her orphan babes. So, don't be selfish."

"SHOW ME A PERFECT CHRISTIAN, AND I WILL BELIEVE THE DOCTRINE."

SUPPOSE no such person could be found in this world, would that destroy the truth of God's word? Surely not. No doctrine of the Divine Word stands upon the knowledge, experience, faithfulness or unfaithfulness of man,—it stands on the veracity of God who gave it. The experience of man may illustrate it, but it is God's truth that confirms it. The objection lies with equal force against many other doctrines of Revelation. The question is, what has God promised, and not what man has experienced. He, however, who reads the memoirs of Bramwell, Carvosso, Fletcher, Mrs. Rogers, and others, must see that this grace has been received, and gloriously enjoyed, in this life.

A LIVING PIETY NEEDED.

God's plan for correcting the evils in society—for repairing the damage sin has done—for saving the souls of men, is a peculiar one, and indicative of infinite wisdom. It is not by urging outward conformity to law, so much as by adjusting the inner man to the purity, and symmetry, and power of a perfect model.

Herein lies the difference between

morality as a human discipline, and piety as a divine power. Morality is a self-imposed drill which seeks to mould the conflicting and resisting elements of human character, by an external appliance of law, or rules or regulations. Piety is a divine development of spiritual power, which, from its centre of influence, the heart, works outward from the inner man, which is renewed day by day. Morality has its constant friction unrelieved by mollifying influences, and is self-exhausting and even self-destructive. Piety has its holy unction daily given, in answer to prayer; a stream of love flowing from the fountain above, which makes every yoke easy, and every burden light.

Now, it is a serious question for all professors to answer—is not my condition of living rather that of a formal moralist, than that of a spiritual Christian? Where is the blessedness you knew when first you saw the Lord? Where is that soul-refreshing view of Jesus and his word? Instead of that, your consciousness is perpetual condemnation. Day after day—and on the recurrence of every social meeting (class, prayer or conference), the same story is repeated: "I do not live as faithful as I ought. My enjoyment is not what I wish it was, and what I know it ought to be. But I would not exchange the little hope I have for worlds like this. I have no other trust than this, for me the Saviour died."

And is this a necessity? Has God fixed bounds here that we cannot pass? Certainly not. My readers, do not believe that. Then be a little thoughtful and inquiring. It may be that you have a mere form of godliness. A form which answers the purpose of a drill merely. An external appliance, which yet suffices to make you recognize the rough, unknown, inharmonious shape of your unrenewed nature, which cries out in the agony of conscious impurity for the cleansing power of a living faith.

"The little hope" you have is not the

hope of the gospel. That is sure and steadfast. Yours is uncertain and wavering. This is as an anchor to the soul. Yours is as a dream when one awaketh. And its value is nothing. Instead of talking of refusing a trade, you had better give it away. It is worthless. Test it by an attempt to realize the trial of a dying hour. Say to your soul, "Canst thou, my soul, rely upon this 'little hope' if called to try the roughness of the tempest near the rocky coast that skirts the world eternal? Or art thou not afraid, my soul?" Speak with freedom, thus with self. The answer—hear it: "I fear to die. I need a nearer place within the shadow of His wing. I see no clear light above. A doubtful chance—an altercation between hope and fear—a sad and gloomy path is that which reaches toward the grave. A deeper work of grace must be achieved to me." Amen. So let it be. So may it be.—*American Wesleyan.*

OLD AND PROVED METHODISM.

WILLIAM CARVASSO says of Robert Spencer: "I know not when I have met with a man's experience to come so near to mine as his does. A conversation with Mrs. Mather was made an unspeakable blessing to his soul. It was by her he learned his privilege to claim the promise of full salvation, and expect the evidence in believing. Afraid of being mistaken, he artlessly interrogated, 'Is this Methodism?' It was replied, 'It is old Methodism,—proved Methodism.' Yes, says Carvasso, and I bless God that I have the pleasure of putting my hand to the truth of this; I can say, 'it is old and proved Methodism;' for, on the thirteenth day of this month, (March, 1825,) it will be fifty-three years since I obtained the evidence in believing, that 'the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth from all sin.'" And yet there are those who affirm that the thing is not possible in this life. Thank God for witnesses.

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

We have received from an old friend of the "Guide" an account of a heart-stirring experience of a lady friend of hers. It is entirely too long for insertion in our pages, but we have felt that we must make an extract from it. The narrator is a member of the Episcopal Church.

EDS.

YEARS passed, and I left my happy home for another: but here I forgot the command, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." I made an idol of my husband, and God took him from me. He was only five days sick. I watched him day and night, and, with agony I cannot express, I saw him breathe his last. Then first I realized what trouble was—it crushed me to the earth. My dear father came to my bed-side and said, "Do not give yourself the least uneasiness, but lean on me." What a strong prop he seemed to me in the day of my trouble. Six weeks from that time, God called him too; and then I felt that the waves and the billows had gone over my soul. Oh, I thought could I only die and be at rest. The joy of life was gone, and I refused to be comforted. Not that I lost my faith in God—it was that alone which saved me. I was satisfied that God had dealt aright with me, but his hand lay very heavily upon me. My health was not good, and I suffered much pain of body, as well as of mind.

It seemed impossible that I should rise from my utter prostration, but my Saviour opened the way, and gently led me back to comparative soundness. Then something seemed to say, "Try and make others happy, so shall you receive happiness yourself." As years wore on, cheerfulness and happiness returned to me—the world was still beautiful; but I had at heart a heavy load,—there was a void there which nothing would fill,—a home-sick longing for what I had lost.

My unshared cares were heavy. Many a time I have gone out among my friends

and entered heartily into their joys for the time, but when I came back to my desolate home, then that weight would come back upon my heart, and I could not resist it.

Last winter, as I was about leaving home for a few months, my sorrows pressed more heavily than usual upon my spirit. Oh, I thought, I am weary of this constant strife to be cheerful, patient, and useful. I am weary of sinning. The good that I would, I do not, and the evil that I would not, that I do. I do want to serve God willingly, and wait patiently his time, but it seems to me when I try the most strenuously I am sure to fail. "When I would do good, evil is present with me." Is there no rest for me? I want strength. It was then "Boardman's Higher Life" was put into my hands. Oh, I thought, this is not for me; I don't like these ultraisms; I don't believe in perfection; and as for this second experience, — this sanctification, — I don't believe there is such a thing. But, as I read on, I began to be doubtful whether my former views were not mere prejudice. The book troubled me; it met satisfactorily every objection I could raise; and though I seemed to have many doubts, there was at length a prevailing conviction that the experience of which it speaks is possible to one who will seek it.

Then came the longing that I might find it. There was a perfect fascination in the book — I could not lay it down — neither could I see what it was. If I could only talk with some one who had felt it — but I could not. I was surrounded with people of the world, who I knew would not understand me. I took the book to God, and begged him to direct me, to show me what the blessing was, and to bestow it upon me.

Slowly it came upon me as I read on; and as I read the old familiar words, "I am the vine, ye are the branches; as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye,

except ye abide in me," then it rushed over me like a flood, and joy unutterable filled my soul. I saw it was the entire consecration of self; leaving myself in God's hand, willing to be led by him, drawing constantly from him needed strength, as the branch constantly draws nourishment from the vine. The change is as perfect and real to me as was my first experience eighteen years ago.

The Bible is to me a new book; old truths come upon me with unwonted freshness. The promises are so real, I feel *they are mine*. The epistles are so delightful, they seem to speak directly to me, and for me. The world never appeared half so beautiful; the flowers, always lovely, are doubly so, because I trace in them my Father's hand. My heart is so filled with love to my precious Saviour, that I no longer feel that void, that home-sick longing for what I have lost. God comes to me, and says, "My child, lean on me; my arm will never fail you." *And I do lean on him.*

I am never alone. No hours in the day are so sweet to me as those from nine to eleven, when, without interruption, I can have such sweet communion with God; then I go to him with all my cares, and seek strength and wisdom. God is to me ALL IN ALL, such a *living God*, so full of love, so strong to help. Here I find a perfect contrast between the present and the old weary time when I was trying to bear my burdens myself. The seventh and eighth chapters of Romans explain the difference perfectly. I never thought to find in this world happiness like this. Jesus is ever at my side, and when a cross lies in my way, I seem to hear his kind voice saying to me, "Take it up, my child; I will help you bear it."

Attendance upon the church services seems like spending a day in my Father's house, and being loaded with presents, and then my Father *always comes home with me*, because he loves me so.

Do you not see what it is, this resting wholly on God? The future I trust wholly to him, "For I know in whom I have believed, and I am sure that he will keep all I have committed to him until that day."

"I love my God, but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give;
I love thee, Lord, but all the love is thine,
And in thy life I live.
I am as nothing, and rejoice to be
Emptied and lost, and swallowed up in thee."

BE PERFECT.

"Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." — *Matt. v. 48.*

BE not at the low standard of publicans, and other ordinary men; but make God your model, — as was commanded in verse 45. Be not low and imperfect like unregenerate man, but rise to an imitation of our Father. Be perfect, by having a heart purified from all hate, and filled with all love. If thy vessel be filled with love, God can be no more than full. He is the perfect infinite; thou art the perfect finite. The shrine of the temple was the perfect image of the temple. The temple was a perfect temple, the shrine was a perfect shrine. They were different in magnitude, but they were alike perfect.

It is to be remarked that the Greek verb, here rendered *be ye*, is truly to be rendered, *ye shall be*. It is, therefore, a promise that if we disregard the low average of customary morality around us, and fully obey the law and enjoy the power of love in our hearts, we shall be perfect, even as our heavenly Father is perfect. Alford here remarks: "No countenance is given in this verse to . . . perfectibility in this life." Taking the word perfectibility in its evangelical sense, we should like to know why? Our Saviour here distinctly affirms that it depends upon, or rather consists in the indwelling reign of love in our hearts. Nor

must any man lower down to his own moral level the high promises of God's Word in this behalf. It is a practical promise which is implied in the prayer of the apostle, and is expressly limited to this life, when he prays: "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Thess. v. 23. And it is a practical precept which Saint James gives: "That ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." James i. 4.

Against the promises of the complete reign of love in the heart, completing our Christian life, it is useless to quote those imperfections and failings which belong to us as men, arising from the limitations of the human mind. Neither Saint Paul nor St. James expected that the Christians they addressed would be perfect like angels, or even ideally perfect men, nor perfect performers of God's absolute law. But they did expect that the law of love might possess a perfect power in their hearts, and in that would consist the perfected character of their piety.

THE WIDOW'S DREAM.

AN old woman met me, the other day, coming from the morning prayer meeting. "Oh!" said she, "I have had such a precious meeting. I could not begin my day's work" — glancing at the bundle she held in her hand — "until I had been to meet my Saviour in his temple."

"What work is that?" I inquired.

"A roll of pants for the soldiers," she replied.

"Ah! that is heavy work for your feeble hands!"

"No! I must get my living," she said cheerfully. "My husband and six sons are all dead, — many of them lost at sea; and now I have no one but my Saviour to take care of me. I could never tell you what wonderful providential mercies I meet in my journey of life."

"But are you never despondent in your loneliness and poverty?"

"No, never, since I had a visit from my dear Saviour."

"Tell me about it," I said, walking slowly by her side down the dark street which led to her humble home.

"Why, I have learned to walk by faith," she said with energy. "You know Leighton said he had rather live by the basket-full than by the barrel-full. I used to be very downcast after my sons were drowned. I grieved that I should see their faces no more, and I had received no token that they were safe in heaven. I used to go to my little, lonely room, and lie awake fancying I could hear the billows roll over them, and see their beloved forms dashed on the waves. This was dreadful for a mother's heart. But one night I dreamed I was walking by a pleasant brook, and suddenly my children came to me. They seemed to possess a perennial bloom, and I rejoiced again to behold them. They told me they could not stay; and, when they had left me, I looked again into the brook, and I saw a shining spot at the bottom of the water, and six smooth, white stones lying there. Then the Saviour came to me,—his face was radiant with sweetness as he smiled upon me,—and, taking up these six stones, he placed them in my hand, saying, 'These are your six children; by this token you may know that they are safe in glory.' Such love seemed to enter my heart, at this moment, as I can never describe. I awoke praising God with a loud voice. What have I cared, since that hour, for this world and its vain pageants? What are the toils of poverty for me? Nothing! God is all in all. That glimpse of his love has ravished my soul."

As she said these words she opened the little gate and passed into her cottage. As I pursued my way I thought, truly in the heart of the church there are a few sealed ones to whom Christ reveals him-

self. No matter through what sorrows they pass in this life, the full assurance of hope gilds all the gloomy pathway. There is a reality to their faith. The love of Jesus is not an abstraction; he hovers near them,—his sustaining grace cheers them. They look with joy to the end of their pilgrimage, and lift up their heads with rejoicing when they meet the Lord.

TO MOTHERS.

The first book read, and the last book laid aside by every child, is the conduct of its mother.

1. First give yourself, then your child, to God. It is but giving him his own. Not to do it, is robbing God.

2. Always prefer virtue to wealth,—the honor that comes from God to the honor that comes from men. Do this for yourself. Do it for your child.

3. Let your whole course be to raise your child to a high standard. Do not sink into childishness yourself.

4. Give not heedless commands, but when you command, require prompt obedience.

5. Never indulge a child in cruelty, even to an insect.

6. Cultivate a sympathy with your child in all lawful joys and sorrows.

7. Be sure that you never correct a child until you know it deserves correction. Hear its story first, and fully.

8. Never allow your child to whine or fret, or to bear grudges.

9. Early inculcate frankness, candor, generosity, magnanimity, patriotism, and self-denial.

10. The knowledge and fear of the Lord are the beginning of wisdom.

11. Never mortify the feelings of your child by upbraiding it with dullness; but do not inspire it with self-conceit.

12. Pray for and with your child, often and heartily.

13. Encourage all attempts at self-improvement.

14. Never deceive nor break a promise to a child.

15. Reprove not a child severely in the presence of strangers.

16. Remember that life is a vapor, and that you and your child may be called out of time into eternity any day. — *American Baptist.*

SECRET PRAYER.—President Edwards, in one of his discourses on prayer, gives the following solemn advice:—

“I would exhort those who have entertained a hope of their being true converts, and yet since their supposed conversion have left off the duty of secret prayer, and do ordinarily allow themselves in the omission of it, to throw away their hope. If you have left off calling upon God, it is time for you to leave off hoping and flattering yourselves with an imagination that you are the children of God. Probably it will be a very difficult thing for you to do this. It is hard for a man to let go a hope of heaven, on which he hath once allowed himself to lay hold, and which he hath retained for a considerable time. Those things in men which, if known to others, would be sufficient to convince others that they are hypocrites, will not convince themselves.”

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

TUESDAY MEETING. One spoke of the prejudices she had long indulged against the doctrine of holiness—comparatively innocently we suppose, as she had maintained her justification clearly for twenty-five years, and had at times enjoyed much of the presence of God. Within fifteen months, in that period, she had been bereft of three children—one, a delicate little pet, had been a greater stroke of grief than the other two.

These deaths made her sensible of an unsatisfied want in her Christian experience she had never felt before. And her mind ever turned to the doctrine of pu-

rity—and with all her outward caviling about it, there was a secret desire to know something more about its power, etc. While at the Sing-Sing camp-meeting, she felt a peculiar baptism of love for poor sinners, and said she loved the Lord with all her heart, yet was unwilling to confess that Christ had cleansed her from all sin. She was thought by her friends to be right, but was not satisfied with her own state. In this hesitancy to confess Christ fully, she became again entangled in shadows; and only after a severe struggle in secret prayer was she enabled to surrender her *will*, entirely, in telling the Lord she would honor his work in her heart, by the confession of her lips. Light and blessing flowed in upon her soul, and her peace now is as a river. She has enjoyed more of God in the past five weeks, than in the whole twenty-five years of her previous life.

As the dew gently descends, so, calmly and peacefully, did our revered friend Dr. Bangs lay before us his present simple faith in Christ, by which he is daily kept in perfect peace, and in the light of God's countenance. He expressed his gratitude for all his Heavenly Father's dealings with him; he had found them *all* wisest and best. The disappointments of life had been his greatest blessings; those things which had promised most fairly, and from which he had most reasonable expectations for happiness, had been blighted, yet, these very blights had yielded him the richest sweets in his spiritual life.

A sister from a communion where the doctrine of purity is not taught, had lately received the blessing at a camp-meeting, and, in the fullness of her gratitude, confessed to the cleansing blood of Jesus, desiring that the whole general church might enter into the same rest. She had been weary for many years with sinning and repenting, but now had found the more excellent way.

Another, who had years ago partaken of the sympathies of the church, in her painful bereavements, related, in rather a low tone, her sweet and precious experience. After the removal of the desire of her eyes, she felt a vacuum of soul, and with it a temptation to think the Lord was not holy, or just, in his dealings with her. She was fourteen months in seeking this blessing of purity, or perfect love.

At a communion season, when the minister was presenting the cup, with these words, "take this in remembrance that his blood was shed for you," she repeated, "*for me, for me,*" and felt the cleansing power in her soul. She has six children, all converted, three ministers in the number.

"Oh, love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallow'd up in thee:
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries!"

In one of the past numbers of the Guide; the camp-meeting of July, in Ireland, was noticed. We have the privilege of making an extract from Mr. Graves's last letter, with respect to some of the results of that meeting. About eighteen months ago, Mr. H. left his native land in pursuit of health, impaired by too much labor in the Lord's vineyard; but his burning zeal had no abatement, and many have arisen to call him blessed, in that beautiful Isle of the Sea.

PORTADOWN, Sept. 21, 1861.

"Anticipating your desire to hear the results of the Enniskillen camp-meeting, I with pleasure give you some brief items.

The meeting commenced on the 4th of July, and continued twenty days.

There were nine tents erected, and one day it was estimated that eight thousand people were upon the ground. The best order and decorum were observed throughout the meeting, and it is judged that three or four hundred souls were saved—

either pardoned or sanctified. This meeting was such a perfect success, that the friends were anxious for another; and soon it was determined to hold a second at Portadown, to commence on the 15th of August. This meeting was begun under more favorable circumstances, there being, comparatively, little opposition to it, and was conducted with equal or greater profit. It was held fourteen days, and was better attended than the Enniskillen meeting. It is calculated that from five to eight hundred souls were saved in either state, pardon or purity, at both meetings. A very favorable impression has been made upon the minds of those who attended, in reference to such means of grace. Camp-meetings are now so popular, that some of the friends are already preparing the tents for next year.

Since the last meeting, we have been holding meetings every evening with success here in the chapel in Portadown, and more or less have been saved, nearly every night. Revival influences have been spreading through the country, reaching the adjoining circuits. On last Sabbath, forty souls were, we think, saved within the bounds of this circuit.

In Enniskillen, during the past two or three weeks, the work has progressed, and it is thought there is the sound of an abundance of rain."

SECRET RELIGION.—God is often lost in prayers and ordinances. "Enter into thy chamber," said he, "and shut thy door about thee." "Shut thy door about thee," means much; it means shut out not only frivolity, but business; not only the company abroad, but the company at home; it means, — let thy poor soul have a little rest and refreshment, and God have an opportunity to speak to thee in a still small voice, or he will speak in thunder. I am persuaded the Lord would often speak more softly if we would shut the door.—*Cecil*.

The Guide to Holiness.

JANUARY, 1862.

JANUARY, 1862.

WITH sincere affection we greet our dear patrons and readers with the usual "Happy New Year;" and we do this the more sincerely and fervently because we believe that holiness and happiness are intimately connected.

In wealth and social position, and indeed in all the facts that constitute one's worldly state, there is a great difference among the families to which, by means of the Guide, we make our monthly visits; — but, beloved, you do not need to be told that your worldly circumstances have no power to control the question of your substantial worldly happiness. Surrounded with the blessings of a worldly competence, you *may* be very happy; though that fact does not secure your happiness, as you that are concerned well know. Bereft of the luxuries of life, and confined to a very moderate share of its comforts, as a few of you likely are, you yet have within your reach, quite equally with the most fortunate, the means and occasions of being happy at heart. It is a delusion to believe that the question of our happiness or misery is largely a question of worldly estate. True happiness is a thing of the heart; something that can never come of houses or lands or equipage or abundance of gold; but must be the result of the gracious adjustments by which the heart is brought into harmony with God, and so into harmony with nature and providence, which are of God.

Practically, the post of duty is the post of bliss. The man who is where God would have him be, is just under where heaven opens; just where Jacob's ladder touches the earth.

You may all be happy, for you may all have the Comforter, who is to abide with us forever. God does not leave the matter of the comfort of his church to fortuitous circumstances, but has provided, in the continued presence and ministrations of the Holy Spirit, for the complete and continual consolation and peace of those who love him.

All Christian character is wrought in us by the power of the Holy Spirit, and every grace which he communicates is itself a beatitude. The very names which they bear are, in several instances, the names of interior felicities, as faith, hope, peace, joy, while those which seem to be the least allied naturally to a state of mental bliss, as patience, meekness, forbearance, humility, do infallibly secure to the mind in which they dwell a freedom from irritation and a depth of tranquillity which bring to the soul at once a foretaste and a pledge of heaven.

We have just entered upon another year. Looking back over the year now gone, we are saddened in view of some instances of failure or short-

coming, it may be; but, dear Christian friends, it is possible to make the very failures of the past contribute to our greater steadfastness and perseverance in the future. May the year 1862 bring you such revenues of grace as never enriched your hearts before. We pledge you we will do all in our power to aid you in the work of serving the Master, and of perfecting holiness in the fear of God.

GRACE IS THE GREAT HUMAN WANT.

No men in the world need help like them that want grace. Of all distresses, want of grace cries loudest for relief. A man may want liberty, and yet be happy, as Joseph was; a man may want peace, and yet be happy, as David was; a man may want children, and yet be happy, as Job was; a man may want plenty, and yet be full of comfort, as Micaiah was; but he that wants grace, wants everything that should do him good. A throne, without grace, is but the devil's dungeon; wealth, without grace, is fuel for hell; advancement, without grace, is but going high to have the greater fall.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

"MAY I KISS HER?"

A FRENCH paper says that Lucille Rome, a pretty girl, with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clad, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction, under the charge of vagrancy.

"Does any one claim you?" asked the magistrate.

"Ah! my good sir," said she, "I have no longer friends; my father and mother are dead — I have only my brother James; but he is as young as I am. Oh, sir! what can he do for me?"

"The Court must send you to the House of Correction."

"Here I am, sister — here I am — do not fear!" cried a childish voice from the other end of the court, and at the same instant a little boy with a lively countenance started forth from amid the crowd, and stood before the judge.

"Who are you?" said he.

"James Rome, the brother of this little girl."

"Your age?"

"Thirteen."

"And what do you want?"

"I come to claim my Lucille."

"But have you the means of providing for her?"

"Yesterday I had not, but now I have. Don't be afraid, Lucille."

"O, how good you are, James!"

"Well, let us see, my boy," said the magistrate; "the Court is disposed to do all it can for your sister. But you must give us some explanation."

"About a fortnight ago," continued the boy "my poor mother died of a bad cough, for it was very cold at home. We were in great trou-

ble. Then I said to myself, I will be an artist, and when I know a good trade I will support my sister. I went apprentice to a brushmaker. Every day I used to carry her half my dinner, and at night took her secretly to my room, and she slept in my bed while I slept on the floor. But it appears she had not enough to eat. One day she begged on the Boulevard, and was taken up. When I heard that, I said to myself,—Come, my boy, things cannot last so; you must find something better.

"I soon found a place where I am lodged, fed and clothed, and have twenty francs a month. I have also found a good woman, who, for these twenty francs, will take care of Lucille, and teach her needlework. I claim my sister."

"My boy," said the judge, "your conduct is very honorable. However, your sister cannot be set at liberty till to-morrow."

"Never mind, Lucille," said the boy, "I will come and fetch you early to-morrow." Then, turning to the magistrate, he said, "I may kiss her, may I not, sir?"

He threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept tears of affection.

DAILY BREAD.

I KNEW a widow, very poor,
Who four small children had;
The eldest was but six years old,
A gentle, modest lad;
And very hard that widow toiled,
To feed her children four,—
An honest heart the woman had,
But she was very poor.

To labor hard she left her home,
(For children must be fed,)
And very glad was she to get
A shilling's worth of bread.
And this was all these children had
On any day to eat;—
They drank cold water, eat their bread,
But never tasted meat.

One day, when snow was falling fast,
And piercing was the air,
I thought that I must go and see
How those poor children were.
Ere long, I reached their wretched home,
'T was pierced by every breeze,
When, looking in, that eldest boy
I saw upon his knees.

I paused to listen at the door—
He never raised his head,
But still went on, and said, "Give us
This day our daily bread."
I waited till the child was done,
'Still listening as he prayed,
And, when he rose, I asked him why
The Lord's Prayer he had said.

"Why, sir," said he, "this morning, when
My mother went away,
She wept, and told us that she had
No food for us to-day.
She said we children now must starve,
Our father being dead;—
But then I told her, 'Don't you cry,
For I can get some bread.'

"Our Father," sir, the prayer begins,
Which makes me think that he,
Since we have lost our father dear,
Will our kind father be.
And then, it asks the Lord to give
Us bread for every day;
So, in the corner, there, I went,
And that's what made me pray."

I quickly left that cheerless house,
And ran with fleeting feet,
But soon was coming back again,
With food enough to eat.
"I knew God heard me," said the boy.
I answered with a nod,—
I could not speak; but oft I've thought
Of that child's faith in God.

'T WAS VAIN AND WICKED, WASN'T IT?

A FEW days since, I heard loud talking in the street. The voices were children's voices. I looked up, and on our flight of steps I saw a group of children, and on the opposite steps, across the street, was another group.

"You haven't a carpet on your parlor, nor on your dining-room," shouted one set of the children. I could not hear the response, but in the same taunting tones rang out—

"You haven't a piano in your parlor."

I did not listen further, for it is very disagreeable to see children trying to make others unhappy, and to triumph over them because one possesses what the other does not. Carpets and pianos are comforts for which any one may be thankful, but the want of them is no cause for contempt. It is what we are, not what we have, that fits us for heaven. A loving, kind heart, that prompts to kind words and kind acts, is a better treasure than anything that wealth can purchase.

ANNE HOPE.

LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

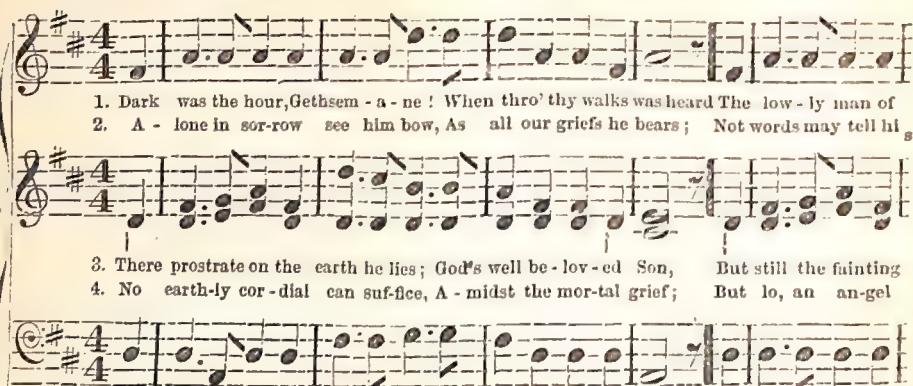
WAIT! wait for what? Wait?—not a moment, not an instant; do what your little hands find to do with your might. Be quick! quick as a flash! Spring, run, jump, hop, skip, fly on the wings of faith, love, and obedience. When father, mother, or teacher says, "Go,—do this or this or that," leap at once, go forward, speed, haste to do every good thing.

The human soul, like the waters of the salt sea, becomes fresh and sweet in rising to the sky.

DOWN IN THE GARDEN.

Words by B. W. GORHAM.

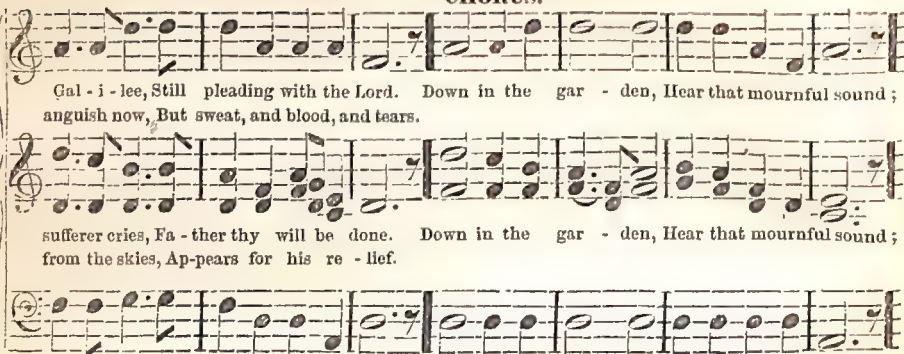
Arranged by W. Mc DONALD.



1. Dark was the hour, Gethsem - a - ne ! When thro' thy walks was heard The low - ly man of
 2. A - lone in sor-row see him bow, As all our griefs he bears ; Not words may tell hi

3. There prostrate on the earth he lies ; God's well be - lov - ed Son, But still the fainting
 4. No earth-ly cor-dal can suf-fee, A - midst the mor-tal grief ; But lo, an an-gel

CHORUS.



Gal - i - lee, Still pleading with the Lord. Down in the gar - den, Hear that mournful sound ;
 anguish now, But sweat, and blood, and tears.

sufferer cries, Fa - ther thy will be done. Down in the gar - den, Hear that mournful sound ;
 from the skies, Ap-pears for his re - lief.



There be - hold the Sa-viour weep - ing, Pray - ing on the cold, damp ground.

There be - hold the Sa-viour weep - ing, Pray - ing on the cold, damp ground.

5.

For me he prays—I hear him pray ;
 He will my soul receive,
 Now Jesus, take my sins away,
 Now Jesus, I believe !
 CHO. Down in the garden, &c.

6.

Can I forget the tears and blood,
 Which there he shed for me ?
 They flow a constant, cleansing flood,
 Abundant, rich and free.
 CHO. Down in the garden, &c.

ENOCH.

And Enoch walked with God; and he was not, for God took him. — *Gen. v. 24.*

THE Scriptures have many methods of coming at our hearts. The biographies of holy men are one of these methods, and among the holy men of the Scriptures Enoch is conspicuous. True, the items of his history that have come down to us are very few, consisting mainly of the following: that he was the seventh from Adam, as the Jews would reckon, — the sixth as we should reckon; that he was the father of Methuselah, the longest-lived of men; and was the grandfather of Noah, through whom the world was preserved in the time of the flood; that his life was three hundred and sixty-five years, during the latter three hundred of which he walked with God; that he was a prophet, as well as an eminently pious man, and prophesied, among other things, of the day of judgment, and perdition of ungodly men; and, finally, that in taking Enoch from time, God departed from his usual method, and “took him,” soul and body, at once to himself.

The two facts, stated in the text, will furnish the topic of the present discourse, namely: *his mode of life, and the fact and mode of his exit.*

I. ENOCH’S MANNER OF LIFE. *He walked with God.*

1. This language does not imply that in any visible form the Almighty attended Enoch in his daily peregrinations. This walking with God is no matter of physical contact or contiguity; nor is it a matter of geographical position, only so that a man abide at the post of duty. He walks with God who treads the path which God appoints; and he is far from God who lives in sin, though his dwelling be with the upright, and his business be to serve at the very altar.

2. That Enoch walked with God presupposes his conversion. It is true, we

hear nothing of the details of either his conviction or conversion, and it is true, also, that a like silence prevails in all the old Scriptures with regard to the personal experience of its godly men. Some have inferred from this that in olden times men somehow grew up into piety without any of those definite processes of conviction, penitence, prayer, faith, and instant, conscious salvation, which mark God’s people of the present dispensation. But that cannot be. Conversion to God was a necessity in the patriarchal and Jewish periods of the church, no less than in the Christian dispensation. David knew about this when he said, “I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up, also, out of the horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God.” Isaiah knew about it, when he said, “O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me.”

The conversion of Enoch is not circumstantially recorded indeed, but it is clearly indicated by the narrative. Thus, it is said, “Enoch lived sixty and five years and begat Methuselah. And Enoch walked with God, after he begat Methuselah, three hundred years;” clearly dating his conversion about the period of the birth of his eldest son.

3. That Enoch walked with God implies that he ceased to walk with the enemies of God. Two cannot walk together except they be agreed. The command, “Come out from among them, and be ye separate,” is both reasonable and gracious. No man journeying northward can have for his travelling companion a man travelling to the south, and no man can choose his companions among the profane and ungodly, and still make progress toward heaven.

4. The language, “Enoch walked with

God," implies that he made an effort to serve the Lord,—*he walked*. It is not said he was impelled, driven, carried along; no, he walked; he toiled along the dusty way, pursuing, with industrious care, and daily, constant toil, the path of a holy obedience, till the narrow way on which he walked led him quite up to the celestial gates. Thousands who embrace a sentimental Christianity are likely to perish after all, for lack of spiritual industry. They cannot bear to go to heaven on foot, and so will never go at all.

5. We may naturally infer from the language that Enoch did really succeed in pleasing God; for surely God would never have consorted with him during all that time if he had been displeased with him. Some tell us no man can know that his ways please God; that even in this brightest of the dispensations it is evidence of presumption in any man to claim the witness of the Spirit that he is a child of God. Yet, when we go back into the darkest period the world has ever seen, we find Abel and Enoch both enjoying the witness of the Spirit. "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous," while of Enoch it is said, "before his translation he had this testimony—that he pleased God."

But this walk continued for three hundred years; by which is further implied,

6. Great steadfastness of purpose on the part of Enoch. There is true grandeur in such constancy of right living. It is not difficult, upon occasion, to induce many persons to enter upon the good way of serving God; for there are times when, in favored localities, the current seems to set, for a little season, strongly heavenward. It costs comparatively little, just then, to be a disciple. When Christ comes to the city in triumph, and the multitudes rend the air with their loud acclaim, crying "Hosanna!" when the highway is thronged and choked with

eager gazers and vociferous worshippers: when branches from the palm-trees, and tunics from the backs of his admirers, carpet the earth, as if the very beast on which the Son of God is sitting were too good to tread upon the dirty ground; ah, 'tis easy now to join the general shout, and be a Christian. But when, a little later, the Man of Sorrows is betrayed by one of his disciples, and denied by another, and forsaken by all; condemned to die, he first faints under his cross, and then hangs upon it, and dies amid the jeers of his murderers, who now will say, "He is *my* Saviour, I am his disciple?"

But whatever changes were witnessed in the fortunes and prospects of pure religion during Enoch's long career of piety, they wrought no changes in him. His steadfast soul still walked with God, and, spurning every low delight, exulted in its high communion.

7. Enoch must have found it pleasant to walk with God, or he had not continued his walk so long: for whatever we may say of his steadfastness, no man can steadily prosecute a course of action which is painful in itself for so long a period. He had the joy of salvation,—he found that all the paths of wisdom were peace.

8. He found it profitable to walk with God. His piety sustained him amid the shocks and rude assaults with which he continually met; and, in the rearing and training of his household, and the performance of the various duties of life, he proved continually that godliness with contentment is great gain.

9. Who but must admire the condescension and fatherly forbearance on the part of God, involved in this long fellowship with a human being? What countless prayers for guidance and strength and instruction and safety did Enoch put up, and his Heavenly Father hear, during those centuries; yet did God never grow weary with hearing his servant, or tire in supplying his ever-returning wants.

10. Nor did Enoch, as time wore on, make his increasing years an apology for remissness in duty. Youth has its slippery paths, and age, too, has its dangers; for not a few whom I have known in the church, who had borne well the heat and burden of life's mid-day toils, have grown strangely remiss in after life, and claimed exemption from the toils and burdens of the church, long before they dropped the cares of secular life. Enoch evidently felt, that while he could do anything, he could do something for God, and so he held on his way till "God took him."

We now come to consider,—

II. ENOCH'S EXIT FROM TIME.

1. *The fact itself.* "He was not,—God took him." At first, this language might seem to imply that his being was extinguished,—that his life went utterly out in annihilation,— "He was not." But Paul, in an inspired paraphrase, gives us the sense—"and was not found, because God had translated him."

a. Enoch's departure from time reminds us that God does not intend to perpetuate the trials of life in the case of any one of his people. Earthly cares and trials are still a heavenly discipline, and when the ordeals are passed, and the lessons are learned, God receives his children to their home of light. He will not keep the racer always on the course, nor the soldier always on the battle-field, nor the gold always in the crucible.

b. God takes his people from their posts of useful toil, as well as of trial. Here he takes away Enoch, almost his only representative on earth, and there he takes away Elijah, though he is apparently quite as necessary to the security and prosperity of the state as are "the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof." Strong men of God die suddenly at their posts, and groups of children see their mothers die. So earth is desolated that heaven may be enriched. Thus God has been gathering the choice spirits of earth to their home in heaven

for six thousand years. What a company waits us on the other shore! Surely,

Heaven's eternal bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

2. *The mode of his exit.* God translated him.

a. We see in this a striking exhibition of God's love to Enoch, his high appreciation of his character. It was his faith, Paul says, which procured his translation. Doubtless it was, and it secured that distinguishing mark of the Divine regard by securing to him the elevation and strength and constancy of character he exhibited. God loves men for their holiness. The questions on which we put emphasis in our inquiries concerning a stranger—Is he learned? Is he accomplished? Is he well related? Is he rich?—are precisely such as the Lord does not appear to regard at all, except to gauge the responsibility of the party upon his social status. *God looketh on the heart*; and if that be pure, if that be true to him, then "the Lord loveth the righteous; he will beautify the meek with salvation."

b. The translation of Enoch is a proof of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. He did not die,—he did not *seem* to cease to exist,—but he went away; he simply changed the place of his abode. No man who witnessed his ascension, or who believes the record of it, can possibly doubt the continuance of his existence; and he who believes that one human being exists after he has ceased to be an inhabitant of time, assumes the doctrine of immortality.

c. The event proves that heaven is a *place* as well as a state. Enoch's body went *somewhere* when it left the earth. That is it of which Christ said, I go to prepare a *place* for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that *where* I am, *there* ye may be also.

d. The event is in proof, also, that the *body* of man, as well as the soul, shall inherit immortality. God has been pleased

that from each of the three grand divisions of the human family, the Antediluvian, the Mosaic, and the Christian, there should ascend to him one man, body and soul, the first-fruits of that great harvest, when all "that sleep in the dust of the earth shall arise."

Men of every age, and especially the men of Enoch's time, must be taken to be far more deeply impressed with fact than with doctrinal instruction, and therefore the doctrinal truths implied in Enoch's translation were by that event most thoroughly taught mankind. •

How impressive must have been the event; for the allusions to it seem to make it probable that it was public. He had long exhibited undeviating fidelity and unflinching courage; but his character had exhibited of late new symmetry, and his spirit unwonted fervors. The fruits of the Spirit that had, by their abundance, long marked his character, came at length to exhibit the mellowness and richness of flavor, and to take on the peculiar tints which indicate the approach of the autumnal gathering. The confidence of his steadfast faith was more and more a realization of eternal things; and the serenity of his face became at length a smile. The unbelieving masses around him mark with wonder the man to whose prophetic warnings they yet refuse to listen, and regard with superstitious awe a character which they cannot understand, and will not try to copy.

I have indicated the belief that his translation was a public event. I ought to add, that I do not think it was public in the largest sense, but only in the sense in which scenes of like general character, recorded all along through the Scriptures, have been public. Elijah's translation was witnessed by a single man, Elisha. Peter, James and John witnessed the transfiguration. Joshua, and several of the elders, appear to have witnessed, in part, and at a little distance, the interviews with God by which Moses received

the law. The ascension of Christ occurred in the presence of the eleven disciples. It is fair to conclude that the translation of Enoch was not a private event, but was public in some similar degree. Very likely it might have occurred in the presence of his family, and in connection with family devotions. Imagine Enoch, then, praying with his family. With what volume of supplication, with thanksgiving, does he pour out his soul to God. Prayer rises into praise, and praise into adoration and rapture. The excellent glory beams down into his soul, and kindles in his face, while his heart, still more and more aglow with vehement desire after God, the living God, imparts to his lips the inspiration of its fervors, and he pleads and worships and adores as if speaking with God face to face. Lost to all earthly things, his soul seems already to have entered upon its eternal Sabbath of rest and love, and the body, drawn upward by the celestial attraction, disappears in the far blue depths of space, and righteous Enoch, soul and body, stands before the throne of God.

CONCLUSION.

1. How great are the privileges and the dignity of a walk with God. Not long since, while passing up State Street, in Boston, in company with a friend of mine, he remarked, "Along this street I have often noticed some magnate of the State or nation, walking, arm-in-arm, with Daniel Webster: and it is often easy to note that these men enjoy vastly the honor of such a companionship." I replied, "Yes, but I am allowed to walk on State Street, or any other street, where duty calls, with a greater than Daniel Webster." O, the unspeakable honor of this celestial escort! And then, too, walking with God, I talk with God, and talking with him, I become like him. Walking with him, I am protected and guided, and upheld by him. Who, that might enjoy it, would forego a walk with God?

2. If Enoch could walk with God, cannot you and I thus walk? How few must have been his helps in comparison with ours. So far as we can tell he had no gospel save that little promise, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head;" yet to what stalwart dimensions did his faith grow up. And, then, where were his lovefeasts and class-meetings, and good revival seasons, occurring now and then, to refresh his worn spirit by the way? All these have we, and a thousand other advantages which he had not.

And as to our difficulties, they cannot compare, for a moment, with his. The style of his prophetic warnings, as given by Jude, indicates, what every glimpse we get of society in his time does but confirm, that the men of his day were sinners exceedingly before the Lord, and that he must have found powerful obstacles to his devotion to God, in the state of society. No obstacles of any such magnitude are in our way, and it is a shame to us to be complaining of the difficulties of our lot.

3. If Enoch could walk with God three hundred years, cannot we walk with God during the little time we are to stay upon the earth? Shall we faint during our little day of trial in the presence of such an example? Verily, Providence lays but a light burden upon us, and gives us many helps to bear it, and will unbind it from our shoulders soon, and give us rest. Away with our complaining; the lines are fallen to us in pleasant places. Many of us are almost home. In one short year many of us, my brethren, will reach the other shore; while, for all the rest, the chariot waits only a little. Meantime, let every afflicted disciple sing, —

"Courage, my soul! on God rely;
Deliverance soon will come;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home."

God hears no more than the heart speaks; and if the heart be dumb, Heaven will certainly be deaf.

FAITH ILLUSTRATED — A TRUE STORY.

It was a cold winter in —. The thermometer stood at thirty below zero. No flour had crossed the lake which lay before us, a sheet of ice, nor could any be procured. Meal and potatoes were the substitute. Now, to a person in delicate health, this was a sad prospect; and as I watched the old sled, as it disappeared through the forest, on the way to mill six miles off, the oxen ploughing their way through the snow, I returned to my cottage to pray for perfect submission. The full assurance of love had entered my heart; prayer was no formal duty; but a constant employment and delight. Shut out from the world, and the means of grace, the blessing came direct to my heart from the heavenly Father. When the meal came back at night, a letter was brought from the post-office, stating that a relative in New York had sent us a box, containing cordials and delicacies adapted to my feeble health.

It had travelled two thousand miles ere it reached the lake. Here the expressman was to convey it on a hand-sled across the ice, to our village.

He commenced his day's travel with the mail-bag and our box strapped upon the sled. Presently, as he left the lonely shore and found himself solitary upon the great frozen lake, a band of Indians surrounded him, and, with gestures and frantic leaps, demanded whiskey and tobacco. They insisted on opening the box to search for their favorite beverage. The poor man, greatly alarmed for his life, besought them to allow him to proceed; but taking it down, they endeavored to force the lid. After a while, however, he came to a compromise, and they restored the box unopened, on condition that he would draw them by turns upon the sled. This hard service he did not dare refuse, and on reaching the shore, sank exhausted on the sand. The box came safely to our

cottage; and, through that long winter, how did its contents add to the comforts of our table!

Who cannot see the hand of God in this? When the Lord is on the side of the believer, "he makes even his enemies to be at peace with him." Nothing is too hard for him.

"But," exclaimed a worldly Christian, "it is very easy for the *poor* to trust. Such men as George Müller have an experience fitted to their peculiar circumstances; but who ever saw a person surrounded with wealth and appliances of life turning aside to live by simple faith? It helps wonderfully our trust when the purse is full."

Allow me to give such a friend a little description of a lady, with whom I have been acquainted, gifted with all the accompaniments of art and wealth. Fortune and Providence had showered their blessings; but hitherto life had been without a proper object, and religion mere formality. Duty constantly urged, where in her new condition love constrains.

One day she found lying upon her table a small volume, one of those books which our religious press has scattered over this favored land. How it came there, she never knew; but on reading its description of a true sanctification and sealing of the Spirit, she found the well-spring of water for which she had so long thirsted. The world and its gay scenes seemed to fall away from her earnest soul, and became a weariness instead of pleasure.

As I have surveyed the elegant grounds around her mansion, the graperies and gardens which adorned her abode, I have marvelled at the sweet purity of her devotion, and the ardent zeal of her labors for Christ. Often has she left the hall of pleasure, where her friends were dancing away the precious hours, to come to the prayer-meeting, and there unite her humble petition with the children of God.

Now the faith of this person is as ar-

dent as that of the poorer neighbor, for this full assurance of peace blesses all alike.

Often have we thought of the reply of the dying Christian, when asked if he wished to recover:—

"I have no wish on the subject. If I die, I shall go to Christ. If I live, Christ will come to me."

New Bedford, Mass.

POWER OF FAMILY PRAYER.

A GENTLEMAN travelling abroad had a letter of introduction to another gentleman. He was of accomplished mind and manners, but an infidel. The gentleman to whom he had brought letters of introduction, and his lady, were active Christian philanthropists. They invited the stranger to make their house his home, and treated him with every possible attention. Upon the evening of arrival, just before the usual hour for retiring, the gentleman, knowing the peculiarity of his friend's sentiments, observed to him that the hour had arrived in which they usually attended family prayers; that he would be happy to have him remain and unite with them, or, if he preferred, he could retire. The visitor intimated that it would give him pleasure to remain. A chapter of the Bible was read, and the family all knelt in prayer, the stranger with the rest. In a few days he left this hospitable dwelling, and embarked on board a ship for a foreign land.

In the course of three or four years, however, the providence of God again led him to the same dwelling. But O, how changed! He came the happy Christian, the humble man of prayer. In the course of the evening's conversation he remarked, that when, on the first evening of his visit, he knelt with them in family prayer, it was the first time in many years that he had bowed the knee to his Maker. This act brought to his mind such a crowd of recollections, and so vividly reminded him

of a parent's prayers which he had heard at home, that he was entirely bewildered. His emotion was so great that he did not hear one syllable of the prayer which was uttered, from the commencement to the close. But God made this the instrument of leading him from the dreary wilds of infidelity to the peace and joy of piety.

Now these good people, with whom the accomplished infidel tarried, might have prayed very earnestly in their chambers for his conversion, and he might, and probably would, have gone away unarrested: it was *the family prayer* that overpowered him with recollections which eventually brought him to the cross. Recollections of what? Of *the prayers of his parents*. Even the domestic worship of his new friends would have been powerless, had not his youth been accustomed to a solemn service at home. What encouragement is this to parents.—*Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*.

REVIVAL INCIDENTS.

[Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, during their late labors at Liverpool, in Richmond Hall, were favored, as elsewhere, with abundant evidence of the Divine favor. The following incidents, illustrating the Spirit's power on the occasion, are from the pen of sister Palmer. We copy them from a foreign journal.—Eds.]

LETTER I.

* * * IF one has a mind to work, where is the place where work may not be found? Before being aware scarcely, we again found ourselves in labors abundant. Dr. P.'s health having improved, we were solicited to be answerable to a few special meetings. The Spirit of the Lord has been mightily at work in the hearts of the people, and we have reason to believe that two hundred at least have, within the past few days, been brought to Jesus. Beside these, many children have also flocked as doves to the windows; and many of Christ's disciples have been endued with power from on high, and are

going forth in this their might to work for God.

Some of the cases have been particularly interesting. One who seems to have been quickened into new spiritual life, opening his lips in prayer, thanked the Lord that he had made Dr. P. sick, and so sent him here. This was, I presume, in view of Dr. P. having observed the evening previous, that it was in consequence of his being taken ill that he had been prevented from fulfilling an engagement, and as a consequence brought to Liverpool.

A youth about seventeen years of age rose among several others who had been blest, the most of whom were men. Addressing himself to the youth, Dr. P. said, "And what has Jesus done for you?" With much emotion he replied,— "I was a stray sheep, and Jesus, the Good Shepherd, sought me out to-night, and put me on his shoulders, and has brought me back to the fold."

A young physician said about thus:—"I came here last evening, and was convinced that I was a sinner, but was ashamed to acknowledge my need of a Saviour; but I came to-night resolved that I would seek the Lord with all my heart, and, O, I have found Jesus!" This was said amid tears and praises. What added interest to this case was, that this young physician was expecting to leave Liverpool the following day to establish himself in business in a remote town. I congratulated him on having obeyed the divine order, "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," assuring him "that all things else would be added." Seldom have I witnessed one more deeply convicted or more happily converted than this young man.

Among the score or more who have been forward nightly for prayers, the name of a lady was taken, who was rejoicing in the ardors of her first love. The secretary passed onward, taking, in rapid succession, one name after another

of the newly blest, till he came to a man bearing the same name as the lady just referred to. "Have you any relatives here?" asked the secretary. "Only a few minutes ago I took the name of a female of the same name." The dear man replied, "I don't know that there is any of my family here." The secretary mentioning the name and address, he replied, "That is my wife." It was soon found that both man and wife had been converted; she having, unknown to him, also come seeking mercy. You can anticipate their joy as they met, new creatures in Christ Jesus.

Last evening an intelligent Roman Catholic woman came forward, seeking salvation through the death and mediation of our Lord and Saviour. Jesus revealed himself, and she went away rejoicing. Her husband was also in the congregation, but, like too many, was prone to bow down to Bacchus. In addressing the congregation, we had spoken about this destructive sin, which is yearly sinking thousands into perdition, and had, by way of illustrating our subject, given the example of one who was enabled to break away from the destructive habit, by resolving, in the strength of the Lord, that he would never take another drop. We then told how the man was blest in soul, body, mind, and estate, by adhering steadily to his resolve, and was now not only a blessing to himself, but to the community.

The illustration had been blest to the conviction of the Catholic man. He did not come forward and seek mercy with his wife, but said he had resolved fully in the strength of the Lord never to take another drop of liquor; and said also that it was his purpose to follow the example of his wife, and seek at once the salvation of his soul. I have heard from him to-day, that he is carrying out his resolve, telling his family that he has decided on renouncing forever the intoxicating cup, and to lead a new life. I scarcely doubt

but we shall see him a brand plucked from the burning.

Poor and rich, young and old, have alike been made partakers of saving grace. A lovely young lady, who had scarcely arrived at the years of womanhood, sought, with sighs and tears, the pardoning mercy of God. The enemy had succeeded in his efforts to make her believe that the faith by which alone she could be saved, was exceedingly difficult to apprehend. But subsequently she saw its simplicity, and was enabled to rejoice with a joy unspeakable and full of glory. This was early in the week; two or three days after she was arrested by the force of the fact, that it is the privilege of young converts to be holy. Again she was seen forward among the seekers, and ere she retired from the place of prayer, was enabled to testify of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. Would that you could have looked upon her happy, heaven-illuminated countenance.

A few hours ago, our host, who is a local preacher, and a veteran in the service of Jesus, was telling me how he was delighted and instructed, as he was kneeling unobserved beside this young lady, and listening to her sweet instructions to a seeking soul. When she lifted her head, and saw that there was one who had long been a teacher in Israel near her, she grasped his hand, and exclaimed, "O, I do so love to talk to others about Jesus, for it so strengthens my own faith!"

But my time fails, and my sheet is full, and I must preserve other items for a future communication. To the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.

LETTER II.

* * * It is now Tuesday morning, and as the letter dated on Saturday remains unmailed, I have concluded to add another little sheet. The revival services

only continue to increase in power. Surely the Lord of Hosts is with us. And in deep humiliation — aye, from the depths of nothingness, before the Captain of the armies of Israel, we exclaim, "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but to thy name be glory, for thy name and thy truth's sake."

On Sabbath evening we witnessed a most blessed work of the Spirit; and the secretaries, I believe, recorded twenty-six names. But for a difficulty we have too often found at most places on Sabbath evening, I believe we should have seen more saved. The crowd prevented those who would have labored with the convicted in the congregation, and also made it difficult for those who would have pressed forward to the penitent form to do so. But, as is often the case, we reaped the benefit on Monday, that is, last evening.

Oh, if you could have been present, how you would have exulted in the presence of the Triune Deity. The Holy Spirit was among us as living flame, intensifying truth, and taking of the things of the Father and the Son, and revealing them to his waiting ones. Convictions were deep. Many penitents, with flowing tears, sought mercy. He was near that justifieth. Said Dr. P., "It was so easy to find Jesus." And so it was. — Glory to the Lamb! The first to kneel at the penitent form, after the invitation to seekers was given, was a good-looking man, little past the meridian of life. In less than ten minutes several able-bodied men, young and middle-aged, were alike bowed in penitence at the mercy-seat.

One man, who had himself found Jesus, came forward, bringing his wife and little son. An inspector of police came, bringing two police officers. They looked as if they might have been champions in the ranks of sin, and as I looked at the tears of godly sorrow streaming from the eyes of these tall sons of Anak, as they bowed low at the feet of the world's Conqueror,

I thought, what but the might of the Spirit could have wrought thus wondrously?

An intelligent-looking lady came to me with deepest anxiety depicted on her countenance, and said, "Oh, do go and converse with my son." I asked his whereabouts, and she pointed him out amid the crowded group of seekers. I saw it would be difficult to get to him, but I encouraged the anxious mother to expect me to go soon. I had scarcely turned, ere another anxious mother accosted me, and pointing me to a dear young lady kneeling at the penitent form, exclaimed, "Will you not go to my daughter?" Six forms had been placed for the penitents, which were all crowded, and it was with difficulty I pressed my way to the young lady to whom my attention had been directed. I found her weeping for her sins, and more than willing to renounce the world, with all its pomps and vanities. This settled, I asked, "Are you a sinner?"

"Yes," she exclaimed, in most emphatic tones.

"Is Christ the Saviour of sinners?"

"Yes!"

"Well, then, if you are a sinner, and Christ is the Saviour of sinners, *when* are you going to accept him as your Saviour?"

"Just now."

"Then, *do* you indeed take Christ as your Saviour just now?"

"Oh, yes," she replied.

"Well, then, if so, then why not say, *MY* Saviour?" She quickly began to claim Christ as her Saviour, and exclaimed, —

"My Saviour, I will praise thee! I thank thee that thou hast died for me. Thou wast wounded for my transgression; thou wast bruised for *MY* iniquities; the chastisement of my peace was upon thee, and by thy stripes I am healed. Praise the Lord! O Lord, I will praise thee; though thou wast angry with me, thine

anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me."

I looked up, and saw her longing mother near me waiting the issue. Quickly was she at the side of her happy daughter; and I left them rejoicing. Scarcely had I turned from this scene, before the eye of the mother, who had asked me to speak to her dear son, met my gaze. Her appealing look reminded me of my promise, and I pressed my way to him. The secretary of the meeting was bending over the kneeling one, and, addressing me in an exultant tone, said, "The Lord has already blessed him, and now he is writing his own name." I looked down and beheld a sight unlike I had before witnessed. The young man was adding his own name to the secretary's list.

"The recording angel has just been writing your name in the Lamb's book of life, and now you are writing it there, in order that it may stand recorded among God's saved people on earth," said I. With a countenance beaming with heavenly delight, reminding me of the glow we had witnessed on the face of the newly saved during the Irish revival, the young man replied, "Yes."

You may ask, "What are the names taken for?" I will tell you. This revival, you will observe, is not particularly confined to any sect. The people come irrespective of denomination, from near and remote parts of the town. But it is very proper, and most important, that these newly born into the household of faith should be visited and instructed, and also, as babes in Zion, be entrusted to the nursing fathers and mothers of some church community.

It is for this purpose their names are taken; and, as far as circumstances will allow, they have been visited by the home missionary, or other pious persons, who have most kindly offered themselves for the service. And I will also add, that more deeply-pious and disinterested laborers, to meet the rapidly-increasing inter-

ests of this glorious visitation, are much needed.

You may expect another letter from me soon, as many are pleading in faith that this revival may not cease till thousands are won over from the ranks of sin to Jesus. And for this, I am sure that not only yourself, but all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, of every name and sect, will gladly unite with us in mighty, believing prayer.

OUR REST.

EVERY morning the red sun
Rises warm and bright;
But the evening cometh on,
And the dark, cold night.
There's a bright land far away
Where 'tis *never-ending* day.

Every spring the sweet, young flowers
Open bright and gay,
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away.
There's a land we have not seen,
Where the trees are *always green*.

Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long;
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song.
There's a place where angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

Christ, our Lord, is ever near
Those who follow him;
But we cannot see him here,
For our eyes are dim.
There's a bright and happy place
Where men *always* see his face.

Who shall go to that bright land?
All who love the right;
Ransomed children there shall stand
In their robes of white;
For that heaven, so bright and blest,
Is our *everlasting rest*.

BEING SINGULAR.—Those that resolve to serve God must not mind being singular in it, nor be drawn by the crowd to forsake his service. Those that are bound for heaven must be willing to swim against the stream, and must not do as the most do, but as the best do.

THY WILL BE DONE.

WE see not, know not; all our way
Is night; with thee alone is day.
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayer we lift;
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint?
Or dare we plead, in times like these,
Our weakness or our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

We take, with solemn thankfulness,
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for thee,
Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace thy picture's wise design,
And thank thee that our age supplies
The dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press;
If from thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars,
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power;
And, blest by thee, our present pain
Be liberty's eternal gain, —
Thy will be done!

Strike thou, the Master, with the keys,
The anthem of our destinies!
The minor of thy loftier strain, —
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done!

INSTITUTION FOR READING ALoud THE WORD OF GOD IN THE OPEN AIR.

Many of our English brethren are ever on the watch for opportunities to do good. The following, which we copy from an English paper, is a hint of a new way of spreading a knowledge of God's Word. — ED.

"Jesus said, the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life."

"So thou, O Son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me."

By special request, one of the Lord's carriages, containing the precious burden,

with two of his servants to attend it, was sent to Hunton, near Maidstone, for the purpose of reading the life-giving word to the hop-pickers in that district. In the hop-garden where the brethren principally labored, there were upwards of one thousand persons employed, the major part of them being Irish Roman Catholics. At first, they clamored aloud and strongly opposed the reading of the Word of God in the open air; so the brethren went privately from bin to bin and helped the people at their work, and at the same time "preached the word." The result was, that in a few days they quieted down, and allowed the word to be read aloud to them while they were at their work, and this the dear brethren did untiringly until the work was finished; and not only so, but a Christian gentleman erected a large tent contiguous to the hop-garden, and well lighted it at his own expense. In this tent the brethren held nightly meetings, and I myself preached Jesus thrice in this tent to the hop-pickers, and have reason to believe that sinners were really brought to Christ under the word upon these occasions. Many gathered outside and listened, and all those in the huts heard the word, for they were erected close by. Perhaps these dear Irish Roman Catholics never before had heard the simple gospel preached or the word of God read so constantly; for day after day did the brethren continue to read aloud amongst them for one month. Some professed to be converted. A man and his wife, one night, were broken down, and in deep distress confessed that they had once known Jesus as their Saviour, but had forsaken him. They were brought back again like prodigals to the Father's house, and a brother gave them a Bible, and it was most pleasing to see them at every opportunity separating from the rest and reading together the long-neglected Word of God.

I was delighted one morning, on entering at one end of the hop-garden, at hear-

ing a solemn voice read out aloud, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given;" "For God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life;" "God commendeth his love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us;" and sundry other kindred Scriptures. I was as one spell-bound to the spot, while I silently prayed that God would bless his own word, for hundreds must have heard the Scriptures read, as I was a considerable distance from the carriage. I went up to it, and saw several leave their work and purchase copies of the Scriptures. The brethren sold from this one carriage during the month upwards of twenty pounds' worth of Bibles and Testaments. This, to my heart, is most cheering, remembering that it is written, "The entrance of thy word giveth light." Will every Christian who reads this pray that God may bless the Scriptures purchased by these hop-pickers to the salvation of their souls? The brethren took the carriage to Maidstone during the late execution there, and read the word to the multitude assembled. One woman stood trembling and in tears; a word was spoken to her pointing her to Jesus. Another woman desired to speak about the state of her soul, and when many gathered round, she, weeping, affirmed that she was not ashamed to be found seeking to know about the Lord, for she was a great sinner. She went away apparently resting on Christ. Others remained equally desirous of hearing the word. This occurred in the High-street, Maidstone, in the presence of many skeptics, and serves to show the power of God's word in stopping the sinner and giving boldness to confess Christ before men. Another striking instance occurred while the word was being read in a wretched street. A woman was observed to begin to sob, and ran inside the house to conceal her emotion. After she re-

turned, a tract was handed to her; she wept much, and said, "Will you come in and speak with me? I am miserable, I am lost." Some precious Scriptures were read to her, and then the brethren prayed for her. She was quite broken down, and also another woman and some children who were present. She professed to rest on the finished work of Christ, and told about her past wicked life, and declared that she had, just before she heard those solemn Scriptures read, determined to commit suicide. Is not this a "brand plucked out of the fire?" A pleasing feature in the work, not to be overlooked, is, that upwards of four hundred Bibles have been purchased by two Christian gentlemen, all of which have been given to the poor. Will all God's dear children pray for this institution? These last six weeks have been a season of deepest trial to the brethren in a pecuniary sense.

THE EFFECT OF PARDON.

In the garrison town of Woolwich, a few years ago, a soldier was about to be brought before the commanding officer of the regiment for some misdemeanor. The officer entering the soldier's name, said, "Here is —, again; what *can* we do with him? He has gone through almost every ordeal." The sergeant-major, M. B., apologized for intruding, and said, "There is one thing which has never been done with him yet, sir." "What is that, sergeant-major?" "Well, sir, he has never been *forgiven*." "Forgiven!" said the colonel. "Here is his case entered." "Yes, but the man is not yet before you, and you can cancel it." After the colonel had reflected for a few minutes, he ordered the man to be brought in, when he was asked what he had to say relative to the charges brought against him. "Nothing, sir," was the reply, "only that I am sorry for what I have done." After making some suitable re-

marks, the colonel said, "Well, we have resolved to forgive you." The soldier was struck with astonishment, the tears started from his eyes—he wept. The colonel, with the adjutant, and the others present, felt deeply when they saw the man so humbled. The soldier thanked the colonel for his kindness, and retired. The narrator had the soldier under his notice for two years and a half after this, and never during that time was there a charge brought against him, or fault found with him. Mercy triumphed! Kindness conquered! The man was won!

This is just the method God adopts with us in the everlasting Gospel. We are guilty. The charges are brought against us. The case is entered. But the Lord delighteth in mercy. He seeks to melt us by his love. He is ready to forgive. He sends to us, saying, "only acknowledge thine iniquities;" and then offers us a pardon—a pardon which cost him the life of his only-begotten Son; a pardon, not of one sin, but of all our sins; a pardon that will bring peace to the conscience on earth, and entitle us to eternal rest in heaven. The soldier, in the case before us, gladly accepted the pardon, was melted down by the kindness of his colonel, and wept as a child would weep. But sinners too often hear of God's forgiving love without emotion, and instead of humbly confessing their sins, and gladly embracing the pardon offered, they treat it with neglect or contempt.—*British Workman.*

THERE be those who are always complaining because they cannot find good and satisfactory evidence of their piety; but if their time were spent in *obeying God*, they would soon *create* so much evidence of their good estate, that it would be all around them without looking for it. Active piety and painful doubts need never dwell in the same heart long together.

[Irish Correspondence.]

CAMP MEETING IN IRELAND.

UPON the arrival of the *Guide* this morning, its pages were quickly scanned with the hope of finding an account of the Portadown camp meeting, but we were doomed to disappointment. Our dear Brother Graves intimated his intention of writing, or you might have heard from us earlier.

News from your side of the Atlantic has reached us again and again of the great doings at your camp meetings, and we longed to see one conducted upon the same plan, but never had the opportunity until August last. We had long been accustomed to attend them in England,—held for a day, and then over,—in the Primitive Methodist Connection, or Camp Meeting Community, as called by some, and perhaps not improperly, as it originated through services of this kind,—but never had we the pleasure of being in "*the tented grove*," night and day, until this year.

The first held in this country upon this plan was at Enniskillen, but as we had not the opportunity of attending it, we can say no more than that it must have been a good one, as so many gave in their testimony at Portadown, as having received either the blessing of pardon or purity at its services. Many from Enniskillen and its neighborhood were at Portadown, although a distance of nearly sixty miles, thus showing their appreciation of the one just held with them, and the hunger and thirst created in them for greater blessings. I may just say that these meetings originated here through the Rev. H. Graves, who came to this country for the benefit of his health, as noticed in the September *Guide*.

These preliminaries settled, we now proceed to the one at Portadown. The place selected was Mahon Wood, the property of Sir Edmund Macnaughten, and under the agency of Thomas Crosbie,

Esq., about a mile out of the town. Eight or ten tents were put up, and all other arrangements made, as much in the American style as Brother Graves could mould Irish material, and I am inclined to think, after all his hard labor to get us into his plans, he never spent a much happier time even amongst his own countrymen, nor witnessed much more of the work of the Holy Spirit.

THE SERVICES.

The meeting commenced on Thursday afternoon, Aug. 15th, and continued until Wednesday, the 29th. Three services were held daily, each one consisting of a sermon, exhortation, penitent prayer meeting, and the relation of Christian experience. When the weather did not permit us to worship in the open air, one, two, and sometimes three tents were occupied, and meetings carried on in a similar manner in each.

MINISTERS PRESENT.

We have ascertained the names of as many as possible who attended the camp. There might have been others, but the following, generally speaking, took some part in the services:—

Revs. H. Graves, (Methodist Episcopal Church of America); J. Armstrong, W. Cather, B. Bayley, W. P. Applebe, LL.D., W. B. Thorneloe, (England); R. Hamilton, R. H. Lindsay, J. Duncan, J. Donald, R. G. Cather, LL.D., F. Elliott, E. Johnston, R. Maxwell, T. W. Baker, R. Collier, R. Hazleton, J. W. Ballard, W. Gorman, J. Donnelly, J. Oliver, E. Harte, C. Robertson, W. H. Johnston, S. Cowdy, and W. Nicholas, (Wesleyans); T. Russell, J. Lawley, J. Taylor, I. S. Nullis, and M. Moseley, (Primitive Methodists); J. Robinson, T. Hall, J. Carson, and W. H. Ramsey, (Primitive Wesleyans); S. Nicholson, (New Connection); G. H. Jackson, (Independent); R. Lewers, (Presbyterian).

Capt. M'Bride and Miss M'Kinny addressed the meeting. Many laymen assisted in the services. It was delightful

to witness the unanimity of feeling existing between them, and we thought the time was not so very far distant when Zion's watchmen would "see eye to eye." The kindness of the friends was beyond all praise, especially that of Averell Shillington, Esq., and Mr. James Coalter, who had tents upon the ground.

CONGREGATIONS.

The numbers varied on a week-day from one hundred and fifty to seven hundred. On the last day they amounted to about a thousand. The first Sabbath was a very wet and stormy day,—the rain at one time pouring down in torrents, livid lightnings flashing through the trees and tents, thunder awfully roaring, cracking, and crashing, as though on purpose to assist the servants of God in speaking of the day of judgment and awful doom of the impenitent; and they did not fail to improve the terrific storm, and cry, "The God of glory thundereth!" "Escape for thy life!" "Flee from the wrath to come!" From two to three thousand were present. Every tent was crowded, and many others were obliged to stand out in the rain. During all this, the servants of God were working with all their might, and the storm helped them, as we have heard of some being awakened and converted through it, who had sat unmoved under the sound of the gospel for years. During this terrible storm "the spirit of prophecy" even fell upon a young lady, and with tears she besought sinners to be reconciled to God, deep conviction attending her words.

The second Sabbath was all that could have been desired as to the weather, and people flocked to the camp till from ten to fifteen thousand had assembled. It was a grand sight, especially to see the venerable John Armstrong, the oldest preacher upon the ground, preaching with all his might, exhibiting surprising strength, Samson-like, in this, perhaps almost his last effort. The vast

audience gave him their deepest attention. There were persons from England, Scotland, and the centre of this land, besides many who had come twenty, forty, sixty, and some even more than a hundred miles.

RESULTS.

The work seemed to commence on the second day, a backslider being restored; thence on to the close, at every service, morning, afternoon, and night, sinners were crying for mercy, and believers seeking purity of heart. From ten to fifty we counted down at the penitent forms at once, and on the second Sabbath about one hundred were upon their knees before the preachers' stand, many of them bathed in tears and sobbing aloud. Again, in the afternoon, about seventy more were down in the same place, and many others seeking mercy in the tents and other parts of the wood. The addresses of Mr. Graves searched the heart to its deepest depths, leading many to say, "*I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.*" Some Roman Catholics were among the saved.

A devoted brother from Enniskillen wrote for four of his servants to come up, and paid their fare on purpose to get them saved. Two obtained holiness of heart, and the others pardon. One shouted aloud the praises of God, and prayed blessings down upon the head of his master.

One good man brought his brother from beyond Dublin that he might find peace, and he returned home "a new creature in Christ Jesus." Many other remarkable cases we might mention, but let one suffice: A little boy, six years of age, and son of a minister, was crying for mercy; after some time we heard him cry out, "*I've found the new Friend—Jesus is mine!*"

Holiness was the great theme dwelt upon, and the result was a wonderful deepening of the work of grace in the hearts of believers. How many obtained

the blessing of purity of heart, would be impossible to say; it is thought that about three hundred souls found pardon, and we should think, at least, an equal number, or even more, professed to obtain "perfect love." The meetings have been continued in the Wesleyan Chapel, morning and evening, up to the present time, and the results have been glorious. Again and again the communion-rail has been crowded with mercy-seekers, and they have not gone away disappointed. The whole country for miles around has been stirred up, and many have found redemption.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

The proceedings of this day were quite novel to us. First, a prayer and fellowship meeting, then ministers received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper first, after which near a thousand persons received it from their hands, feeling that Christ was still amongst his people in his spiritual presence. Then commenced the procession, two and two, ministers taking the lead, people following, till, forming into a large circle, the *shake-hands* service commenced. The last one in the procession, "facing about," shook hands with the next to him, and on to the next, the last one left turning round and following, shaking hands with each one in the circle as they went, till hundreds were shaking hands at once, and many of them in right good earnest, saying, as they passed round, "God bless you," "May we meet in heaven," "Look to Jesus," and so on; the congregation singing, "We hope to meet you in the Promised Land;" and in reference to parting now, and the great meeting above, where adieus and farewells are unknown,—

"What! never part again?
No, never part again."

Altogether, we were nearly as well pleased with this service as any of the others. After singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," &c., three times,

we separated, many of us never expecting to meet again till the great day of God.

Many tears were shed at this parting season, and well they might be, for many congenial spirits were about to part who had met and clung to each other, as David and Jonathan, who loved each other as their own souls.

The Portadown *News* says: "A blacksmith who had come several miles to the camp with the determination not to leave the ground until he would find peace with God, obtained the pardon of all his sins, through believing in the precious blood of Jesus, about ten minutes before we left for the town. A fitting close, we thought, to a meeting got up for the special purpose of leading sinners to Jesus." This man, we have heard, had absented himself from the house of God for nineteen years.

The editor of the *Irish Evangelist* writes: "In Portadown, as in Enniskillen, the meeting has proved a great success. In fact, such glorious results have followed from the Portadown meeting that we regard it as certain that two or more such meetings will be held in the north of Ireland every summer, and thus that the camp meeting will become one of the abiding institutions of Irish Methodism."

ISAAC S. NULLIS.

PORTADOWN, IRELAND, NOV., 1861.

"THE church of the living God," "the whole family on earth" is not shut up within the narrow limits of any sect, or environed by the creed of any denomination. Be ours to cherish loyally the institutions of our own, but saying, at the same time from the heart, "Unto all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord, both theirs and ours, grace be unto you and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ." — *Dr. Eddy.*

MISS HARRIET C. CAMPBELL.

WRITTEN BY HER FATHER.

HARRIET CECILIA, eldest surviving daughter of the Rev. Thomas Campbell, was born on the 20th of March, 1842, and died, of diptheria, Nov. 11th, 1861, aged eighteen years, seven months, and twenty-two days.

In justice to the memory of the departed, and in hopes of being a blessing to the youthful readers of the *Guide*, we attempt the delineation of a character but seldom surpassed in this sinful world. When five years old she was able to read the Bible, and from that to the time of her departure, she loved it and read it; indeed, under the instruction of her mother, it was her closet companion from early childhood. Being endowed with a mild and gentle temper, together with a strong sense of right and wrong, she always commended herself to the judgment and affection of all who were acquainted with her. There is no feature of her life more strongly impressed upon my memory than her calm submission to parental authority, and acquiescence in parental will. When any unforeseen occurrence arose to prevent the fulfilment of a promise made to her, all that was required to produce a thorough submission was to give her the reasons why; and from the time she was three years old, her reply would be, "Well, pa, I know you would do it if you could." But when she gave her heart to God, this loveliness of temper became inexpressibly lovely. In the closing scene, ere the lid of the coffin was put down, I felt compelled to testify, while gazing upon her familiar face for the last time, — "There is a brow that never indulged a frown!" She had, of course, her temper often somewhat ruffled, but I may safely say, *she only felt it*, and, hastening to her closet, she prayed it off. She was one of those who look upon the bright side of things, and there-

fore wore a happy and contented countenance. Hence, she was admired where she was seen, and loved where she was known. She was a dearly beloved and useful Sabbath school teacher for upwards of four years.

Since her death we have had several communications from distant friends, showing that when she was away from the parental home she was faithful in her closet duties. Thither, whether at home or abroad, she went for direction and help; and this was the secret of her consistency. A dear sister who accompanied her on a visit to New York but a few weeks before her demise, assures us that, surrounded as she was by friends, and the gayeties of the rich, her attendance upon private devotion was of a marked character. On one occasion, when writing home, she informed us of a foreboding fear of trouble which pressed upon her mind; to which I replied, that our Heavenly Father in his mercy often visited us in this manner, to call our attention to himself; and, surrounded as she was with new scenes and society, he wished to warn her of the danger of forgetting him. She received it as such. Another friend, who had frequent opportunities of observing her deportment, says, "Hattie was, without exception, the most conscientious girl I ever knew; her moral sense was remarkably acute. The first question with her, when anything in pleasure or business was proposed, was, 'Is it right?'" A sister of long standing in the church thus writes: "I have been calling to mind our many interviews—how often I met Hattie in class and in the social circle—and I can well remember some of her pious and devotional expressions." Our friend, Dr. Corson, (formerly of New York,) who, upon hearing of her death, wrote an obituary of her for the *Markham Economist*, pays the following tribute to her beloved memory: "Miss C. was well known and beloved by a large circle of friends in Markham,

who will sympathize with the bereaved parents in their affliction. A life of singular loveliness and promise was early closed in Christian triumph."

We could easily multiply such testimonies, but some of these, from her most intimate acquaintances, are sufficient to justify our high opinion of our dear departed one, and our full confidence in that Christian integrity for which she was so remarkable during the *nine* years she had enjoyed the saving grace of God. Justice compels me to add here that her conversion was effected mainly through the watchful and prayerful labors of her dear mother; who, while she with me sought the salvation of strangers, never lost sight of her duty to her own children.

Though my dear daughter had, like others, to mourn over her unfaithfulness to God, yet she never suffered sin to rest upon her conscience; she agonized with God till she regained the satisfactory evidence of freedom from guilt. Shortly after she was confined to her sick room, I inquired into her religious state, to which she replied she was not as fully satisfied as she wished to be; and then requested me to kneel and pray with her. The spirit of liberty was poured upon us both, and soon the Spirit of Power effected in her heart the all-important change of a *full salvation*, and filled her soul with *perfect love*. From that moment the change was visible and satisfactory;—it was one constant flow of love for God and all men. As an example,—an intimate friend inquired of me, in her hearing, how he should proceed, according to rule, against a brother who had offended him; and, after I had pointed out the general course, she remarked to her mother, privately, "Would it not be better for him to follow the Saviour's rule,—forgive till seventy times seven?" We had no immediate apprehension of her death, nor did she think she was near her end, yet she was rapidly preparing for the solemn event. Love and devotedness to God was her

whole theme. She would say, "O, what comfort it is to have kind friends awaiting upon one when sick. If the Lord spares me, what a happy family we will be; if we cannot pray in public, we will have prayer meetings in our own family, and we will all be able to pray." On another occasion she remarked, "Mamma, if it be the will of God I want to live one year longer, that I may try and do something for him among my young friends." The night before she died, a relative who was present said, "You are the Lord's." She promptly replied, "Yes, aunt, I am the Lord's; I gave my heart to him when I was nine years of age; I have tried to serve him, but I have been very unfaithful, very unprofitable; I have not let my light shine as I ought to have done; but Jesus is unchangeable; he never turns me away, but always blesses me when I come to him. I love to hear you talk on religious subjects, (the topic of their conversation,) but I want you now to pray with me, for I am not able to pray myself, but it does me good to hear you pray."

Having attained the "central" point of Christian experience, her every word and act was *love*. Up to within an hour of her departure we had strong hopes of her recovery, and when the solemn truth broke upon us, she said, "And has it come to this?" Her heart was so fixed upon glorifying God she seemed to have thought that she must be spared to *do* it; but when her dear, submissive mother directed her attention to the wisdom and love of God, she instantly caught the theme, and said, "Yes, he doeth all things well; but it is one thing to live, and another thing to die!" The change was so sudden, I have since wondered that she was not surprised into some expression of dissatisfaction at the result; but, trying as it was, there was a spirit of resignation most consolatory to us, as it was sustaining to herself. The sympathetic manner in which she fixed

her eyes upon me, as I entered the chamber of the dying saint, can never be forgotten; whatever else is effaced, that can never be. Her affection for us was strong to the last, and she felt the pangs of a separation. But her faith in her Saviour was all-sufficient, and she triumphed over all the feelings of nature. Her faith not only laid hold of the Saviour for herself, but also for the family; she spoke as though she was burdened with the care of our salvation, for when life was just ebbing out, she raised her voice and shouted, "Glory to Jesus! I am going to glory, and all my family with me!" Then, turning her head upon her pillow, she slowly breathed out her soul into the hands of her blessed and all-supporting Saviour, and was borne by the happy angels to the abodes of the blest. They sung, "A child is born!" while we had, with lonely heart-heavings, to say, "Our child is dead." Dead? ah, no! she liveth for evermore, and awaits the happy hour of reunion of souls, which, we trust, will never be separated.

Many other facts and sayings might be related, but I reserve them for subjects of conversation in the family circle, and the ultimate results to be told in eternity.

HAMILTON, Canada, Jan. 8, 1862.

SUGGESTIONS TO A SEEKER OF PERFECT LOVE.

LETTER I.

OXFORD, Eng., Dec., 1861.

MY DEAR ELLEN:—Take a look back twenty years, about, into a room of the cottage at K—, whose occupants were a young lady and a little girl; the former sitting on a chair by the fireplace, reading silently a Bible; the latter on a stool at a little distance, silent also. Presently the lady closed her book, and said, "E—, are your sins forgiven?" The child had often been talked to on religious subjects as if she had been innocent; that was the first word of pious counsel that ever

addressed her as a sinner: the first, therefore, that ever really met the need of a nature in which the buoyancy of childhood was being gradually crushed by a secret load of sin.

Ellen, dear, can you guess who that young lady was? If so, do not talk of my "feeling it a trouble to write," when the time is come in which I may repay that never forgotten kindness.

"You constantly give yourself to God, but receive no comfort." If you are living in this habit and spirit, that is enough on that side of the question. You need not dwell upon it, for the aspect of devotion is not that which meets your case. Leave it for awhile. You need to *receive*, rather than to *give*.

But, first, it will be well to have a clear notion in your mind of *what* you seek to receive. "Holiness," you say. Take, then, Wesley's definition; about the simplest and best he ever gave of it:

"He wills that I should holy be;
That holiness I long to feel;
That full, divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will."

Let me hint to you the desirableness of keeping your mind fixed on this one idea of "agreement with God's will," rather than on any theory of "entire sanctification" you may ever have read; for it is quite possible not one of them may embody the exact will of God for you. Then, the next thing is to find out that will. In its general aspect, as revealed in the Bible, you know it already; you only want to know its personal bearing on *you*,—what God desires you to *do* or *be* at the present moment. What would be your will concerning one of your young pupils, good and affectionate on the whole, but troubled occasionally with the fits of perversity inherent in energetic childhood? That she should burst in one moment into womanhood, with the mind and soul appropriate to that state? Certainly not. You would desire nothing more than to inspire her at once,

if you had the power, with an affection strong enough and intelligent enough to destroy or regulate, as the case might require, those dispositions in the child, as a child, which caused you displeasure.

I think, if you apply this to your present state, you will perceive the divine will to you at the present time. I would not, were I you, set before me the example of some such saint as Fletcher, and pray to be now made as holy as he was. That is not God's will; for he has connected such a maturity with a previous growth, to which you have probably not attained. Nor would I take a particular state of mind of far less eminent Christians, and pray to be brought now into the enjoyment of such an experience. That may not be God's will; for the state of mind in question may depend, by his order, on certain prior exercises, through which you may not have been called to pass, and, perhaps, never will be. The only thing, therefore, it is perfectly safe to ask as a present blessing is, that God's will may *now* be done, whatever that be. I can illustrate this best by a reference to a passage in my own experience.

Several years ago, when I was comparatively young, (sixteen,) I was praying, one Sunday afternoon, for a "clean heart," or rather for my notion of one, which was then very exalted. Many Sunday afternoons (I was at school during the week) I had spent in like manner. For years I had sought it with tolerable constancy,—sometimes with great earnestness,—but, as it seemed, in vain. That afternoon my desires were wrought up to a very high pitch, mingled with some degree of faith for a present blessing. I felt on the verge of the goodly land, as again and again, with deep fervor, I urged my suit; when the suggestion was made to me, "What if it be not the will of God that you should now obtain the answer to your prayer?" That looked exceedingly like temptation,—but no! it was accompanied by the

effectual persuasiveness which I have since learned generally distinguishes the voice of the Spirit from the most specious and powerful temptations. Happily, it did not occur to me to reason how it could be God's will that I should not then receive the mind of Christ; or, not knowing that I was actually seeking, not the mind of Christ, but a state of mind conceived by myself, I should have rejected the suggestion as a temptation. As it was, I was brought to a stand. I felt I would give anything — anything, to end, that afternoon, the weary struggle of years. The sickness of hope deferred, if the long-coveted blessing still eluded my grasp, seemed unendurable. A minute I hesitated, and then, while my heart died within me, said, "Thy will be done." Immediately the joy I had nearly overtaken vanished from my sight, and I rose from my knees very sorrowful, but with the first taste of that rest in the will of God which I have since learned to value above every phase of spiritual experience. I thought I had relinquished the blessing for the time being; with a little more light I should have known I had never come so near its possession. I had missed a shadow to grasp the substance, but knowledge was wanting to make the experience of that afternoon a decisive one.

In telling you this I want to supply the defect to you, in case you should be in the same state of mind.

Agreement with the divine will is what you want. The last question is, how to attain it. Many words here only encumber the subject.

God has a will in reference to you at this moment. Jesus only can reveal it to you. Jesus only can accomplish it within you. Receive Jesus, the Incarnate Love, for this purpose.

As his nature is not changed since he said, "I delight to do thy will, O my God," he must delight to do it in you at every moment, — consequently, at this.

Therefore, open your heart to him, — trust in him at once. Never mind whether the result is what you have expected and wished or otherwise. *Joy*, or continued *sorrow*, — *rest*, or continued *conflict*, — may be equally God's will.

"Soul of my soul, remain;
Who didst for all fulfil,
In me, O Lord, fulfil again
Thy heavenly Father's will."

If I have not said the thing that suits, will you write to me again, with more particulars? You said so little in your letter I am obliged to shoot at a venture. I send you a number of the Guide to Holiness, which please return when you have finished with it, but not before: I am in no hurry. The articles on pages 168-70 I think you will find useful. Indeed, it would be well, if you could, to subscribe for it. It is only four and sixpence per annum.

With kind love believe me, my dear Ellen, affectionately yours. E. R.

SELF-COMMUNION.

COMMUNION with God is undoubtedly the most exalted privilege that can be conferred on man. It is religion. From it springs a love to the communion of saints. Love to the brethren is not only an evidence of our love to God, but it is difficult to conceive of a Christian making progress in holy things who does not avail himself of the means of grace. But how many who love to commune with God, and who take pleasure in the devout gatherings of the church, seldom have a close and searching communion with their own hearts! "Know thyself," was by a heathen considered to be the most important maxim ever delivered to man; but how this knowledge is to be obtained without a searching and impartial analysis, I do not see. May not our complainings of spiritual dullness be owing, in a great measure, to this neglect? What an advantage it would be in our hours of

private devotion, if we would first throw the mind in upon itself, and dive deeply into our feelings and motives and principles! and amid the hurry and turmoil of business, a few moments spent thus would be of untold worth to us. Let us enumerate a few good results of this practice.

A correct estimate of our religious state. This is of great importance. Backsliding often takes place almost imperceptibly, for want of this exact estimate of our religious condition. Frequent comparisons, instituted between our experience at several periods, will enable us to decide, easily and safely, whether we have advanced or retrograded. These notes of our moral state, these landmarks, will be standing admonitions to "grow in grace." Yesterday, I stood on the sea-shore, at the utmost reach of the incoming tide. I marked the extent of the moistened line on the sand. To-day, I stand on the same spot when the tide is at its height. I find no difficulty in ascertaining the difference; because of the mark I left yesterday. Had I trusted to a general survey at my first visit, in all probability I should have been deceived. Let me, by close examination, ascertain the present reach of my experience, and note it; then, when I make another scrutiny, the difference will be apparent in a moment.

An utter want of confidence in ourselves. It is not possible that a Christian should thoroughly search his own heart without discovering much weakness there. The higher our religious state, the more vivid will be our appreciation of the purity of God's law; consequently, the smallest defect, though constitutional, will stand out with such distinctness that we shall rush to the atoning blood, as our only safeguard. A thorough acquaintance with ourselves is an excellent antidote for Pharisaism of every shade. It produces a holy self-abandonment, and a momentarily realization of the atonement as our only ground of hope. As self recedes, the

cross becomes more prominent, and the dependent soul glories in the inward triumphs of the Great Purifier.

An increase of Christian charity. An acquaintance with our own failings will lead us to look sympathizingly upon the faults of others. This is a notorious truth; a truth that has passed into many proverbs. We base the sympathy of the Saviour, to a very great extent, upon the fact that he invested himself with our true humanity, as if by that act he more fully appreciated its weakness. Nor does this idea seem to be inconsistent with the Scriptures: "For we have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Heb. iv. 15. And again: "For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted." Heb. ii. 18. If the sympathy of the Saviour was so mysteriously connected with his assumption of our common humanity, certainly our acquaintance with it will produce a similar result in us, especially when we consider that we are involved in its *sinful* associations.

Increased usefulness. Who so likely to do good as the Christian who has ignored self, and who implicitly trusts in the Divine arm? Why does God choose the "weak and despised" as the instruments of his power? Why does he enclose the great "treasure in earthen vessels," but "that the excellency of the power may be of him, and not of us?"

It is not human eloquence or learning that saves souls. It is not the popularity and applause of the multitude. It is almost impossible for these things to exist without the cropping out of self. We are human. Humanity cannot remain unselfish under such circumstances, unless overwhelmed and kept submerged by the full tide of grace. Whatever our intellectual attainments, we shall only be useful as far as self recedes and God is

appreciated. To aid us in this good work, let us frequently retire into the closet of the mind, shut to the door, admit the intense rays of the Divine Spirit, and search, search, search, until we can say, "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord."

WESTBROOK, Conn.

TARRY WITH ME.

TARRY with me, O, my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See, the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.
Tarry with me! tarry with me!
Pass me not unheeded by!

Many friends were gathered round me
In the bright days of the past;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here the last:
I am lonely; tarry with me
Till the dreamy night is past.

Dimmed for me is earthly beauty;
Yet the spirit's eye would fain
Rest upon thy lovely features:
Shall I seek, dear Lord, in vain?
Tarry with me, O, my Saviour!
Let me see thy smile again!

Dull my ear to earth-born music:
Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer:
Feeble, tottering, my footsteps,
Sinks my heart with sudden fear;
Cast thine arms, dear Lord, around me,
Let me feel thy presence near.

Faithful memory paints before me
Every deed and thought of sin;
Open thou the blood-filled fountain,
Cleanse my guilty soul within:
Tarry, thou forgiving Saviour!
Wash me wholly from my sin.

Deeper, deeper grow the shadows;
Paler now the glowing west:
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?
Tarry with me, O, my Saviour!
Lay my head upon thy breast.

Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee:
Tarry with me, through the darkness;
While I sleep, still watch by me
Till the morning, then awake me,
Dearest Lord, to dwell with thee.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

PERMIT me, among others, to throw in my testimony to the fulness there is in the gospel.

At the age of eighteen I gave my heart to Christ, and two years afterwards united with the Congregational church; and then entered college. From there I went to the theological seminary. During my first year in the seminary two missionaries with their wives received their instructions at the missionary chapel on the eve before their departure for Turkey.

It was an affecting scene, and I was led at the time to resolve to spend my life in a foreign field. After making the decision I felt joyful in the Lord, very much as I did when I was first converted.

On leaving the seminary, myself and wife, with a large company, sailed for a foreign country. On the voyage we had an interesting revival, and the captain and some of the crew were hopefully converted.

While abroad, I fell in with "Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection," among some old rubbish; and after reading two or three pages of it, I threw it down in disgust. A lady also handed me "Mahan on Christian Perfection;" but I had no idea of puzzling my brain with that heterodoxy, as I supposed it was, and I never read it.

After spending fourteen years away, and witnessing many interesting cases of conversion among a people just emerging from heathenism, my health obliged me to return to my native land.

About three years since I purchased "Boardman's Higher Life," and after reading the book my prejudice against the doctrine was partially removed. An acquaintance with some, about this time, who professed the blessing, served still more to remove it. There was also an increasing interest among Christians where I was residing, and my own heart was more than usually drawn out to God in

prayer. In this state of mind I visited a clerical friend, who professed to be in the enjoyment of perfect love. My mind was still dark on the subject. I told him I thought I was in the possession of it. He lent me "Mrs. Palmer's Way of Holiness." I commenced reading, and the feelings expressed seemed to be those of a real Christian; and I saw the experience was far above what I had attained. At length she brought out the idea that one must profess it, and let the world know where he stands. My feelings revolted at that. Perfect love in this sense is regarded, especially by Christians of our denomination, as a delusion, a heresy. I will wait and think upon it, I said to myself, before I make such a profession. My communion with Heaven immediately forsook me. That intercourse with my Saviour which I had previously enjoyed, I could not obtain. I earnestly besought his favor, and promised him that if he would grant it to me, I would be willing to profess perfect love. After I had been in this state of mind five or six days, the Saviour, instead of granting what I had formerly enjoyed, let himself down to me in a manner that I had never expected, on this side of the grave. Then it was, October 25, 1859, that I first experienced the witness of entire sanctification. The Bible appeared more precious than ever before. There was about it a new and indescribable richness; and that feeling has continued with me, for the most part, to the present time. Whenever I am sensible of any undesirable state of feeling, Christ stands by me, and is ready, at my request, to put it down.

Formerly, when in trouble, I habitually looked to heaven as a place of rest; now, I find rest in Jesus. "We that believe do enter into rest."

The true estimate of life is not to be taken from age, but action. A man dies old at thirty, and a child at four-score.

He that will not be torn down by the law, shall never be built up by the gospel.

DYING POOR AND DYING RICH.

"It was a sad funeral to me," said the speaker, "the saddest I have attended for years."

"That of Edmondson?"

"Yes."

"How did he die?"

"Poor, poor as poverty,—his life was one long struggle with the world, and at every disadvantage. Fortune mocked him all the while with golden promises that were destined never to know fulfilment."

"Yet, he was patient and enduring," remarked one of the company.

"Patient as a Christian,—enduring as a martyr," was answered. "Poor man! he was worthy of a better fate. He ought to have succeeded, for he deserved success."

"Did he not succeed?" questioned the one who had spoken of his perseverance and endurance.

"No, sir, he died poor, as I have just said. Nothing that he put his hand to ever succeeded. A strange fatality seemed to attend every enterprise."

"I was with him in his last moments," said the other, "and thought he died rich."

"No; he has left nothing behind him," was replied.

"The heirs will have no concern as to the administration of the estate."

"He left a good name," said one, "and that is something."

"And a legacy of noble deeds that were done in the name of humanity," remarked another.

"And precious examples," said another.

"Lessons of patience in suffering, of hope in adversity, of heavenly confidence when no sunbeams fell upon his path," was the testimony of another.

"And high trust, manly courage, heroic fortitude."

"Then he died rich!" was the emphatic declaration; "richer than the mil-

lionaire who went to his long home the same day, a miserable pauper in all but gold. A sad funeral, did you say? No, my friend, it was rather a triumphal procession! Not the burial of a human clod, but the ceremonial attendant on the translation of an angel. Did not succeed! Why, his whole life was a series of successes. In every conflict he came off the victor, and now the victor's crown is on his brow. No, no, he did not die poor, but rich; rich in neighborly love, and rich in celestial affection."

"You have a new way of estimating the wealth of a man," said the one who had at first expressed sympathy for the deceased.

"Is it not the right way? He dies rich who can take his treasure with him to the new land where he is to abide forever; and he who has to leave all behind on which he has placed his affection dies poor indeed. Our friend died richer than Girard or Astor; his monument is built of good deeds and noble examples. It will abide forever."

MY LAMBS.

I LOVED them so,
That when the elder Shepherd of the fold
Came, covered with the storm, and pale and cold,
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold,
I bade him go.

He claimed the pet;
A little fondling thing, that to my breast
Clung always, either in quiet or unrest;
I thought of all my lambs I loved him best,
And yet — and yet —

I laid him down
In those white, shrouded arms, with bitter tears;
For some voice told me that, in after years,
He should know naught of passion, grief, or fears,
As I had known.

And yet again
That elder Shepherd came; my heart grew faint;
He claimed *another* lamb with sadder plaint,
Another! — she who, gentle as a saint,
Ne'er gave me pain.

Aghast I turned away:
There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream,
Her golden locks with sunlight all agleam.
I knelt to pray:

"*Is it thy will,*
My Father? say, *must* this pet lamb be given?
O, thou hast many such, dear Lord, in heaven."
And a soft voice said, "Nobly hast thou striven;
But, peace, be still!"

O, how I wept,
And clasped her to my bosom with a wild
And yearning love! my lamb, my pleasant child!
Her, too, I gave, — the little angel smiled,
And *slept*.

"Go! go!" I cried;
For once again that Shepherd laid his hand
Upon the noblest of our household band;
Like a pale spectre, there he took his stand
Close to his side.

And yet how wondrous sweet
The look with which he heard my passionate cry,
"Touch not my lamb, — for him, O, let me die!"
"A little while," he said, with smile and sigh,
"Again to meet."

Hopeless I fell,
And when I rose, the light had burned so low,
So faint, *I could not see my darling go*;
He had not bidden me farewell, but, O,
I *felt* farewell

More deeply far
Than if my arms had compassed that slight
frame;
Though could I but have heard him call my
name —
"Dear mother," — but in heaven 'twill be the
same:

There burns my star!

He will not take
Another lamb, I thought; for only one
Of the dear fold is spared, to be my sun,
My guide, my mourner when this life is done, —
My heart would break.

O, with what thrill
I heard him enter; but I did not know
(For it was dark) that he had robbed me so:
The idol of my soul, — *he* could not go, —
O, heart, be still!

Came morning: can I tell
How this poor frame its sorrowful tenant kept?
For waking tents are mine; I sleeping wept,
And days, months, years, that weary vigil kept,
Alas! "Farewell!"

How often it is said!
I sit and think, and wonder too, sometimes,
How it will seem, when in that happier clime
It never will ring out like funeral chime
Over the dead.

If you cannot go to God with a broken heart,
go to him for one. His Holy Spirit breaks and
binds up.

LETTER FROM MRS. PALMER.

DEAR BROTHER GORHAM: In many places we have labored since we came to the Old World. "Vigilance" or "Soul-saving Bands" have been formed, according to the rules printed in "Promise of the Father," page 262. I do not doubt but the light of eternity will reveal that hundreds of souls have been saved through the instrumentality of the specific *daily* — "instant in season and out of season" — efforts there proposed. Who cannot, by either rising earlier, sitting later, or taking a little less time at meals or from company, secure to themselves at least ONE HALF-HOUR to do something *daily* towards winning souls to Jesus? And if not able to secure a whole half-hour at one time, ten minutes might be taken at one time, ten at another, dividing the time in three, or even six portions, of five minutes each. And if health or other circumstances prevent, so that the time may not be spent out of doors, it may be spent in doors, in writing letters or short notes to the unconverted. And if unable to form a band of twenty or of ten, or even of five or two, why might not individuals solemnly pledge themselves *alone* before God, as far as practicable, so to redeem the time that every day one half-hour, at least, shall be spent in special effort to save perishing souls? The Lord grant that all who read these lines may from this moment so resolve!

I send you an interesting communication from a lady who is secretary of the "Darlington Christian Vigilance Band." The narrative given is only an ordinary specimen of the specific effort this lady and many others are making to save souls.

RAILROAD INCIDENT.

I was returning from Redcar* one evening, and, on entering the railway carriage at R., was powerfully drawn out in prayer,

* Redcar is a noted place for sea-bathing.

that on my way home an opportunity might be afforded me of speaking to some sinner of Christ and his salvation. My sister and I occupied the compartment (a first class), and, as we were both tired, she took one end and I the other. I do not know that a word was spoken till we arrived at Stockton; but I know that my soul was feasting on things divine; my converse with Jesus was peculiarly sweet and hallowing.

At Stockton a gentleman joined us, but as he was intent on reading a newspaper he had with him, we passed on in silence, till we came to Preston Junction, where the train stopped, and the porter announced, as usual, the name of the station. Upon this, I was led to remark to my sister upon the pronunciation of the vowels, as the man sounded them double, thus: *Pre-estion Ju-unchon*. Our companion was attracted by these remarks, laid down his paper, and began to speak of the diversity of dialects spoken in England; then of the English scenery; then of continental customs; and next graphically described the Italian and Swiss lakes, with their surrounding scenery. I was much interested in the conversation, but remembered what must be my great business. So I said, *very deliberately*, "Yes, 'the works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.'" I looked earnestly on the stranger's countenance as I spoke, and noticed some emotion. After a short pause he began to speak of France, and in reply, I remarked upon the sad spiritual darkness of that country. I said, "How do you spend your Sabbaths when in Paris?" "Well," said he, "you must do like the rest; you can't stay in the hotel all day." I said, "But you dare not do like others, if your heart were right with God; that is the all-important thing."

How amazed my friend appeared! but he had become interested; and he asked my opinion respecting the observance of the Sabbath, etc. To all his interroga-

tions I replied, and then addressed several to him. As I expected, he was destitute of vital godliness; said he knew all these things in *theory*, but had never experienced religion. He asked me to explain what I meant by being born again, (I had repeated the passage, "Except a man be born again," etc.) I then explained, as the Spirit helped me, what it was to have the heart changed, and in a few words related my own conversion to God; at the same time urging him to an immediate surrender of himself to his Saviour. I said, "You know that the Holy Spirit has often visited you, and given you desires, which, if you had improved them, would have resulted in your salvation." Said he, "I am sure you are right, and I have sometimes prayed, but never felt any better for it." I said, "Then you did not ask in *faith*; you did not go to God believing that he could and would fulfil your petitions. 'Whatsoever things ye desire, when ye pray,'"—"O," he cried, "you have just touched the right point; I see now what I have been doing; but," said he, "have you no doubts upon these subjects?" How thankful was I to be able to say, "I have not a single doubt; I know in whom I have believed; and am sure that what he hath promised he is both able and willing to perform."

Much more was said than I can just now remember; but in the midst of our conversation, as it seemed, the train reached Darlington, and we had to part. The gentleman rose, grasped my hand, thanked me with *great earnestness and warmth* for having taken the trouble to talk thus with him; upon which I said, "There is one thing I want to know—whether I shall meet you on the *right* hand in the great day?" Said he, with a firmness that delighted me, "I *will* endeavour to do as you have been telling me, and to meet you there."

With what feelings I reached home and approached the throne of grace, may be understood by those who are privileged

to share in their Saviour's joy,—the joy of seeing souls brought unto glory. O, how weak the instruments, but how mighty the power of the *indwelling Spirit*!

SPECIAL HALF-HOUR EFFORT.

A week or two later, having met with a female in a shop at Redcar, and remembering my *special half-hour*, I at once spoke to her on the subject of religion. Whilst so doing, her countenance gradually grew sad, and she burst into tears, told me she was a great sinner, and would be glad to be made happy. I told her the way to the cross, and urged her to an immediate surrender. I obtained a promise from her that she would not rest upon her pillow till she had in penitence and faith sought mercy of God; at the same time promising that I would plead specially for her. During that evening I did so. Two days after, it was again my turn to go to Redcar;—my first care was to find this person, whom I met—with such a happy countenance! On the evening referred to the Lord had spoken peace to her soul. Glory forever to the Lamb!

FALSE CONSCIENCE.—"Of all liars and false accusers, a sick conscience is the most inventive and indefatigable. Conscience itself requires a conscience, as nothing can be more unscrupulous. It told Saul that he did well in persecuting the Christians. It has goaded countless multitudes of various creeds to endless forms of self-torture. The cities of India are full of cripples it has made. The hillsides of Syria are ribbed with holes, where miserable hermits, whose lives it had palsied, lived and died like the vermin they harbored. Our libraries are crammed with books written by spiritual hypocondriacs, who inspected all their moral secretions a dozen times a day. They are full of interest, but should be transferred from the shelf of the theologian to that of the medical man who makes a study of insanity."—*Dr. O. W. Holmes.*

POWER OF FAITH.

I sat me down in earth's benighted vale,
And had no courage and no strength to rise;
Sad to the passing breeze I told my tale,
And bowed my head and drained my weeping
eyes.

But Faith came by, and took me by the hand;
And now the valleys rise, the mountains fall:
Welcome the stormy sea! the dangerous land!
With Faith to aid me, I can conquer all.
Faith lays her hand upon the lion's mane;
Faith fearless walks within the serpent's den;
Faith smiles amid her children round her slain;
When worlds are burning, cries, unmoved, Amen.

LOVE FOR SOULS.

GRANCTENSES tells of a woman who was so affected at the loss of souls, that she besought God to stop up the passage into hell with her soul and body, that none might have entrance. Had all Christians such feelings, the kingdoms of this world would soon become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ.

OUT of wedlock grows the family, and what is that without love? A fearful desolation, culminated darkness, a rayless, starless night. Love bears long. Love soothes the aching head. Love crowns evening hours with gladness, and makes morn roseate with joy. It endures painful watchings and bereavements. For it no sorrows are too sharp, no griefs too terrible. It stays gently by the suffering, and soothingly by the dying. It strives with the erring, goes after the wayward. Destroy it, and the family perishes.—*Dr. Eddy.*

TIME TO PRAY.—“The abridgment of my evening prayers has been a fault with me for years. I have therefore resolved to select an hour, from half-past eight to half-past nine. It is a subtraction of the space to be allowed to business; but God seems to require it, and the grand, the only question is, what is God's will?”
—*Wilberforce.*

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

TUESDAY MEETING.—A young layman from old Third-Street church opened the meeting this week. He related his own experience fully and most profitably for all; the established discerned the way-marks, and those seeking, learned by detail the way of faith and consecration.

We can only give items. Two years ago he came here for the first time, and then the narratives of experience in the enjoyment of holiness were so convincing in their truth, that he resolved not to rest until he received the perfect love of God. The next day, in the counting-room, he wrote out in full his entire consecration to God, and then retired to the sixth floor—a spot he knew as his closet—and there laid his all at the foot of the cross—the altar, Christ—and was enabled to believe he was accepted. His conversion had been two years before, and was clear and distinct; so he now found the work of sanctification just as clear and distinct, different from the first work, yet of the same nature. In the first, actual sin was pardoned; now he found a deliverance from the tendency to sin.

He rejoiced in faith. When walking the street, he would inwardly say, “Yes, I am all the Lord's, *entirely.*” The next week, being at the meeting, he failed to improve the moment to witness to his great deliverance from his evil nature, and returned to his home rather under a cloud; but resolved to embrace the next opportunity to tell of this great salvation. He was obedient. “With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.” He dwelt much upon the direct witness of the Spirit to this state of blessedness, and of its difference from the first work in his soul.

He is a class-leader, and very useful in teaching the way of faith more perfectly to those committed to his care.

Many others expressed their obligations to the meeting for light, encouragement, and strength.

One who had ever here resisted the doctrine of holiness, now seeks every opportunity to tell what the Lord has done for his soul in the way of perfect love. The mystery has been solved, in his own heart, by the Holy Spirit, and he understands to *his satisfaction* how polluted men can be holy through the cleansing blood of Jesus. He is one of the city missionaries, and delights in teaching the power of the gospel from morning till night. In affliction and bereavement he affectionately confides in his Saviour, knowing that all things work together for his good.

A minister paralleled his past and present experience — faith and obedience at times — indifference, and no exercise of any importance; sin and repentance, and, of course, confidence and condemnation alternately. Such was the past, for years. Now, the consciousness of the Divine presence is constant and abiding; duty and deliverance is a delight; his work is no more hard or irksome; nothing is indifferent, for he has learned to *do all* to the glory of God, knowing that his yoke is easy and his burden light. He also spoke of the clearness of his conversion when a lad.

Another related at length her conversion through reading the Bible, by the interpretation of the Holy Spirit. And two years after, she was awakened to her need of holiness of heart, and was enabled to present herself to the Lord as a whole burnt-offering.

Some spoke of their late humiliations in secret before the Lord, and their unworthiness, yet triumphed in the grace that saves to the uttermost.

One dear woman, who lives peculiarly the life of faith, temporally as well as spiritually, rejoiced, as she ever does, in the God of her salvation; but we thought she never was so full, expressive, and

short, as at this time. She knows that she makes daily progress in the divine life — in all her going out and coming in his name. Her happiness consists in looking unto Jesus, and not to herself. She is one of those who shine on the earth, and will, no doubt, be set in the galaxy of the blessed.

Many at each meeting arise for prayer, and some believe, and enter into rest, while on their knees. We think effectual work is done weekly.

A stranger from a foreign land, who abides in a lovely little family of saints, rejoiced at the close of the meeting this week. In the dim twilight, a sister remained, and knelt to give thanks for her deliverance and blessings.

"I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES."

A good woman in our Saturday evening experience-meeting said, that twenty years ago she was in this meeting, and a lad arose and said, "I know that my Redeemer lives," and sat down immediately. She thought, "I don't know that, but I will know it before next Saturday night."

She earnestly sought the Lord, and the next Thursday she was converted. Ever since she has found the service of the Lord a delight, and his ways honorable.

Y.

THE best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to your opponent tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

ARM HIGH. — A humble heart is an aspiring heart. It cannot be contented to get up some rounds in Jacob's ladder, but it must get to the very top of the ladder, to the very top of holiness. Verily, heaven is for that man, and that man is for heaven, who sets up for his mark the perfection of holiness.

The Guide to Holiness.

FEBRUARY, 1862.

THE COLD SEASON.

THE cold season is upon us. Drifting snow, stormy winds, alternations of pinching cold and pelting rains—these are the elements of our Northern winter.

But it is not of the weather, that hackneyed subject, that we purpose to write, but of the lessons of love and duty which the weather teaches.

How sweet to you who have homes is the sense of security and comfort, while you hear the wild raging of the pitiless tempest without. To you, who have homes!—alas, that there should be any who have none! Yet so it is; more than you suppose, Christian and favored reader; yes, and *nearer* to you than you are ready to believe. Homes, that are no homes, are not a few. People who are compelled to stay in those homeless homes deserve your commiseration, especially now that they cannot seek comfort elsewhere.

“But, such are unthrifty, idle, wicked,—they have brought this discomfort upon themselves.” It may be so. What then? Will you, therefore, keep your superfluous comforts?—no, not *yours*, mark that, but the treasure entrusted to you by Another, the only True Owner—will you, therefore, keep that for yourself, or give it to those who have enough already? Not give the destitute, because they do not deserve anything! Who taught you that line of conduct? Not your Master! He came to save *sinners*! and that is the reason you and I have any chance for salvation. He makes the sun to shine upon the *evil* as well as the good. He, when he was upon earth, received sinners, and eat with them.

No, listen to such suggestions never. They are not of God. But gather together rather such things as you have, a goodly quantity, break through, at once, both your self-indulgence at your own fireside, and the subtle lurking of covetousness in the hiding places of your heart, and visit the children of want. When you have warmed and clothed them, then offer them in your Master's name the true riches. Then you may tell them of your own peace in believing, and they will hear you. Your good deed has opened their ears; your words of salvation may reach their hearts.

But all the poor are not thriftless, though they do not thrive in worldly matters; nor are they more forgetful of God than others. How many suffering, yet innocent children of wicked parents there are! How many sorrowing widows, or more sorrowing wives of shameless husbands, there are! And sickness, that spoiler of all worldly good, impoverishes the wisest and best.

All these “you have always with you, and if you will, you can do them good.”

But, the cold season!—it reminds us of other facts and other duties. The spiritual atmosphere of most churches is as bleak as winter. Exposed to its chilly influence are souls—priceless, deathless souls—yet solemnly dead in trespasses and sins. These are homeless sufferers, though buried in riches, while away from Christ. Have you, dear brother, a home in the inexpressible peace of the believer?—seek these prodigals from a Father's house, who perish with hunger and cold. To warm them into spiritual life you need not leave *your* fire, but carry it with you. In warming them your own flame will burn the brighter, and the incense of your good deed will ascend acceptably to God.

CABINET.

PERFECTING HOLINESS.

“Perfecting holiness in the fear of God.”—2 Cor. vii. 1.

THERE is true holiness in every heart which has received, by faith in atoning blood, the “washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost.” Such, undoubtedly, was the state of the Corinthians to whom our text was addressed. They were “saints” (Chap. i. verse 1), and he says of them, “having confidence in you all, that my joy is the joy of you all,” (Chap. xi. verse 3.) Yet their holiness was not perfect: there was remaining some of the carnal nature of their unrenewed state, for the apostle, after stating, in the latter part of the sixth chapter, several divine injunctions and encouragements, adds, “having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.”

Holiness then is “perfected” when “all the filthiness of the flesh and spirit is removed.” To this attainment the apostle exhorts the Hebrews, when he says, “let us go on unto perfection.” Heb. vi. 1.

The apostle says, “let us cleanse ourselves;” and this is easily reconciled with the divine teaching that salvation from sin unto holiness “is not of ourselves,” but is the “gift of God.” Unless we work, God will not work in us. We must perfect ourselves to be perfected of the Holy Ghost.

But perfect holiness may be perfected. That is, when the holiness of the believer has the Christian perfection of freedom from all original sin, the enlargement of his spiritual being—the increase of his knowledge of divine things—the expansion of his vision heavenward—are a growth in grace. These constitute a perfecting of holiness which shall go on forever and ever. This progressive perfection is the experience of angels who never knew sin.

PUTTING GOD IN REMEMBRANCE.

"Put me in remembrance; let us plead together; declare, that thou mayest be justified."—*Isaiah xliii. 26.*

GOD, in the preceding verse, had given *his* reason for justifying the sinner. Here he condescendingly invites the sinner to give *his* reasons, if he has any of a different character to urge; he is besought to show other grounds, if possible, of justification. Self-righteous men are ever ready to put forward their boastful claims, "but not before God." They cannot stand in his presence and plead; and at the judgment we are assured they will be speechless.

But how ready God is to be put "in remembrance," and to yield to the pleadings of those who urge *his* reason for their justification, the innumerable company of the saved on earth and in heaven can testify. They ever declare—

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress."

THE BLIND SEEING.

"The blind receive their sight."—*Matt. xi. 5.*

So it was when Christ was upon earth; and thus he proved his Messiahship. By the preaching of Christ now the spiritually blind are made to see, and thus is proved the divine character of the gospel.

A missionary of the Sandwich Islands says:—
"One blind man, Bartimeus, followed me thirty miles, over rivers and precipices, on the most difficult road I ever travelled, to hear the gospel, and pray for the peace of Jerusalem. I would have pronounced it incredible that he should have passed safely over such a road, if I had not seen it. He is a devoted, good man, and says, 'My natural eyes are blind, but my soul sees.'"

THE IMAGE OF GOD AND THE IMAGE OF MAN.

"God created man in his own image."—*Gen. i. 27.*

IN his first creation, and in the purposes of grace now, God is seen raising man to his own image. In his sensual conception, unrenewed, man is ever bringing the character of God down. An Armenian convert, head of the Armenian Academy at Constantinople, remarked that, "When God created man he made him in his own image; but man has reversed the order, and now endeavors to make God in man's image."

BEARING ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."—*Gal. vi. 2.*

AN aged friend of ours was quite deaf; his wife, also tottering with age, was nearly blind, but in mutual kindness they were a great help to each other. He was accustomed to say, "Come, mother, let us walk out and call on the children together. You will hear for me and I will see for you, and we shall get along nicely."

"Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care."

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

OUR COUNTRY.

SAID a Christian friend to us, a short time since, "Amid all this national commotion, God is calm." It was a word dropped in connection with a passing salutation, as we met and parted in the crowded thoroughfare of our city. It afforded stimulus to much thought. God sees a nation's as he does a sparrow's destiny. The wisdom of man is foolishness with him, and the wrath of man shall praise him. Then let his people be calm. Let them trust in him and be still. Dear, beloved country! God forgive thy sins, and make thee first pure, then peaceable. When thou art truly free, the oppressed nations of the earth shall long after thee, and shall seek the gospel at thy hands. Brethren in Christ, when we forget to pray for our country may our right hand forget its cunning, and our tongue cleave to the roof of our mouth!

A SANCTIFIED LITERATURE.

WE are truly thankful to learn that the soldiers and sailors of our army and navy are being supplied, very generally, with a soul-saving literature. A young soldier of our acquaintance, on receiving at his camp on the Potomac a box of good things from home, found that a pious mother and sister had been more mindful of his spiritual interest than his bodily appetite. With a few dainties they had sent much religious reading. "I am glad of this," he writes. "You cannot tell what a comfort and pleasure the books and tracts are. I can find no interest in the stories of the trashy magazines which some of my fellow-soldiers receive, in comparison with these."

Our friends will find our list of publications well fitted to promote a taste for religious reading. We solicit a continuance and increase of their orders.

PREACHING WITHOUT THE DIVINE UNCTION.

"God being my helper," said a devoted minister to us, "I never will preach again without the unction. This to me is both power and comfort." "The unction makes the preacher," interposed a female friend. "We private members like your scholarship and study, but these bring but dry sustenance into the pulpit, without the Holy Spirit's fire." "I can tell by its powerful influence on the congregation," said another, "when the preacher has been dwelling in the secret place of the Most High." So the conversation went on. Surely, we thought, as we parted, we ought never to preach without a holy fire upon the heart. God desires it; the preacher and people need it.

REV. JAMES CAUGHEY.

BROTHER CAUGHEY is reported, by recent letters from England, to be again in Sheffield. His labors have been greatly owned of God, in various parts of the kingdom.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE LITTLE PEACEMAKER.

I ONE day noticed in school some little girls who were feeling very bad, and weeping. Passing up the aisle, I discovered a slate being handed around among them, one side of which was nearly covered with writing. Were they unkind words, written to wound their feelings, that they should cause so many eyes to moisten, and so many cheeks to be wet with tears?

"Rub it out!—rub it out!" said a fair-haired little girl, as she saw that I was about to take the slate, and her eagerness to get hold of it, or, in some way, to erase the writing, gave strong proof that she was the writer. Before it came in my possession, she had rubbed her hand over the writing, entirely erasing it. I was at a loss to know what to think, as she had always been a dutiful girl, obedient and kind, and, what is more, professed faith in Jesus.

At noon I called her to me and questioned her with regard to the matter. She seemed unwilling to answer my questions, and said she did not mean any harm; she would not write any more to the girls; she did not wish to tell what she had written. I urged her to do so; reasoned with her, and insisted upon knowing what the girls were crying about.

Then, in a manner indicating embarrassment, she told how the girls had got mad at each other, and would not play together, and said harsh and unkind words, or would not speak at all to one another, and, she said, "I wrote to them how wrong it was for them to feel so, and that if one of them should die, they would think of their unkind words and actions—but it would be too late; and they would weep—but it would be of no use; and that is what they were crying about. At recess," she added, laughing, "they had a real 'kissing time,' and made up friends."

Then she turned away with a happy smile upon her countenance to eat her dinner, and these words of Jesus came into my mind: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

WARREN, PA.

A SONG OF LOVE.

JESUS, would that I could tell thee
How I love thy very name:
Oh, what sweet affections fill me,
Burning with a quenchless flame—
Thy rich goodness
Is my never failing theme.

Thou hast come from heaven to save me,
Lost and ruined in my sin;
Thou art pleading now to have me
One with God and pure within;
Oh, what mercy!
Jesus died my soul to win!

Every moment thou art showing
Wondrous grace and gentlest care;
Never weary of bestowing,
Countless though thy blessings are;
Varied tokens
Thy unvarying love declare.

I will love thee, O my Saviour,
I will praise thee day by day;
Honor thee in my behavior,
All thy wise commands obey;
Till in heaven
I shall join the angels' lay. — *Child at Home.*

BOOK NOTICES.

EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA, with accounts of the manners and customs of the people, and of the chase of the Gorilla, the Crocodile, Leopard, Elephant, Hippopotamus, and other animals. By Paul B. Du Chaillu, New York: Harper & Brothers. 1861.

This work of above 500 pages, illustrated with a Map and numerous Plates, is the result of nearly four years of severe toil and thrilling adventure in the examination of the region it describes. The author left New York for Africa in October, 1855, and continued his explorations till June, of 1859. He travelled always on foot, and unaccompanied by other white men, about 8,000 miles. He shot, stuffed, and brought home over 2,000 birds, of which more than 60 are new species; and he killed upwards of 1,000 quadrupeds, of which 200 were stuffed and brought home, with more than 80 skeletons; not less than 20 of the quadrupeds being species hitherto unknown to science. He suffered fifty attacks of the African fever, taking to cure himself, in all, over fourteen ounces of quinine; not to speak of famine, long-continued exposures to the heavy tropical rains, and attacks of ferocious ants and enormous flies.

Few men can write a book of travel that shall be, at once, highly instructive and highly entertaining. Du Chaillu has done it.

If any father wishes to procure for his son a book he will be sure to read with a keen relish, let him inquire for this. G.

The above notice was by accident omitted from the January number.

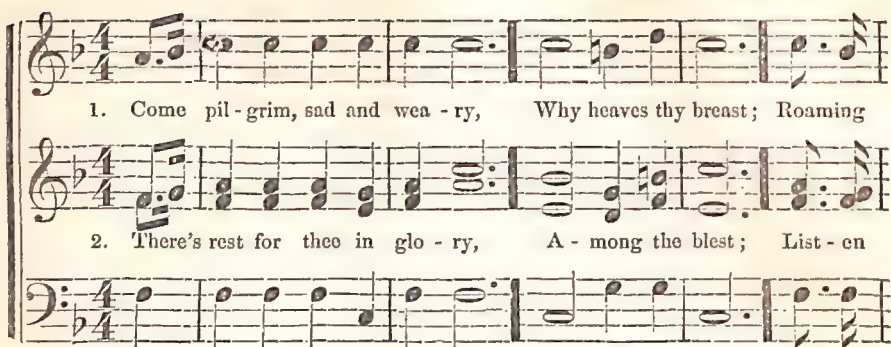
THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, Boston, 28 Cornhill, have published some of their valuable works in a plain style, with stiff paper covers, which they sell at a marvellously low rate. The following volumes have been sent us as specimens:—

"A MEMOIR OF DANIEL SAFFORD," which we have before noticed, sells for twenty-five cents. Since our former notice we have received the strongest testimonials of its usefulness from our friends who have obtained and read it.

That religious classic, too well known to need recommending, Baxter's "CALL TO THE UN-CONVERTED," can be had for ten cents, and Bunyan's "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" for twenty cents. "THE MORNING STAR," being a history of the Children's Missionary Vessel, and of the Marquesan and Micronesian Missions, for twenty-five cents. We commend these, and kindred volumes of the same catalogue, to the attention of those who have both the pecuniary means and the heart to purchase books for gratuitous circulation among the poor.

THE WEARY ARE AT REST.

W. Mc. DONALD.



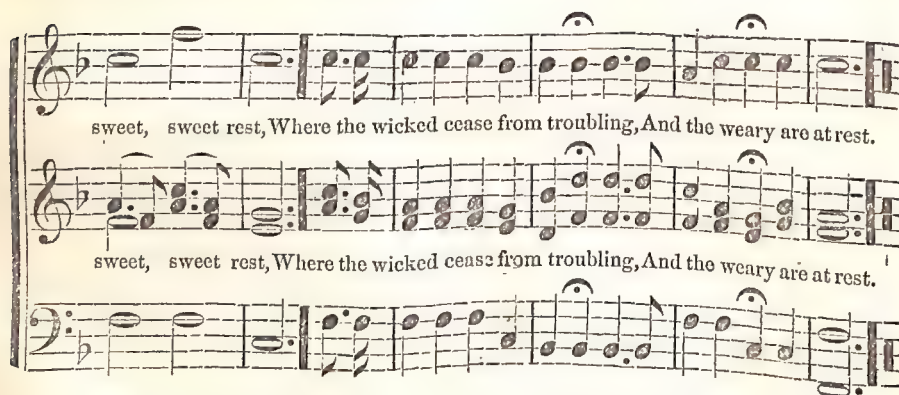
1. Come pil-grim, sad and wea-ry, Why heaves thy breast; Roaming

2. There's rest for thee in glo-ry, A-mong the blest; List-en

Chorus.



this wide world so drea-ry, Sigh-ing for rest. Rest, rest,
to the joy-ful sto-ry, There, there is rest. Rest, rest,



sweet, sweet rest, Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.

sweet, sweet rest, Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.

3 Millions are gone before us,
With Jesus blest;
Singing now the happy chorus,
There, there is rest.
CHORUS. Rest, rest, &c.

4 There golden harps are ringing—
Harps of the blest;
And the angel bands are singing,
There, there is rest.
CHORUS. Rest, rest, &c.

5 While we on earth are praying,
Jesus the blest,
Unto us is sweetly saying
There, there is rest.
CHORUS. Rest, rest, &c.

6 We'll meet where parting never
Comes to the blest;
And we'll safely dwell forever,
In heavenly rest.
CHORUS. Rest, rest, &c.

FAITH.

"And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 John v. 4.

I PROPOSE, in the present discourse, to present several views of faith, or rather, perhaps, a view of faith in several of its degrees and offices.

I. FAITH IS BELIEF—CREDESCENCE.

This is commonly called historic faith, as being the faith by which we receive the statements of history. It is that act of the mind by which it receives as true a statement made to it, upon the credibility of the statement itself, or of the person making it.

This is the lowest type of faith, and is not of itself saving; still, it is absolutely essential to salvation, as the foundation is essential to the superstructure, and in itself it has a measure of importance, not easily overrated. Blot out historic faith from the world, and you blot out all the past from the world. The accumulating facts and philosophies of ages are all instantly lost, the researches, discoveries and achievements of the past become a blank, and with every man it is as if time began when he began.

2. Without historic faith, all the present is a blank to me, except what occurs under my own observation, and all other countries and other men become a mere myth to me, except the lands and the men within the narrow compass of my own horizon.

3. Indeed, I can learn nothing whatever except by faith, save only what I learn by experiment, and this can never lead me far in one lifetime, and must so often teach by damaging failures as to wear out life early. As to progress in science, not a step can be taken but by faith. A little boy stands to-day for the first time at his teacher's knee, who points to a little triangular mark on the page and says, "What's that, my son?" "I don't know," replies the boy. "That's A,"

says the teacher. "I don't know whether it is or not," says the boy. "Well, it is A, and you must call it A." "But how do I know it is A?" "Because I say so; don't you believe me?" "Father says I must not believe anything unless it is proved." Now the question is, how is that teacher going to prove to the child that that letter is A? It cannot be done. He must take it on trust, or he'll never learn his alphabet; so that, without faith, the door of all science is forever barred against him. So important, even in temporal matters, is the lowest type of faith—credence of the statements of another.

Regarded in a religious light, this historic faith is, as I have said, mainly valuable as the indispensable sub-stratum and foundation of faith in its saving aspects or degrees. No man receives salvation as the mere result of his historic faith. Christendom is full of men who do not dispute the Bible records or teachings, but who yet have never felt the power of saving grace. Indeed, in this sense, Satan also believes and trembles.

II. FAITH IS TRUST—RELIANCE.

Trust is a very different thing from mere credence. We give *credence* where we see no particular reason to doubt; we *trust* where we see positive reasons for our confidence.

A stranger tells you a piece of news. You recognize in his quiet, gentlemanly appearance the proof of his credibility, and knowing, meantime, that the statement is one which he could have no motive for making, if false, and which you put nothing at hazard in believing, your mind receives the declaration as truth, and in a little time after you find yourself rehearsing the statement to another, as veritable and undoubted fact; or, taking up a newspaper, by and by, you see the same fact indicated in a heading, and you pass on to another paragraph with the remark, "I knew that before."

Such is your faith of credence in the stranger.

But now, suppose the same man says to you, "Friend, I am short of funds; cannot you lend me one hundred dollars for a week?" Ah! that's another matter; and though you did not *doubt his narrative*, yet, now that the question is of *trusting* him, of putting yourself in his power, and risking something on his honor, you pause, and either decline the invitation, or wait to know more about the man who *had your credence*, before he can have your *trust*.

The faith that amounts to trust, then, is a reliance of the heart upon the virtue of another. Religiously, this is saving faith; a reliance of the heart upon the truthfulness of God's word:

There are two principal modes in which this reliance, or heart-confidence in God, expresses itself. One of these is consecration. Toward the close of the business hours of the day, you may notice a clerk from each store along the street going with a small blank book in his hand, and, perhaps, a bag of specie, toward a neighboring bank. What's that for? Why, the merchants feel that their funds are safer in the custody of the bank than in their own keeping, and therefore they commit the keeping of those funds to the bank. The faith which leads a man to consecrate himself to God, acts upon the same principle. I feel that my reputation, my enterprises, my substance, my family, my life, are safer in God's keeping than in my own, and therefore the very regard I have for these interests will urge me to the consecration of them to him, persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.

The other expression of this confidence, this trust in God, is exhibited in the cheerful assurance of the soul that its consecration is accepted. God has demanded that I present myself a living sacrifice to him; he has now graciously given me the

disposition to make it; he has given me power to overcome my own reluctance, and he has given me the light by which I have seen *how* to come to him with my sacrifice, and now I am conscious that I have come according to his requisition, and by his help at every step. He said he would receive me, and he cannot lie; he *does* receive me. True I am unworthy, but I am invited, and therefore welcome. I am a sinner; but "this man receiveth sinners," even me, the chief of sinners.

The peculiarity of God's dealing with a soul seeking salvation is, that he requires us to believe in his power and willingness to save, just when his Spirit has shown us the depth of our unworthiness. Men commonly have such exalted views of themselves, as to find it quite easy to believe that God is both able and willing to save them, and indeed there are many who fancy they are good enough for heaven without any work of grace at all upon their hearts. But God's method is, first to take all this self-conceit out of a man by the heart-searching Spirit, and when the sinner is completely slain by the law, when the self-righteous soul cries out in agony, "O wretch that I am, who shall deliver me?" to require him then and there to cast himself upon the clemency of the Lord, and voluntarily to suspend the fate of a polluted, condemned, and helpless rebel upon the mercy of that holy Being against whom his sins have been a life-long insult. This is the faith that brings salvation: not the cold credence of the intellect; not the confidence of presumption, but the heart-cry of the contrite one—

"What have I then wherein to trust?

I nothing have, I nothing am;

Excluded is my every boast,

My glory swallowed up in shame.

"Guilty I stand before thy face;

On me I feel thy wrath abide;

'Tis just the sentence should take place,

'Tis just—but O, thy Son hath died."

A sinner is never assisted to exercise

saving faith in Christ by inadequate and extenuating views of his own sinfulness. The more clearly he sees himself lost, the more perfectly is he in a condition to cast himself upon the atonement, and cling, with the tenacity of a death-grasp, to the world's Redeemer.

As this is the type of faith by which the soul finds its first experience of salvation, so it is the type of faith much involved in all the Christian life. It is that habitual going to Jesus, and leaning upon him, and looking to him, and learning of him, and yielding to his will, and resting in his word, with which the soul of every Christian is more or less familiar, according to the closeness of his walk with God. This is the faith that finds Christ a fountain in the wilderness, and streams in the parched desert; as rivers of water in a thirsty place, and the shadow of, a great rock in a weary land; the soul's refuge and rock of defence, and high tower forever against all its foes.

Some time ago I was riding upon my horse, in the country, meditating, as I travelled, upon this very subject of faith. The wind was blowing smartly at the time, and I saw presently, standing by the road-side, a tall tree, up into which a vine had climbed, and twined itself among its branches to the top. The great tree stood nearly motionless in the blast, and the vine, held in its strong embrace, seemed exulting in a strength not its own, and I fancied that if it only had human lips and a voice it would laugh and say, "Throw me down, if you can!" In a moment more, it struck me that God had given me, just there, a sweet illustration of faith; and from that day, a Christian, clinging to Jesus, seems evermore the little vine clinging to the oak with the tenacity of a death-grasp.

III. FAITH IS SPIRITUAL APPLICATION; THE REALIZATION OF SPIRITUAL THINGS.

Paul says, "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things

not seen;" a definition which I understand to embody the substance of the proposition I have just laid down. This is faith in the mature believer — faith not as a single act or effort of the soul, but as a habit of the life.

God has provided that my soul shall have knowledge of the physical world around me. I lay my hand on this pulpit, and I say, it is hard, it is polished, it is cold, it is motionless, it is a plane. I turn my eyes upon this book, and I say, "The paper is white, the letters are black, the binding is dark maroon, and the book is of such and such dimensions, in length, breadth, and thickness. Thus this outer world is sending its messages of fact, to the apprehensions of my soul, through the medium of the senses, by mysterious dispatches momentarily arriving, bringing tidings of every conceivable sort, and keeping me "advised" of the exact condition of all material things within their range of observation.

But there is another world — another universe of things; not of things physical, but of things spiritual and eternal. Now these gross organs of sense have no power to apprehend these spiritual realities; they are spiritually discerned.

How fully the great facts of the spiritual world are laid open to the apprehension of believers, is indicated by Paul when he says, "But ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels; to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel." Observe, Paul does not say, "ye *will* come to all this, but ye *are* come;" implying that the faith of the believers to whom he wrote did apprehend and realize these things of the Spirit.

Paul says, Moses] "endured as *seeing him which is invisible.*" Jesus said, "Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it, and was glad." "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ." "Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, * * * he will *show you* things to come; * * * he shall receive of mine, and shall *show it* unto you." "He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me. * * * I will love him, and will *manifest* myself to him." "A little while, and the world seeth me no more, *but ye see me.*" Blessed Jesus, so we do! "But we all, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." These citations are sufficient for my present purpose, and they clearly show that God discloses to the spiritual apprehension of his people the things eternal.

There is vast motive-power in this type of faith. The man who has it in its strength walks with God and lives in eternity. To him all spiritual things are just as real, just as palpable, as the physical furniture of the earth around him. He does not grope, nor grovel, nor guess. He walks in the light, and his fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ. The great truths of the Bible are daily demonstrated to his soul. He knows of depravity and of redemption. He knows of justification and sanctification. He knows the devices of Satan, and he knows of victory through the blood of the Lamb. Hell glooms below, and heaven shines above, but both are within the sweep of his horizon. His faith commands a stand-point where he sees yonder the sunny throng press tumultuously to the gates of death, and yonder the pilgrims of Zion tread the narrow way to the mount of God.

Now who can estimate the advantages of this realizing faith, for all the purposes of holy living and effective working? When God and angels, and heaven and hell, mortality and immortality, and sin and the atonement, and probation and judgment, and eternity's long years, appear no longer distant and half concealed and mystical to the soul, but daily salute its sensibilities with their overwhelming facts, how certainly and how mightily do they urge it heavenward. Ah! "this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

CONCLUSION.

1. Let us now pray, "Lord, increase our faith."
2. Let us remember, that however innocent a practice may seem to be, if it obscures our spiritual vision, or in any way hinders our faith, it should be abandoned. Nothing can compensate a man for the loss, or even the weakening, of his faith.
3. Let us cultivate our faith by exercise, by the careful and prayerful study of the Word, and by the cultivation of that inward recollection which consists of the steadiness and stillness of the soul in the contemplation of eternal things.

ST. IGNATIUS AND HIS VIEWS OF HOLINESS.

ST. IGNATIUS, bishop of Antioch, was a man full of faith, power, and the Holy Ghost. He was a Syrian by birth, and a disciple of St. John the Evangelist, who, in the 67th year of the Christian era, committed the church at Antioch to his pastoral superintendence, as successor to Euadius. He presided over the church for more than forty years. He is said to be one of the little children whom Jesus took up in his arms and blessed. However this may be, it is certain that he conversed familiarly with the apostles, and

was perfectly acquainted with their doctrines. He was author of epistles to the Smyrnians, the Ephesians, the Romans, the Magnesians, the Trallians, and to Polycarp. These epistles contain the sublimest doctrines, the purest morals, the deepest experience, and the most stirring appeals to the churches.

His zeal was as quenchless as an angel's, and his faith triumphed over death in its most appalling form. He was accused of heresy, and condemned to death by order of the Emperor Trajan. But when brought before him, he failed not to confess faith in the Crucified, whose kingdom was not of this world, and who was able to put all deceit, and all malice of the devil under the feet of those who carry Him in their hearts.

Trajan inquired, "Dost thou carry Him who was crucified within thee?"

Ignatius answered, "I do; for it is written, I will dwell in them, and walk in them."

After this bold confession, Trajan proceeded to pronounce the following sentence:—

"Forasmuch as Ignatius has confessed that he carries about within himself Him that was crucified, we command that he be carried bound by soldiers to the Great Rome, there to be thrown to the beasts, for the entertainment of the people."

On his way to Rome, he endured untold insults. He says, "From Syria to Rome, I am contending with wild beasts by land and sea, by night and day; being tied to ten leopards, the number of the military band, who even when treated with kindness only behave with greater ferocity. But in the midst of these iniquities, I am learning. Yet I am not justified on this account."

As he approached the Great Rome, his heart seemed filled with unutterable joy. The prospect of so soon being with God eclipsed all the honors and glory of earth, overlooking even the horrors of the death awaiting him. "Now I begin to be a dis-

ciple," he says. "Nothing, whether of things visible or invisible, excites my ambition, as long as I can gain Christ. Whether fire, or the cross, the assaults of wild beasts, the tearing asunder of my bones, the breaking of my limbs, the bruising of my whole body; let the tortures of the devil all assail me, if I do but gain Christ Jesus."

At Smyrna he was permitted to visit his fellow-scholar, the venerable and holy Polycarp. They had both formerly been disciples of St. John. He urged the holy man, who soon followed him to the possession of a martyr's crown, "to contend with God in his behalf, that being suddenly taken by the beasts from this world, he might appear before the face of Christ."

He was inhumanly tortured in various ways. He was compelled to hold fire in his hands, while paper, dipped in oil and lighted, was at the same time put to his sides. His flesh was torn with red-hot pincers, etc. But amidst all these tortures, he writes to the Smyrnians: "When I shall come among the wild beasts, I shall come to God." To the Romans he says: "All the ends of the world, and the kingdoms of it, will profit me nothing. I would rather die for Jesus Christ, than rule to the ends of the earth. Him I seek who died for us; Him I desire who rose again for us. This is the gain that is laid up for me."

At the advanced age of 107 years he was given to the wild beasts, at Rome, for the entertainment of those who sought the destruction of the faith of Christ.

The views of Ignatius on the subject of holiness were eminently scriptural, and his experience remarkably clear; indicating the faith and practice of the early church on this subject.

To the Ephesians he writes as follows:—

"It is therefore fitting that you should by all means glorify Jesus Christ, who hath glorified you; that by a uniform obedience ye may be perfectly joined together in the same mind, and in the same

judgment; and may all speak the same things concerning everything; and that ye may be wholly and thoroughly sanctified."

Of *faith and love in Christ*, he says: "Nothing is hid from you, if ye have perfect faith and love in Jesus Christ, which are the beginnings and end of life. No man possessing a true faith sinneth, for Christianity is not the work of an outward profession, but shows itself in the power of faith."

Of the *fulness of God* he says: "Ye are, therefore, with all your companions in the same journey, full of God; his spiritual temple, full of Christ; full of holiness; that, with respect to the other life, ye love nothing but God only."

Christians are urged to follow hard after God, "that no herb of the devil might be found in them; but that they might remain in all holiness and sobriety, both of body and spirit, in Christ Jesus."

Such were the instructions of Ignatius on the subject of holiness. He urged the church to its possession, and earnestly sought and finally experienced the precious grace. For a time it eluded his grasp, but finally, by simple faith in Christ, he entered into the *rest of faith*.

In an account of his martyrdom, prepared by the Church at Antioch, they say: "He rejoiced greatly at the tranquillity of his church, yet was troubled as to himself that he had not attained to a true love of Christ, nor was come up to the pitch of a perfect disciple. Therefore, continuing a few years longer with the church, he attained to what he had desired."

It is worthy of remark that Ignatius, with all his sacrifices and deep devotion to God, did not, for a while, come up to the pitch of a *perfect disciple*. He felt, what many deny, the remains of corruption, after conversion. But after a few years he reached the long-desired point, and in its possession exclaims, "I thank thee, O Lord, that thou hast vouchsafed to honor me with a perfect love towards thee."

His character is thus summed up by the church of which he was the honored and beloved bishop for more than forty years: "He was a man in all things like the apostles; that as a good governor, by the helm of prayer and fastings, by the constancy of his doctrine and spiritual labor, he opposed himself to the floods of the adversary; that he was like a divine lamp, illuminating the hearts of the faithful by his exposition of the Holy Scriptures."

Such was the teachings and experience of the bishop of Antioch. Holiness seems to have been his theme. He was not alone in this; it was characteristic of the apostolic church. The baptism of Pentecost was still fresh among them, and Ignatius well understood its power. Such deep devotion, such quenchless ardor, such soul-seeking, such triumphs of faith, such disregard of death in its most appalling forms, such visions of heaven as marked the career of these holy men, gave them unparalleled success. Such zeal, kindled by the love of the *Crucified*, whom they professed to have within them, enabled these despised followers of Jesus — without wealth, without literary attractions, and without kingly favor — to plant churches where Homer and Virgil had sung, where Solon and Lysurgus had given laws, where Cicero and Demosthenes had revelled in human eloquence, where Aristotle and Plato had reasoned, and where Socrates and Cato had taught the purest heathen morality. No wonder that the temples of the gods, hoary with age, and sacred to their devout worshippers, should have fallen, as if smitten by an invisible hand. No wonder that racks, dungeons, faggots, and wild beasts had no power to stay the progress of the faith of the despised Nazarene. When the leaders of the new faith could say, with Ignatius, "I would rather die for Jesus Christ than rule to the ends of the earth," what may we not look for as the results?

What the modern church needs is the

purity, the zeal, the faith, the peril-daring of the apostolic church.

"O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

"O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume;
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come.

"Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole."

PURE PLEASURE.

RELIGION is rich with glad influence; for it is a principle infinitely varied — it presides over the different phases of human life, and sanctions and hallows them all. Religion forbids folly, forbids excess, forbids an empty, frivolous living — and who wishes to live so? Religion bids us have a time for all things, and wisely live for a higher and purer destiny than anything of this earth. It bids us not be profane, or licentious, or indolent, or wasteful. Who wishes to be so? But it does not stop us of one true joy. It forbids us not one innocent amusement. Look up at the sky. Is not an expression of cheerfulness and joy there, blended with purity? Look abroad upon the earth — is not nature glad? Has not God dimpled the valley into smiles, and thrown sunlight over the water, and crowned the hills with rejoicing? It is true, life has many and grave duties — different spheres in life have different measures of duty — and the true conscience must always consult circumstances without and the great law within; but pleasure, amusement — religion forbids them not; it gives them a more genuine and delightful ministry than anything else can. But not only this — it sows within us the seeds of an undying joy that fails

not when outward means of happiness fail — when animal spirits grow feeble and low, when sorrow darkens and cares appall. This it gives us, shedding abroad a holy serenity in the heart, and imparting a calm lustre to the brow. It is a principle of truth, and therefore it allows us nothing that is treacherous and wrong; but all that make happy, and grateful, and good, it opens for us in abundant measure. It reveals new sources of happiness. It makes the spire of grass and the star beautiful ministers of delight. And do we think that we must sacrifice pleasure by choosing religion as our guide and our end? It is a sad mistake, as they well know who cling to the chalice of sin, and drink the bitterness of its dregs. Do not hesitate to follow Christ, because you think your pleasures will be less. Every truly pleasant thing it sanctions, and deprives us only of the evil — and even for this it far more than repays us. It may check a boisterous folly, but it bestows enduring peace of mind. It may forbid licentious excess, but it enkindles a glorious hope. It may put back the hand that reaches out after clustering deceits, but it lights the pale, cold face with a smile in death. Nothing that is lawful now will be unlawful when you join the church. No true pleasure will be less a pleasure then — it will be deeper and more beneficial. — *The Age*.

TRY CHRIST.

In a ward of the hospital of Scutari, a conversation arose on the subject of religion. A convalescent had crawled with his crutch to the bedside of his comrade, anxious to know how it fared with one who had stood shoulder to shoulder with him in more than one affray.

"Well, Barry, how are you to-day?" asked the visitor, in a cheerful tone.

"I cannot say, 'All's well,' indeed, Staunton, either outwardly or inwardly;

but you are the man I was so wishing to see."

"And what can I do for you, my good fellow?"

"Well, the chaplain was here yesterday, and I told him that I was miserable. I told him I had tried pleasures, drink, everything; and that now my wretched mind was harder to bear than my wounds. What do you think he said? In the most solemn and earnest manner, he said, 'Try Christ; try Christ.' All night long those two words have been in my ears. 'Try Christ.' But what can they mean?"

"A glorious meaning they have, Barry. The Son of God is willing to save you, if you are willing to believe on him and be saved. Be in earnest; he will save you from sin and hell. Trust in him, and he will not let you perish. Ask him to forgive your sins. Come to him, and you shall not be cast out."

"But, Staunton, are you certain that all this is true? You know the life I led; too bad almost to be forgiven."

"As true as God himself," answered the pious soldier, reverently; and taking a Bible, he read the words, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

This good news was eagerly listened to by Barry, and the words were as cold water to a thirsty soul. He was induced to seek with earnestness and perseverance an interest in that salvation which Christ purchased by the shedding of his own precious blood, and which he so freely bestows on all those who believe on him. And he did not seek in vain. By the teaching of the Holy Spirit, he found, to the peace and joy of his soul, that Christ "is able to save them to the uttermost who come unto God by him."

Will the reader follow the example of

the poor, wounded soldier? Will you "try Christ?" May the Holy Spirit help you to accept without delay this loving invitation, and induce you at once to make trial of him who has said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

SONGS BY THE WAY.

"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage." *Psaln cxix. 54.*

I'm a pilgrim, and my journey were a desert one
and drear,
But for streams along the pathway, — precious
springs of wayside cheer;
Flowers in barren places blooming, — pictures
treasured of the skies,
In the sweet home-country shining, where the
Father's mansions rise.

I'm a pilgrim, and at nightfall, when my weary
feet are spent,
All unsaddled and ungirded in the stranger's
lonely tent,
I retune my harp and sing, while my heart se-
lects the theme —
Not from loves that grow around me — not the
poet's idle dream;

But from ones whose inspiration was the breath
of Zion's mount —
Bards that drank the living waters of Shiloh's
sacred fount;
And I waken in the sleep-hours, and my heart re-
peats the strain;
Do I sing, or do I listen to an angel's sweet re-
frain?

I'm a pilgrim; night and morning bear me far-
ther on my way,
To the home-land of my soul, in the bright, eter-
nal day;
But the way has rests of joy, while thy laws my
thoughts engage,
For "thy statutes are the songs of my house of
pilgrimage."

I'm a pilgrim, and in vision do my yearning eyes
behold
Where "jasper walls" and "pearly gates" the
blessed ones infold;
And I'll drop my staff with triumph as I near the
latest stage,
While the victor's song shall crown all the songs
of pilgrimage.

"GOD WILL PROVIDE HIMSELF A LAMB."

GOD will provide himself a lamb. Why should it require a great effort of faith to believe this? It does not. We do not doubt, when we know that it is for *himself*, and not for us, that he is to provide the lamb. When we fear, it is by some miscalculation of our own that we have got into an emergency from which there seems to be no escape; then it is that we fear that God will not provide a lamb. We say if we only knew that our heavenly Father directed our order of affairs, then we should know he would not leave us in the midst, without means to go through. How many there are now, in these troublous times, saddened and depressed by the kind of reasoning that takes the life out of their faith by which their souls might otherwise be supported. If they themselves could have foreseen the present state of general affairs, they could have avoided, by their own judgment, much of the distress which they now suffer in particulars. But this foresight was not given them. And yet they were seeking divine direction all the while; not in form only, not as an excuse to their consciences, but in reality; most earnestly and imploringly. And now did the God of love, who had the foresight of all things in himself, refuse or forbear to direct them? Suppose the suppliant had some wish or preference in the matter; he or she prayed that all natural wishes or preferences might be treated as nothing where God saw fit not to indulge them. After all this holding one's self in abeyance before God in any case, as in all cases the entirely consecrated do,—self-renouncing and obedient to Heaven in all things,—will divine love permit such a one to go into ill-advised paths? No, no. Pure human love would not, how much less divine. He might allow one in such a case to go into a path

that is one only leading to another and better path. This first path may be thorny, and intended to be made so, that the traveller may hurry through it to a better one. Or the man or woman of God may be brought to wait, as was Abraham, while the child may say we have done all we could, and yet our greatest wants are not supplied. Happy for us if we do not fail in that faith which believes that the God of Abraham can and will raise the embodiment of our hopes and joys from the dead, should we be called by him, or left by him to slay that form by our own hands. And happy for us if we do not get too much depressed to look up when we are called to raise our eyes and see the substitute provided, should Abraham's God, and our God, see fit to spare us the trying, heart-cutting work of laying our last earthly hope low, and give us a lamb caught in some thicket, instead of our own lamb, which is none the less God's. But, says some one, if I could but know that after all my suffering I should hear the voice of the angel, then I could bear it better. Perhaps you will not hear that voice until you have made the human sacrifice to its last extent; then you will hear it calling your slain hopes and joys up again, if you are required to slay them. by his stern providences, it may be against your own human reason; if you do it not hastily, before you have patiently suffered the will of God. O Lord Jesus, help us to endure, and not faint in this Mount Moriah, before we hear that voice of thine.

We have bound our all upon thine altar, and here we wait. Only sustain thou us, and we can do thy bidding, though it be to wait a while in suffering and suspense to know thy command.

January, 1862.

The highest joy to the Christian almost always comes through suffering. No flower can bloom in Paradise which is not transplanted from Gethsemane.

THE SIMPLICITY OF OBEDIENCE TO GOD.

VIEWING this subject, not so much metaphysically as practically, it often strikes us that the spirit of true obedience to God is beautifully simple. It is just one thing — nothing more; — obedience to God. It recognizes God's right to command as being perfect, and yields to it with the whole heart.

Hence it is pure, and cannot be otherwise than pure, unmixed. If it had some elements of disobedience mixed with it, it would not be the same thing by any means. It knows no questionings of duty on the point, "Shall I obey or shall I not?" This point of obeying in everything known or believed to be God's will is settled. The mind loves to look upon that question as settled forever — never to be raised or debated again. There may be never so many questions as to *what is duty*; none whether duty once known shall be done.

This simple spirit of obedience stood out in touching forms in Abraham, as he journeyed three days, leading his Isaac to the altar of sacrifice on Mount Moriah. Not a questioning whisper as to God's right or intent in that startling command; not one misgiving as to obedience. There stood his purpose to obey God, firm as the mountains over which he threaded his solemn way, and fully as sublime.

The same simplicity of obedience stood revealed in Joshua — "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Others may vacillate; they may, if so they will, choose to serve other gods: we have but one God; we shall serve him only.

In Daniel, it stood like a mountain of granite; no thunder of royal decree could shake it; no terror of lions' den could daunt it. The one great question of doing God's will, always and everywhere, left no space for tampering with other

lords. God's will once known, there was no further question to be asked.

In such examples, we see illustrated the true spirit of obedience. The obedient man does not say — "I have calculated the risks and the consequences, and I, on the whole, conclude it will be for my advantage, and, therefore, in the present instance, I will obey." No; he obeys not from a special calculation of its expediency, but from a sense of God's rightful authority. He obeys not as one compelled, but as one who loves. He does not say, "I see that I must and cannot help it, save by hazarding greater evils." He does not inwardly groan over the necessity imposed on him to obey such a king as God, and such commands as God's; but he "runs in the way of God's commands with great delight."

Now for a moment let us look at the *culture* of the spirit of obedience.

Culture looks upward, not downward. So our question is not, how it may be diluted, shrivelled — put in a way to die; but how it may be strengthened and made more steady, strong, and all-controlling.

Fortunately, we have good reason to believe and to know that the purpose of obedience *may be strengthened*. It exists in various degrees of strength in different minds, and in any given mind may be stronger at one time than another. Some seem to have by constitution a stronger will than others; and all, by culture, can acquire more strength.

It is gained by dint of effort. A sense of the need of it, a view of its desirableness, a solemn purpose to gain it — all conduce towards this attainment. But, more than all, the grace of the Lord Jesus gives it. To be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, is essentially to be strong of purpose and steady in the aim and effort of simple, universal obedience. As Jesus loves to see this spirit in his people, so he must naturally love to promote it, and will never miss any opportunity, and never neglect any

fit appliances to cultivate it to a higher strength and a more perfect development.

Hence this grace is one of the first subjects of prayer. There is no incongruity between going to God's altar with most solemn vows and supreme self-dedication to the one absolute sovereign will of God, and going to God in prayer that his Spirit may help our endeavors and strengthen our set purposes so that they shall never falter.

There is a sweet, deep peace in this growing attainment. There is joy in the conviction that God ought to rule, and in the consciousness that our simple obedience gives him only what is due him by infinite right. Proud sin may exult in being independent of even God; but the better reason of a right mind rejoices that God only is on the throne of the universe—that, as we *need* not, so we *ought* not to bear those responsibilities, too high for us, but peacefully commit them to Him who doeth all so infinitely well.—*Oberlin Evangelist*.

SUGGESTIONS TO A SEEKER OF PERFECT LOVE.

LETTER II.

OXFORD, Eng., Dec., 1861.

MY DEAR ELLEN:—Next week I shall be sending some names and subscriptions to the agent for the "Guide." Yours shall go with them. . . . So much for family news. Now let me answer the more important portion of your letter.

"If you had a fortune you would gladly give it to be entirely the Lord's." Will you tell me in what respect you are not "entirely the Lord's?" What part of Christ's service do you decline? In what particular do you intend to disobey him? What claim of his are you now disputing? Come out of those misty generalities with which Satan delights to befog timid Chris-

tians; come into the light, and look at the plain facts of the case.

You said in your last letter you gave yourself continually to God—your whole self, that is, all you are, all you have. In this letter you want to give him something you do not possess, in order that what you do possess may be his. You give all you have; you wish to give more than you have. I want to know how much of you remains to be given? Dear Ellen, do not make a bugbear of those words "entirely the Lord's." Do not expect any mysterious seizure of your spiritual nature to make you this. God has also required you to be wholly his. 1st. On the ground of creation by himself. 2d. Of redemption by his Son. 3d. Of actual, though imperfect, possession by his Spirit. By that Spirit he has now wrought in you a full compliance with his will in this matter. You do give yourself wholly to him. You are *his*. Hold fast to this. I do not want to urge you on further than the Spirit has yet led. I would not, if I could, persuade you into the imagination of a blessing not yet enjoyed. But this is a fact,—you have given yourself to God; stand by the fact. It is the Spirit's work; do not grieve the Spirit by denying or undervaluing it.

What you now want is to have the gift, already on the altar, consumed as a burnt offering, filled with power as a living sacrifice. This, as I said in my last letter, is a question, not of giving, but receiving. And yet, if you prefer this view of the matter, you have one thing yet to give, and that is, your heart's assent to the truth of God's promises. You have one talent yet to consecrate, and that is, your faith; the greatest, the least used of all the talents entrusted to our stewardship. Will you bring it into use now? You know your willingness to be wholly devoted to God is but the faint reflection of his previous willingness to have you so; encourage yourself in that. You know that every promise in his Word

made to the seeking soul will certainly be ratified in your experience *sometime*. Take the comfort of that. You know that every offering presented through Christ is thereby accepted, because the "altar sanctifieth the gift," though the seal of acceptance — for the trial of our faith and patience, for the helping in future years of struggling souls through you — may be delayed. Here you have already assured God's willingness to save you; his sure word of promise that he will save you; his present approval, and, if I may so call it, silent acceptance of your offering. With so much in possession, can you not wait, not in gloomy despondency, but in the full assurance of hope, for that which remains to be possessed? "For if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it."

"Calmly for his coming stay;
Leave it, leave it all to him."

On looking over your letter again, one sentence strikes me — "I cannot feel the least reconciled to my loss." If this only means your grief for your bereavement is deep and permanent, there is nothing wrong in it. If it means that you are discontented with God's appointment, there is something there. If I were you I would take immediately to the throne of grace, as it may prove a barrier between your soul and the light you seek. But this is only a guess of mine. Your expression is only a natural one under your lonely and trying circumstances.

Accept our kind love, dear Ellen, and take comfort. Sometimes you "seem very near;" sometimes you "begin to think" you "never shall" obtain. Keep to the former opinion, and send the latter back before you even "begin to think" it, to him who suggests it.

Ever your affectionate E. R.

Misery loves company, and so does happiness; and the zeal of Christians is to be accounted for on the same principle as the rage of infernals.

"I HOLD STILL."

[FROM THE GERMAN OF JULIUS STURM.]

PAIN'S furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in his hottest fire hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into his own fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer, blow on blow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And at his heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it;
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in his mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer-lived would be;
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done his work in me;
So I say, trusting, "As God will!"
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand,
And all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a master hand;
So I say, praying, "As God will!"
And hope in him and suffer still.

Providence Journal.

WALKING BY SIGHT.

CAN a person, after having been baptized with the Holy Ghost, and sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, lose this great blessing without deliberately casting away his confidence? This is a question of very grave and serious import at the present day. Although a Methodist, I beg to differ somewhat from others in the solution of this question. It is between three and four years since I consecrated all to Christ, and received an overwhelming evidence of my acceptance; and I have faith to believe that the work that was consummated then was

laid upon a foundation never to be removed; although it might be shaken, still it remains until I deliberately cast away my confidence. There have been periods, it is true, when a cloud of darkness seemed to overshadow me, during my ignorance of the way in which the Lord was leading me, but since I have learned the way of naked faith, I can see that he did not forsake me in those seasons of trial. I remember one period in particular, during the first year, that I thought for a number of weeks I had lost the blessing, while I had only lost that rapturous joy I at first experienced when conscious that I was wholly the Lord's. I heeded the advice of a Christian brother who, though good at heart, had some erroneous ideas; one of which was, that if we had the blessing and prayed for it we should lose it. I, being ignorant of the way at that time, began to think I had lost the blessing when those joyful emotions passed away, and fearing that if I had the blessing and prayed for it again I should lose it, I remained for several weeks in that uncertain state, until I broke the barrier and prayed the Lord to give me the witness of my acceptance, which he did, and I went on my way rejoicing. This is one of the ways that Satan takes to undermine the Christian's hope, by telling him that when his joy is gone his religion is gone. Now the joy that religion brings with it is not the thing itself; still our Saviour has been pleased to give us this heavenly manna to encourage us, but we are not to expect to live upon it all the time, for it is said, "Thou shalt not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." If a child, in beginning to walk, should, after walking a short distance, fall, would the parent pass it by unheeded, and say, it is of no use, it can never walk? No; but as it lifts its tiny hands the parent raises it up and wipes away its tears. So it is with our heavenly Father, — who loves us far better than any earthly parent, — when we get bewildered

through temptation, or unconsciously get a little out of the way through some neglected duty, which would have served as a guide-post, we should not say we have lost the blessing, and feel that the whole burden of guilt has returned, or that the Lord has cast us off on account of that one mistake; but, instead of casting away our confidence, let us believe that we are accepted while we have a fixed purpose to do his will. The church is slow to learn that she is to live by faith, and that the very word indicates the absence of emotion. Paul says, "Faith that is seen is not faith;" so when we walk by sight, or perform Christian duties according to the strength or intensity of our emotions, we are still babes in Christ, and "are become like those who have need of milk, and not of strong meat." Now our Saviour did not intend that we should remain in the infancy of Christian experience, but after we have acquired a certain degree of spiritual strength, he graciously withdraws his sensible presence and gives us strong meat — his immutable word and promises. Abraham was a living example of the power of naked faith. He believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness. "He was called to go out into a land that he knew not, and he went out, not knowing whither he went." Was not his life an example of naked faith? — and what glorious results were produced by it. Yet some seem to doubt whether there is such a thing as walking by faith without the sensible presence of Jesus. The fact is, we never honor God so much as when we allow him to wean us from those transitory joys we at first experienced, and are willing to take him at his word, desiring only to know his will and to *do* the same.

Let none who have been brought into the liberty of the gospel, and have experienced the cleansing power of the blood of Christ, be discouraged, and think they have lost the blessing, because they are enshrouded in darkness and all emotions

have vanished; they are still safe if the sacrifice remains on the altar. If their purpose is fixed to do his will, they may be sure he is leading them, though he has, for some wise purpose, hid his face from them for a season. He will reveal himself to them in his own good time and way, for he has declared, "I will make darkness light before thee, and crooked things straight; these things will I do, and not forsake thee."

Dec. 22, 1861.

EXPERIENCE.

WHEN I was received into full membership by O. P. Brown (who has gone to his reward), he asked me if I believed in perfect love. He then said, "Will you, by the grace of God, seek to be a holy Christian?" To which I assented also, not having looked at the subject as a separate work from justification. I now began to read everything I could get on the subject — "Wesley on Perfection," "The Way to Holiness," by Mrs. Palmer; and with some degree of earnestness began to seek to be made "pure in heart." After reading a controversy on the subject in the *Advocate*, I no longer struggled for the blessing, but thought I might sometime, before I died, enjoy it. Seven years thus passed without having the matter settled. While attending camp-meeting, through the testimony of living witnesses for God, the Spirit sealed conviction to my heart that I was living far beneath my privilege, thus *grieving my dear Redeemer*. I was introduced to one who had given in her testimony as having enjoyed the blessing of perfect love for eleven years. I asked her if the work was gradual or instantaneous, which she answered to my satisfaction. Also she introduced me to a minister who was 'all alive on the subject. He, too, pointed me to the blood of Jesus Christ, which

"cleanseth from all sin." I took my Bible, went alone in the woods, knelt, read, and prayed, making a consecration of my all as I thought on the altar, but did not receive an answer of its acceptance.

I began to search if everything was given up. I thought of a breastpin of which others had spoken to me, and resolved it should no longer be an offence to others if it had no place in my affections. Again I turned to the Bible and read, "Bring all the tithes into the storehouse, . . . and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that *there shall not be room enough to receive it.*" While praying, all feeling left me. No sorrow, no joy, but a dead calm prevailed. I returned to the encampment to have the benefit of some spiritual advisers, for, O, I feared a calm more than a storm. I met a minister, to whom I told my feelings. He encouraged me; said he was glad to see me take the stand I had, but frankly confessed he did not profess the blessing himself. Another I asked what I must do. He replied, "Lay your all upon the altar, and *keep it there.*" The public services commenced. After preaching, sinners came forward for prayers. I became enlisted in their behalf, and while I was laboring with them, God blessed me, which broke the spell. When I got time for personal reflection, my soul longed to be made "pure in heart." I was resolved not to rest satisfied till filled with the fulness of humble love. I returned home humbled, deeply feeling my want of conformity to the will of God. I continued to pray, "Lord, sanctify me through the truth." At prayer meeting I plainly stated my position. Shortly after, I attended the district meeting. A portion of it was set apart especially to implore the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit for the church. The ministers gave their experience. One said it was

twenty years since he first obtained the blessing of "perfect love." Another gave his experience, and said it might have been well to have those seeking the blessing take some seat apart, that they might be known and especially remembered in the prayers. The proposition made my heart beat quick. The meeting was too far advanced to take that course. Before closing, the elder desired all that were resolved to seek to be entirely sanctified until they obtained the blessing, to arise; then repeated the caution, that we might think before acting. It was just as much of a cross for me to take that stand as when I went forward while seeking religion, but I resolved in my heart I would arise, and acted accordingly. In the closing prayer the blessing seemed to be just within my grasp, yet my faith faltered to lay hold of it.

For weeks the burthen of my soul at times seemed almost insupportable, because I was not wholly saved from sin. I asked the Lord to show me the reason why I did not receive. I then laid my will on God's altar, and continued to seek for light. I conversed with those who enjoyed the blessing. I read Peck's work, re-read Wesley's and Mrs. Palmer's on the subject; could scarcely open the Bible but my eyes met something just to the point. "Be ye holy, for I am holy." "Bring forth fruit unto holiness." "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." "For it is the will of God, even your sanctification." Instead of just being a few passages in the Bible, as I had supposed, on the point, I found the Bible full of holiness. Our ministers, too, preached on the subject, and urged its claims upon us "to press forward for the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus." But, O, the powers of darkness seemed arrayed against me. Satan suggested, "Why seek to be wholly sanctified now? You have been happy in a justified state, and if you obtain the blessing your crosses will be greater, and

your brethren will expect more of you, and sinners will watch you more closely. Having enjoyed much, *why seek for it now?*" I returned home, took my Bible, went alone, asked directions, then opening my Bible, my eyes fell on these words: "And the Lord said unto Moses, Go unto the people and sanctify them to-day and to-morrow, and be ready against the third day." Never before did I see such meaning in those words. I felt assured that on the third day I should obtain the blessing, and yet I thought it presumption for me to wait till the third day, so every day I prayed for it. The morning of the third day, as usual, at 9 o'clock I went to my room to read and pray. I read Romans xii. 1, 2, and then made the sacrifice,—promised to serve God with all my redeemed powers forever. At that moment he gave me faith to claim the promise, "The altar sanctifieth the gift," and more. He gave me the witness, "*'Tis done, the mighty work is accomplished. I am my Lord's, and he is mine.*" How sweet the words of the Psalmist, "I will praise the Lord, for he is good, and his mercy endureth forever." O, such a heaven of sweetness, fulness, as I then enjoyed, although all was calm! It is not to be expressed by words. I thank God I felt it. After thanking and praising God for what he had done for me, I was led to pray for others who I knew were seeking the fulness of Christ revealed in them.

I now could answer the question asked me some weeks previous, "Do you believe he does *now* sanctify you?" Yes, I know he does. Such was my enjoyment of uninterrupted communion, a constant feast to my soul, that as I mingled with others and about home duties, they did not interfere with my beholding his smiles every moment. My soul's request was every moment, Lord, may I feel the merits of thy death. I loved to be much alone with God; indeed, it seemed almost as though I had just learned how to pray.

Five years the 17th of December since I was thus anointed for my Master's work. One writer in the *Guide* says there are degress in sanctification; compares it with a "river, sometimes overflowing, the banks sometimes full, and sometimes not full, yet not a rivulet dry part of the year." My own experience has been somewhat so; but whether my enjoyments were more or less, there was, and is, an unshaken faith in God, — settled, constant peace abiding in Christ, which casteth out all fear. My desire is to have Christ ever to rule in my heart without a rival, that in all my ways I may be kept pure and unspotted from the world. I now bless God that perfect love is a doctrine of the Bible, not only to be subscribed to, but enjoyed in the heart. *Ministers of Jesus, preach it, — press it home to every professor.* Urge the present necessity of its enjoyment. I could not have passed through the trials which have crossed my pathway without it. And I fear I have not at all times talked as much about it as I should have done, and thus brought barrenness on my soul, — "feeling a painful want of the fulness."

You now have my testimony. I have for some time shrunk from the cross of giving my name to the testimony, but grace has triumphed.

BELL STERRETT.

Mount Pleasant, Dec. 31, 1861.

Having by experience proved that God is able to keep the weakest soul that trusts in him, however sorely he may be tried, I have thought my experience might be blessed to some *other* soul, who, like me, might be called to suffer or bear hardness as a good soldier.

It is some four years since I was led by the Spirit to see the error of my ways, and being truly converted I received grace to begin a new life, even the life of faith. But in so doing, I was called to renounce

all my cherished *idols*, even to the last and least, and to verify in my every-day life experience that saying, "A man's *foes* shall be those of his own *household*." At the very beginning of my Christian life, I looked forth upon the wreck of all my *earthly* hopes. The beautiful flowers of affection which I had so long and so tenderly cherished, were all blasted, and I saw nothing in all the future years that could give me joy. The cross covered all my pathway. But I heard my Saviour say, "*Follow me*," and I bless God that I did then receive grace to take up the cross and follow him, even without the camp, bearing his reproach. Having no *earthly* source of comfort, no *earthly* arm on which to lean, I soon learned to carry all my griefs *to*, and receive all strength and consolation *from*, my Saviour. No wonder, then, that I very soon learned to love him with *all* my heart, and at all times proved the truth of his gracious promise, "My grace shall be sufficient for thee." But it was not until God had emptied my heart of *earth* and filled it with *himself* that I ceased to think it some strange thing concerning the fiery trial through which I was called to pass. Now, through grace I can say, "The Lord is the portion of my inheritance;" and *with* that portion my soul is satisfied. He hath taken my hungering, thirsting soul, and broken to it the bread of life; unclasped the tendrils of my heart from the vain, fleeting things of earth, that they might climb *higher*, and take hold upon things *eternal*. Now, with the Psalmist I can say, "Whom have I in heaven but *thee*, and there is none upon the earth I desire beside thee!" The peace of God, which "passeth understanding," hath settled down upon my soul. I have learned to gladly wear the crown of suffering, since 'tis my Saviour's hands that fit it to my brow, well knowing those same blessed hands will one day remove it, and place there the crown of joy. I am wont now, when weary of earth, to

thread the streets of the Golden City, to bathe my soul in those seas of heavenly rest to which I shall soon, very soon, forever remove. O, I love to mingle by faith with the redeemed who are now before the Throne, and with them to give glory to Him who hath redeemed us from our sins, and washed us white in his own blood, to whom be glory *forever*.

Milan, Ohio, Jan. 21, 1862.

LETTER TO ISAAC ON CHRISTIAN PROGRESS.

FROM HIS MOTHER.

* * * I ASSERT nothing new when I say Christ has ever been the alpha and omega, the sun and centre of the Christian church. Christian progress is only an expansion into Christ. May we not hope that the time is drawing near when Christ will be known more fully by an interior perception and experimental knowledge of his state and experiences? when Christ will become to us an indwelling presence, life, and power? an inborn nature, pervading our whole being? Whatever may have been the experience of the church, as a body, in its past history, we cannot doubt that her ultimate progress will be made in this direction — *into the internal state and experiences of Christ*, and, as a result, doing the works of Christ. As the Son of God was begotten in the flesh, so must the infant Jesus, or Christ-nature, be begotten and developed in us, spiritually.

The one great error of the church, as it seems to me, which stands in the way of her interior progress, consists in overlooking or underrating the power which Christ has given her to overcome sin and Satan. In other words, there is a lack of faith in her Lord — a lack of faith in his word and promise, which promise is true as himself, to accomplish in the soul his will in this respect, viz., to *new-create*

the soul perfectly in his *own image*. The church has regarded her subjective or interior redemption in Christ too much in prospective, and afar off, as if Christ did not design to purify her members while here on the earth.

This state of things in the church arises, in part, from a natural tendency in man to reason and speculate about truth, rather than yield the heart, the soul's centre, promptly and fully to the influence of the truth. When a man reasons from himself, or from his own limited view, in opposition to God's plainly-revealed truth, he becomes entangled in error and sins. He withdraws his soul from God, and sets up for himself; and no wonder he makes no progress in holiness. Now the Christian, in opposition to this pride of reasoning, should always remember that one word or command of this law is equally true and binding on him as another. He who commands repentance commands also holiness. Each word of the Lord should be received in faith. *Have faith in God, in his word, in his promises* — here lies the secret of holiness.

Surely, there is nothing in the material structure or substance of which man's body is composed to hinder his renewal in perfect holiness. The organs through which the eye sees and the ear hears, are but the instruments the soul uses in the natural world. It is soul, spirit, understanding which God addresses, and which obeys or disobeys, and which is innocent or guilty before God. It is when evil finds a response in the heart, a lodgement in the affections, that it brings condemnation, and not when it merely floats on the surface of the soul. Let the soul, therefore, the heart, and will, be steadfast towards the Lord in the exercise of full faith in him, and no evil will be able to harm us. It is thus, by faith in the Lord and obedience, the Christian progresses in the way of holiness, and ultimately becomes a fully purified and mature Christian, bearing the likeness of Christ.

One of the steps leading to the purification of the soul is suffering. The crucifixion of our earth-born nature involves suffering. As Christ was crucified and put to death, so must the man of sin, in us, be slain. Suffering, then, in its relations to Christian progress, is not evil, but good; and we must learn to welcome it, and bless God for it. When I first read the Memoir of Madame Guyon, it was a great mystery to me how she could so welcome trials, persecutions, and bodily afflictions. This mystery is now, in a measure, solved. There is a faith in God which can sustain the soul in the darkest passage of life. When one has consecrated himself, truly and unreservedly, to his Father, God, he should have faith in God as leading him only in the right way, however hard this way may seem to his sinful inclinations. It will be hard, because opposed to his natural, selfish life.

So much has been written and published, recently, on the entire crucifixion of our selfish nature, in order to enjoy the life of God in the soul, I will not delay upon it, however important and fundamental. And here I will say, you will expect from me, in this letter, only a few hints on the great subject of Christian progress. I wish merely to suggest, for your consideration, some of those thoughts which, though once startling, have now become familiar to my mind. On one point I know we shall agree, viz., that Christ is the only way of progress; and it is only by contemplating him in faith, and love, and obedience that we may hope to be changed into his image.

Doing the works of Christ. When one has become perfected through suffering, or in any other way which God may see best, he is then prepared to do the works of Christ. Be not startled at this expression, since Christ himself has said, "The works that I do, shall ye do also, and even greater." And many other expressions of our Lord seem to identify his

disciples with himself. As he says of himself, "I can do nothing without my Father," so he says to his disciples, "Without me ye can do nothing." No one will deny that Christ gave his disciples "power over all the enemy," "power to cast out devils, power to heal the sick." Nor can we find any limitation of this power to the primitive disciples. On the contrary, we are rather taught to expect an increase of the power and glory of the church in the fulfilment of the promises made to the church.

The Christ-man, having overcome sin and Satan in himself, goes forth, as Christ did, to meet the enemy in the case of those over whom Satan still exerts great power, conquering for them, or helping them to conquer by his superior strength, derived from personal or real contact with his Lord. Thus we partake of the sufferings of Christ, by entering into sympathy, and bearing the states and burdens of individual souls. We engage in a battle, and realize the clashing elements of opposing spheres. Is not this the reason why we suffer when we labor for the conversion of souls and the sanctification of God's people, because we come so closely in contact with the enemies of God? But how great is the reward when souls are converted through our instrumentality! Surely it is a privilege to suffer with Christ for the good of souls. And if Christ did not accomplish at once all the "Word incarnated" seemed destined to accomplish, according to our limited view, yet at the close of his mission he said, "It is finished" — all is accomplished; this life and death of mine have an extension in my members until the work of redemption is fully accomplished on earth.

The spirit of sacrifice, of bearing the burdens and the states of others less advanced than ourselves, has a great practical bearing during the whole lifetime of the Christian; and the farther the soul advances into the likeness of Christ, the

greater is his power of usefulness in aiding souls to overcome sin and Satan.

In order to understand more clearly how we may do some of the works of Christ, such especially as he gave his disciples power to do, let us glance at the method of Christ's proceeding in some individual cases of healing the sick or casting out devils.

Our first conceptions of Christ are wholly external, viewing him afar off. In our farther progress, Christ draws nearer, and we have some experimental knowledge, at times, of his presence with us. Finally, he becomes internal and abiding, incorporated into our very being. We "eat his flesh and drink his blood;" that is, his very life flows through our life. And as far as we represent him, or he represents himself through us, we are in the world, as he was, to accomplish a part of his divine mission. It is thus Christ multiplies himself on earth, begetting children in his own likeness.

Christ, then, in his personal presence, by means of his incarnation in a finite form, and limited as he exists in the person of his followers, as to powers of perception and judgment, and subject to various infirmities of body and mind, is still operating, and operating not only truly, but powerfully, on the earth.

How glorious will be the reign of Christ on earth when the disciple shall be every where, as his Lord, an embodiment of truth and love—a conqueror over self, and over all the power of the enemy!

Healing of spiritual diseases. The cases of bodily malady healed by Christ, cases which seem to involve principles of universal application, were the result of a desire on the part of the diseased person, or of the friends who made his case their own, and acted for him by a direct presentation of the infirm one to Christ. This desire to be healed, on the part of the poor sufferer, was correlative with the power of healing and the willingness to

heal on the part of Christ. Here is brought to view the great principle of man's freedom or power of choice. Those only were healed who "came to Christ," or, in other words, who were truly willing and desirous to be the subjects of his healing power. And thus it is now. The same disposition, the desire and the purpose, are now to be exercised in the case of those who wish to be healed of their spiritual maladies. When a disciple of Christ, one united to him in essence or life, discovers in an individual this desire to come to Christ, such is his sympathy with Christ and with his word, which declares that "whosoever *will* may partake of the waters of life *freely*," that he is able to speak, in faith and power, the word the soul heeds. In an important sense, such a one may be said to stand in Christ's place. It is true, he has no power in and of himself, and operates effectively only in union with his Lord. We cannot force our gifts; we cannot exceed the boundary-line of man's freedom; we cannot impart without a preparation for a divine blessing on the part of those who receive. It is said of Christ, in a certain place, "He did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief."

Healing of outward diseases. If the full-born Christian may become a healer of spiritual maladies, may he not also, following the example of his Lord, do something towards healing physical or bodily sicknesses? As far as diseases are the result of "*evil possessions*,"—and it is manifest there were many such cases in the days of Christ, and probably the state of things in this respect is not yet changed, as Satan is not yet "*bound*,"—I suppose a holy, Christ-like soul may accomplish much. It is simply the exercise of a greater power over a lesser power; or, in Scripture language, casting out evil spirits by the Spirit of God. A holy man does not live of himself, and therefore can no more be separate from God than the

rays of the sun from the sun itself. And is it unreasonable to suppose that such a one may receive power from God, as did the early disciples, to heal the sick, not only spiritually, but physically? Christ did much in this way, more, apparently, than by his public teaching.

Inward spiritual judgment. A holy judgment has much to do with the exercise of those gifts and powers which God bestows upon the Christ-like man. It is said of Christ, "He increased in wisdom." The Christ-nature within us, being born a child, and in the stable of our poor, weak, fallen nature, is to "*grow up into Christ in all things.*" We are to receive the spirit of wisdom, of judgment, and of a sound mind — the spirit of discernment, in order that we may adapt our words and ways to the wants of individual souls — to their state. The soul that is restored to its true position in God acts in the exercise of its own personality, in the use of its own judgment and reason, and from its own central thought and conviction; but, at the same time, in the light of God's *presence*, and by means of a divine inspiration. God and the holy soul are one; and when the soul acts effectually, God acts through it.

Silent influences. It is difficult to limit the power of a truly holy soul, because such a soul has a divine power; but we are not to suppose that the exercises of its power are always outward, visible, and demonstrative. Aside from the specific acts and words of Christ, or of the Christ-like man, operating in individual cases, and open to outward observation, there is a divine, *silent* influence going forth from a holy man or woman, which often produces blessed results. The presence of such a one, although not a word be spoken, is not lost on an assembly. As an impure person corrupts the atmosphere of a room, so a holy soul exhales a renovating breath. Wonderful is the machinery of our spiritual structure! Wonderful is the divine operation of God in

man! God is in the breath and atmosphere of the holy soul. He breathes upon man, reaching and moving the life-current of the soul. Divine thoughts, flowing through a holy soul, animate other souls, who are receptive. How important is the position of the holy, Christ-like man! Truly, such a one is "the light of the world — the salt of the earth." P. L. U.

GOD HATH MORE THRONES THAN ONE.

HE hath a throne in heaven, and a throne on earth. "The Lord's throne is in heaven," and "they shall call Jerusalem the throne of the Lord." He ruleth over the angels; he ruleth in his church. He sitteth in Jacob, and ruleth to the ends of the earth; yea, he has a throne and seat of majesty among the princes and great ones of the world. He ruleth or judgeth among the gods. There is a throne for him as a Father, and a throne for Christ, as a giver of reward to all faithful and overcoming Christians. "To him that overcometh, I will grant to sit with me on my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

There is also to be a throne of judgment, on which God, by Christ, at the great and notable day, shall sit, to give to the whole world their last or final sentence; from which (no, not by any means) they shall never be released. This throne is made mention of in the New Testament, and is called by Christ the throne of his glory, and a great white throne. And his presence, when he sits upon this throne, will be so terrible, that nothing shall be able to abide it that is not reconciled to God by him before.

Wherefore, it is not amiss that I give you this hint, because it may tend to inform unwary Christians, when they go to God, that they address not themselves

to him at rovers, or at random, but that, when they come to him for benefits, they direct their prayers to the *throne of grace*, or to God, as considered on a throne of grace. For he is not to be found a God merciful and gracious, but as he is on the throne of grace. This is his holy place, out of which he is terrible to the sons of men, and cannot be gracious unto them. For, as when he shall sit at the last day upon his throne of judgment, he will neither be moved with the tears or misery of the world to do anything for them that in the least will have a tendency to a relaxation of the least part of their sorrow; so now, let men take him where they will, or consider him as they list, he gives no grace, no special grace, but as considered on the throne of grace. "Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."—*John Bunyan.*

ALL KNOWN TO THEE.

"When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path."

My God, whose gracious pity I may claim,
Calling thee "Father," sweet, endearing name,
The sufferings of this weak and weary frame,
All, all are known to thee.

From human eyes 'tis better to conceal
Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel;
But O! this thought does tranquillize and heal:
All, all is known to thee.

Each secret conflict with indwelling sin;
Each sickening fear "I ne'er the prize shall win;"
Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din,
All, all are known to thee.

When in the morning unrefreshed I wake,
Or in the night but little rest I take,
This brief appeal submissively I make,—
All, all is known to thee.

My all by thee is ordered, chosen, planned;
Each drop that fills my daily cup, thy hand
Prescribes for ills none else may understand;
All, all is known to thee.

The effectual means to cure what I deplore,
In me thy longed-for likeness to restore,—
Self to dethrone, never to govern more,
All, all is known to thee.

And this continued feebleness — this state
That seems to unnerve and incapacitate —
Will work the cure my hopes and prayers await;
That cure I leave to thee.

Nor will the bitter draught distasteful prove,
While I recall the Son of thy dear love;
The cup thou would'st not for our sakes remove,
That cup he drank for me.

He drank it to the dregs,—no drop remained
Of wrath, for those whose cup of woe he drained;
Man ne'er can know what that sad cup contained,—
All, all is known to thee.

And welcome, precious, can his Spirit make
My bitter cup of suffering for his sake;
Father! the cup I drink, the path I take,—
All, all are known to thee.

LAYING OUR BURDENS UPON GOD.

You must take care to put your burdens upon God not so much upon a consideration of your own worth, as of his nature and disposition. Our want is to go to God when we feel well — when the sense of condemnation is removed from us; in other words, when there is a feeling that we are more beautiful before God than at other times. We feel that we are to be governed in going and putting our cares upon God by some sense more or less perfect that we are relatively good; but if we make the ground of our going to God the boundlessness of his nature, no possible change can occur in our condition in which it will not be proper for us to carry them to him.

You see the difference between equitable commerce and generosity. When I have money deposited in the bank, portions of which I am constantly checking out, I keep a run both of how much I have deposited, and of how much I have checked out, so that I may know how much remains against which I may draw

my check; and the moment I come to the end of my deposit, I say, "I must not overdraw."

That is just the way that many people do in reference to carrying their troubles to God. They go to him with cares, and check out relief therefrom according to the way they have lived during the last week or the last month. If they have attended a revival, and sung a great deal, and prayed a great deal, and enjoyed religion a great deal, then they say, "I have a great deposit, and I will draw all I want." But if they have been for a long time absorbed in business or social pleasures, and have yielded to temptation and sin, then, when they need the most help from God, they say, "I do not think I deserve much; I cannot go to God; I have no deposit to draw from."

But instead of thinking of God's grace as you do of a bank from which you draw just as much as you deposit, and no more, you should think of it as you do of the air or of the ocean. We never have the least conception of the relation of the air to our meritoriousness. You cannot exhaust the atmosphere. You may use as much of it as you need; all the living creatures on the globe may draw from it their supply, and yet it will be undiminished. You cannot pump the ocean dry. No man fears that he will take out too much, or that if he takes what he chooses others will be cheated out of their portion. It rolls forever and forever, sublime in its solitary abundance, without diminution and undiminishable. We do not go to God because we have an account against him, and say, "Please settle this little balance;" or, "Will you give me that which is my due?" God is infinite and eternal, and says to us, "Because I have such an abundant supply, and because it is more blessed for me to give than for you to receive, come whenever you will, and take freely. Cast your troubles on me, and I will lift them up, and carry them, and you with them." We are not

to measure our right of going to God by any sense of our character or desert, but we are to have such a conception of his wondrous bounty and generosity, that we shall go to him on his account, and not on our own.

We must have an understanding of the fact that our coming to God brings pleasure to him. We have been educated so long to think of our relation to God as that of a criminal to a court, a judge, or an executive officer, that it is difficult for us to think of our relation to him as that of friend to friend, or benefactor to benefactor. You do not take anything away from God when you come to him for help. When you receive anything from him, you do not leave him with less, as when you go to a man's store and take away a part of his goods, you leave him with just so much less as you take away. I take nothing away from one candle when I light another candle by it. The sun has never lost anything. It is eternally giving, and giving, and giving, but it never loses anything. It is the nature of benefaction to give endlessly without growing less. When a person comes to you for sympathy, and you give it, you have no less sympathy for others. Because you shed tears for one, you have no less tears to shed for another. The love that you give leaves you with more love to give. Giving enriches the giver more than the recipient. And when we go to God for help, we do not take anything from his supply, so that he has less for others. Nay, it does not weary God to have us come often. It wearies men to come often; but that is the difference between them and him. He is unwearied by your coming. You cannot tire him. Indeed, such is the Divine nature, that every want that comes to God pulsates pleasure. It is in our power to make God glad. When we draw near to him in confidence and love with our want, he is better pleased than we are. Do you go into your closet, and does your burden fall, and do you rise and

go out with a sense that you are happy? You are not half so happy as He that took the burden from you. Are you pierced with great grief, and is there a balm that takes away the pain? Your joy in being relieved is not half so great as the joy of God in giving you relief. It is more blessed to administer comfort than to receive comfort.

We must see to it that we do not bring generic and speculative cares to God, and leave behind our practical cares. This is a habit that is very common. Men bring the heathen, and leave them with God; they bring his moral government, and leave that with him; they bring his glory, and leave that with him; but the things that are all the time working for their own happiness or misery, are things that they do not think it worth while to lay before him. A man prays for the kingdom of God, for the heathen, and for the preaching of the gospel, and tries to cast them upon God; but his dyspeptic stomach, his shattered nerves, his quick tongue, his fiery eye, his ungovernable temper — these he forgets to mention. You pray for the advance of God's kingdom, but that rent which worried you all last week, which you did not know where to get, and which you do not know where to get now, you forget to say anything about. You pray to God about his glory, but a man has taken advantage of you and is a constant annoyance to you, so that you cannot rest day or night, and you do not make that a subject of prayer. And so you bring before God things that he does not thank you for bringing, things that he can take care of without your advice, while those little spears that are forever sticking into you; those whips that are perpetually lashing you; those briars that never cease to scratch you; those things that take away your peace; the way your husband treats you; the way your children behave; the way you yourself behave; your position in society; the conduct of your pride; the difference be-

tween your dress and that of your neighbors who plume themselves over you; whatever springs up to disturb you in your professions, in your business affairs, in your families, in all your connections of body and soul, — how seldom do you bring these before God, and say, "This is the thorn that pesters me." You can bring great things to God if you are moved to do it; but you should not fail to bring your practical cares and difficulties to him.

We must see to it that when we lay our cares down before God, we do not steal them again. Suppose a man, on going to a bank to make a deposit, should lay down the money, and then, when he had got credit for it, grab it and carry it off again — what would he think of himself? But we go to God with our cares, and lay them down as a deposit, and then catch them up again and go off with them.

I think men do with their cares as soldiers do with their accoutrements when they go to dinner. They stack them up, and leave them till they have finished their meal, and then each fellow goes back and takes up his knapsack, and puts it on, and takes up his old musket, and shoulders that, and walks off as much burdened as before. We go into our closets and pray about our children till we think we have laid them down before God, and then we turn and take them up again and walk off with them. We pray in our closets about this and that trouble, and go out feeling that we have laid them down before God; but in less than five minutes back to us they come again.

CHARITY. — "The false judgments of our character and conduct that are sometimes formed even by good men, often endear to me the idea of that world where, at least, justice shall be done us, and where, I trust, many shall embrace each other with mutual love, who are here scowling at each other, as Dr. Chalmers would say, with zealous defiance." — *Wilberforce*.

A PEAL OF BELLS.

"In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord." — Zech. xiv. 20.

THE simple meaning of the text is just this, — that the day shall come when, in common life, holiness shall be the guiding star — when the ordinary actions of human existence shall be as much the worship of God as the sacrifice of the altar, or the mission of the high priest when he went within the veil. Everything; that which was most despised — the horses; the places which seemed the least likely to be consecrated — the stables, and those things which seemed the least holy, even the horses' harness — all shall be so thoroughly used in obedience to God's will, that everywhere there shall be written, "Holiness unto Jehovah." Common things, then, in the day spoken of by Zechariah, are to be dedicated to God, and used in his service.

I shall work out this great thought in a somewhat novel manner. First, let us hear the horses' bells; secondly, let us commend their music; and then, thirdly, let us go home and tune our bells, that they may be in harmony with this sacred chime, "Holiness unto the Lord!"

HOLINESS IN BUSINESS.

But horses of old were also used for merchandise, and when the pack-horses went in long strings, the fore-horses always had bells, that the others might be guided in the darkness. I think there is an allusion to that in the text, for such may have been the custom of Eastern caravans, as indeed it was; and the text means, then, that merchandise and our common trade should be Holiness unto the Lord. Sometimes, when some of you have been stirred up by a sermon, you have come to me and said, "Mr. Spurgeon, could I go to China? Could I become a missionary? Could I become a minister?" In very many cases

the brethren who offer are exceedingly unfit for any service of the kind, for they have very little gift of expression, very little natural genius, and no adaptation for such a work, and I have constantly and frequently to say, "My dear brother, be consecrated to Christ in your daily calling; do not seek to take a spiritual office, but spiritualize your common office." Why, the cobbler can consecrate his lapstone, while many a minister has desecrated his pulpit. The ploughman can put his hand to the plough in as holy a manner as ever did a minister to the sacramental bread. In dealing with your ribbons and your groceries, in handling your bricks and your jack-planes, you can be as truly priests to God as were those who slew the bullocks and burned them with the holy fire in days of yore. This old fact needs to be brought out again. We do not so much want great preachers as good upright traders; it is not so much deacons and elders we long for, as it is to have men who are deacons for Christ in common life, and are really elders of the church in their ordinary conversation. Sirs, Christ did not come into the world to take all fishermen from their nets, though he did take some; nor to call all publicans from the receipt of custom, though he did call one; he did not come to make every Martha into a Mary, though he did bless a Martha and a Mary too. He would have you be housewives still; be sisters of mercy in your own habitations. He would have you be traders, buyers and sellers, workers and toilers still; for the end of Christianity is not to make preachers, but to make holy men. The preacher is but the tool; he may be sometimes but the scaffold of the house; but ye are God's husbandry; ye are God's building; ye, in your common acts and common deeds, are they who are to serve God. See to it, then, Christian friends, in your common daily doings, that the bells upon the horses are Holiness unto the Lord.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS IN WAR.

THIS young friend sought and found the perfect love of God at the late Sing Sing camp-meeting, and thus writes to us from Fortress Monroe:—

December 18, 1861.

If I could just step into No. 54 Kingston street this pleasant morning how I would rejoice! I know what would follow,—a season of prayer and praise; just what I need. You must not think I live without prayer; I could not do that; but the opportunity for secret prayer is so limited. This morning the reveille beat earlier than usual, and I started out for a pleasant walk by moonlight. I soon found a place where there was no possibility of being molested at that hour; and I had a sweet interview with my best Friend. Now my soul can sing—

"Father, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither should I go?"

I need not tell you that I enjoyed my moonlight walk, and mean to have many more.

Last Sabbath evening I concluded to try and attend the meeting of the contrabands, in their quarters. There is some difficulty in getting outside of the fortress after retreat at sundown; but I managed to get out, and proceeded to the negro quarters. On entering the room in which their meetings are held, I found it well filled with black faces, who seemed somewhat astounded at seeing a uniform among them.

On one side of the room I found a row of men who were busy with spelling-books. One fixed his eyes on me, and said, "Will you hear my lesson?" I found him just able to spell in two letters; and while hearing him, others crowded round to be taught, and I had enough to do. While thus engaged, a tall fellow an-

nounced that the minister had come; immediately the books were put away, and all was quiet. The room filled up till it was crowded to its fullest extent. Brother L—— then opened the meeting, which was devoted to prayer and speaking. The prayers of the negroes were very simple, and full of feeling; the intelligence of many of them surprised me. One of them, in his prayer, used these words: "Didn't you say, Master, when you was in Galilee, that you would be where your children were; and haven't we all come here, blest Master, to have our sins sunk so deep in the sea of forgiveness that they shall never rise to trouble us any more?"

Mr. Lockwood, who seems to me admirably fitted for his post, made an address which was very much to the point. He was followed by an exhorter of their own color, who talked well. When he spoke of the time when the poor wanderers would reach their Father's house, they were all joy and gladness. I noticed the women were engaged in a low, mournful sort of chant, which at first was hardly audible, but grew louder into a triumphant strain.

I found I was in a living meeting, where there was power.

The missionary, noticing that I joined in the singing heartily, asked me if I was a Christian, and being answered in the affirmative, asked me to speak.

I have seldom felt such liberty as I had on that occasion. Overhead the black faces were peering down upon me from the attic floor, which was but half extended over the room; and from the rows of bunks, on the opposite side, I saw the same eager faces.

All seemed glad to hear everything that was said. The meeting was closed early, and I went back to quarters, feeling that I had been resting under the shadow of a great rock, in this weary land. W. E. R.

TUESDAY MEETING, 54 RIVINGTON STREET. — After the opening exer-

cises, the usual order of the meeting was changed this week.

Mrs. L. said she thought it would be profitable to present requests for special prayer. This was received agreeably to the leading of all minds. One after another arose and solicited prayer, specifying the particular cases of children, husbands, fathers, &c., &c.

Several prayers were offered in great faith, embracing all the various cases. Only a few spoke of personal experience, and all seemed delighted in having this opportunity to present petitions where so much faith concentrates, and many prayers have been answered.

At the meeting yesterday, a Congregational minister related fully his past exercises concerning the doctrine of holiness. In the early part of his search after this scriptural truth, he came to this meeting to ascertain the nature of its experience, and found the reality convincing to his own soul, and has been enabled to believe with all his heart unto righteousness. He is now almost surprised at his entire rest, and quiet, in circumstances which, in his previous state of mind, would have subjected him to much agitation and anxiety. He now knows that Christ bears all his burdens.

Christ a cure for sorrow and a bearer of burdens. To-day the meeting has been one of uncommon interest in experience — hidden things brought out for common benefit. One of the aged pilgrims said the past six months of his life had been the most joyous of any of his past time. The Scriptures had glowed as he read them; and this meeting had been a rich blessing to his soul now, after an absence of years, he is again able to attend. He had been greatly refreshed while visiting a dear child of God, who has been confined to her bed nearly five years, full of patience, resignation, and holy love to all God's dear children.

Mrs. L. then rose and said: "I knew that sister when she was not so happy.

She came into my house one day in 1849, and O, what a troubled, what a sad countenance: enfeebled nerves, through a spinal disease, sick husband, sick children, &c., &c., were burdens too heavy for her to bear. After a little conversation, which is well remembered, I said to her, 'Mrs. C., you are bearing a burden which is crushing you; you are sinning against God; you are *commanded* to cast your burden on the Lord. You are not doing it, or you would be sustained; sin no more, but just now cast all your cares on him who careth for you.' With bitter tears she continued to say, 'How can I? How can I cast off this nervous body? How can I cast off this feeble husband, these sick children — how can I?' I continued to urge the immediate necessity — the sin of delay, repeating to her the lines of our beloved and almost divinely-inspired poet, C. Wesley: —

'But is it possible that I
Should live, and sin no more?
Lord, if on Thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power.'

She said, 'When I go home I'll try.' 'No,' I replied, 'do not leave my room sinning — *do it here.*' We knelt; with many tears she asked the Holy Spirit's aid, and made the consecration, particularizing before the Lord all her offerings, inquiring of God, 'Is it possible that I can live and sin no more?' Soon she was enabled to say, 'Lord, on Thee I dare rely.' And O, how sweetly did she realize 'that faith did bring the power.'

"The tempest had ceased; all was quiet. When she rose from her knees, I think her first words were, 'I have no husband; I have no children; all are the Lord's; let him do with us just as he will.' Since that hour, I have not seen her troubled. Eighteen months after that, that dear husband entered his heavenly rest, but that widowed heart and lips said, 'My Father has done it; he is my Father still.'

"Years have rolled by; increased bod-

ily suffering continues, but with joyous spirit, and happy face, this 'relying' one can sing, 'All is well.'"

On Tuesday afternoon, this week, was indeed a heavenly season, in the variety and beauty of its experiences. Many strangers were present, who, with some lately blessed, spoke for the first time here, yet in timidity venting their full hearts.

A pastor of the city spoke of the peculiar manifestation of Christ to his soul, within the past fortnight, and seems to be in full earnest to preach and teach holiness to his people. He was thankful for this meeting, where ministers may relate their simple experience, and are not expected to teach.

A brother related a beautiful incident: A little ignorant Irish girl in one of the Mission Sabbath Schools found the Saviour, through the instruction of her teacher. When she was awakened, she asked him what she must do to be saved: he bid her cry, "Save, Lord." She did so, until she was answered by the Saviour coming to her heart. Filled with gratitude for the instructions which were so blessed to her, she thought, what could she do to show it? She had nothing, but took a bit of canvas and wrought on it "Save, Lord," with her needle; then, what should she do for a bit of ribbon? She took a piece of her bonnet-string, and sewed on the motto, and presented it to her teacher for a book-mark. And the gentleman held it up, that all might see. The teacher had let him have it, if he wished to use it for a while. But that is not all: two poor Irish girls were at the altar of his church the other night, and in a low, earnest tone the cry was, "Save, Lord." Here was the young convert, and one she had brought up to the altar, to find mercy.

FROM FORTRESS MONROE.

I need not tell you that I am an abolitionist by this time. So that it is done in

a suitable way, *I want to see slavery abolished.* I think a few hours' observation and conversation among these contrabands, as they are called, would remove many prejudices from the minds of the apologists for slavery. Let them go into these negro quarters and find these poor wretches crowding around, with spelling-books in hand, all eager to be taught, and so grateful for the least attention, that we cannot but rejoice at the opportunity of making hearts glad so easily. Let their story be told from their own untutored lips, of masters who would not let these unfortunates learn to read — would not even let them be the possessors of a book, lest, perhaps, they should find they were men.

Then, the story of their escape; how that by night, and in silence, they stole away from the scene of wrong, and found their way, as best they could, to the spot where they had heard the oppressed found home and friends. The prayer, "for my poor mother, wheresoever she may be," which I heard last night, told its own story.

A PRAYER.

PRECIOUS Jesus! thy dear name
Is all my plea:
Thou forever art the same;
I cling to thee.

Thou, my Strength, canst surely save
Thy weakest child:
In thy blood my soul I lave,
Thou Undeified!

Dearest Saviour, I would plead
For richer grace:
Now supply my every need;
My pathway trace.

Guide my steps through earthly scenes,
Oft dark with woe:
On thy breast my spirit leans;
Thy will I'd know.

On this Rock my hopes I build,
Let me not fall:
Keep from sin — from evil shield, —
Jesus, my All.

The Guide to Holiness.

MARCH, 1862.

CHARACTER IS POWER.

THE prophet Samuel is a striking illustration of this statement. His position in old age was surrounded with many and peculiar difficulties. A perverse people and wayward sons severely tried him. Yet he could stand before the assembled multitude of complainers, and extort the confession,—"Thou hast not defrauded us, nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken aught of any man's hands." This gave him power to reprove them with effect. His character alone, under the divine blessing, stayed for many years the tide of rebellion in a nation bent upon this sin of witchcraft.

Joshua is another fine example of the power of character. As Samuel did subsequently, he stood forth in old age, in the strength of a long life of unswerving integrity, a barrier for the time of the Jewish infidelity. Joshua and Samuel are two of the purest characters on the pages of the Inspired Record, and are among the most influential at the close of life. And it is remarkable that they are not presented to us as among the most distinguished for natural ability. Joshua's military career is not marked with the personal prowess of Joab or David, nor has Samuel's executive character the genius of Solomon, nor his prophetic inspiration the loftiness of Isaiah. Their moral power was more effective and enduring than genius, learning, or eloquence.

Among modern divines, there is no nobler example of the truth we are enforcing, than John Wesley. The great age to which he lived afforded advantageous development to this element of power in him. He lived to command, by a character too pure to be assailed successfully by the breath of slander, the homage of all classes of men, and the respect of even his enemies. Though John Wesley had genius and learning, he owes his wonderful posthumous influence more to his goodness than to both.

Among statesmen, Washington is pre-eminent for might of character. In the distinguished circle of his contemporaries there were men of greater endowments, but in none were all the qualities of a sound mind so welded into a compact whole by an elevated and never faltering virtue. Consequently, both during life and in history, the little finger of his influence is thicker than the loins of them all.

Nowhere is this power more indispensable than in the church and in its specific work of extending the kingdom of Christ. Here there must be goodness in its highest form. While every natu-

ral and acquired ability can be used to great advantage, the character of Christ, the one of the greatest power the world ever knew, must be exhibited in the instruments appointed to this work.

Now let it be remembered that this holy and mighty character is within the reach of all; at any rate, the power of which we speak may be attained by all to whom time is given for their holiness to be appreciated. It must be gained by a speaking life; and happy are they who, like Samuel, listen to the voice of God in childhood, and *never disobey it*. To such, above others, will reverence be paid, and by them the mouth of gainsayers be stopped.

What a motive is here to "hold the beginning of confidence steadfast unto the end." The wavering not only lose peace of heart, but an influence for good never to be regained.

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

TAKE TIME.

TAKE time for your religious duties.

Go into your closet, and shut the door. Say to the cares of life and the busy world, "Enter not here." Do not hurry through your audience with the King of kings. It is not respectful. You would not go into the presence of an earthly monarch, and hasten away, as if the intercourse were a burden. You have much that you need to say to God in secret; though you go often before him, your wants are ever pressing and ever multiplying. Besides, you should feel it to be a pleasure to be there. What! not want to stay in familiar private communion with your "Father which is in heaven!" Has the world which you have just left more attractions? Have you an earthly friend back to whose society you prefer to hasten? or, does the common excuse find acceptance with your heart,—that you have no time for other than brief interviews with God in your closet? Have you found that your business interest even has been furthered by thus robbing God? You know, certainly, that hurried private devotions are devotions only in form. None of the unutterably sweet fellowship of soul with Jesus, that you might otherwise enjoy, attends them. Take time for secret prayer.

Neither should we hurry the sacred exercises of the family altar. True, a service here drawn out by much reading of the Scriptures and a lengthy prayer, especially if this is done in a formal spirit, may repel rather than attract the members of the household. But, to avoid this evil, the duty need not be performed as if it were a task to be dismissed in the briefest possible time. If the

head of the family has no heart for it, he should obtain it elsewhere, by penitent confessions and earnest supplications. If the duty is worthy attention at all, it is worth a deliberate, solemn attention, such as shall give it dignity and importance in the eyes of children, while the spirituality with which it is performed shall give it an attractive interest.

And now, while our pen is in the ink, we have a thought or two to express relating to this subject, concerning the public service of the house of God. The demand for short sermons has become a clamor; the attendant exercises, at least the Scripture lessons and the prayers, must be turned off rapidly. To one busily employed outside of the house of God, its ordinary Sabbath service can seem only long enough to begin an unimportant worldly transaction. By whose influence has this treatment of God's public worship been brought about? Who demands it? Not the working members of the church, who are present at every public and social meeting of the whole day, including the morning prayer-meeting and the Sunday school. It comes, we believe, generally from those who attend divine service Sabbath mornings only, and who spend the afternoons in sleeping away the drowsy effects of luxurious dinners. The earnest Christian is not so soon tired of the place where God's honor dwelleth. He finds it good to be there. Let us take time for the worship of God.

CABINET.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Matt. vi. 9-13.

THE Lord's Prayer stands opposed to ostentation in prayer. We are not to pray to be seen or heard of men.

It stands opposed, too, to "vain repetition." We must be careful that we do not lose sight of the true object of our petition in the music of words, or a parade of speech.

The Lord's Prayer has been universally admitted to be wonderful for its simplicity. The words are simple, and the whole form of utterance easy to be understood. The unlearned need not mistake its meaning. "Fools" in the wisdom of this world need not err here.

Though simple, this prayer is full of meaning. Let the devout reader again, though he has done so many thousands of times, run his eye over it. Every sentence, and even the parts of sentences, are weighty with divine truth.

Again. This prayer is strikingly direct in its statement. It asserts great truths in a manner of utterance shorn of all circumlocution.

"Our Father!" How simple, weighty, and direct! "Our Father," the whole world may say, for they are his offspring by creation. "Our

Father," believers in Christ may say, "for he hath begotten us unto himself by his Spirit, through faith in his death."

Notice how this prayer holds the petitioner's attention and thoughts first and mainly upon God; "which art in heaven," reminding us that exalted being and happiness surround him. He is not so much on earth, spiritually and in sublime manifestations, as "in heaven."

"Hallowed be thy name," — in our words, thoughts, and actions. Everywhere and always we are to remember that God's "name" — his being — is holy.

"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." Still our thoughts are held upon God. The first feeling of our hearts, after the deep conviction of our relation to him and of his holiness, is that of a desire that his kingdom may come and his will may be done, — his kingdom of grace in our hearts, and his kingdom of gospel agency and power. "Thy will be done." What words are these! The will of God, not my will, be done wholly! Be done now! What a "temple of God" is that heart in which this prayer is answered! What a world this would be if God's kingdom were come and his will done!

"Give us this day our daily bread." Here our thoughts are for the first time, in the petition, turned to ourselves, in connection with God. He is our Father, and we may expect daily bread from him.

"And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." Here our sinfulness is assumed, and we are directed to God for forgiveness, and shown the spirit in which we are to ask it, namely, in a spirit of forgiveness towards our fellow-men. By implication we are taught to expect of God forgiveness only as we have love in our hearts even for our enemies.

"Lead us not into temptation." "We are to count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations," — trials, — but are to pray that God may so restrain our waywardness that we may not give occasion for that severity of trial by God which may endanger our steadfastness. But we are directed to pray, —

"Deliver us from evil," — from all the evil to which our necessary disciplinary trials may expose us. Every trial, whether by riches or poverty, by health or sickness, "by honor or dishonor," has its evil tendency from our corrupt nature. How necessary then for us to pray always, in every condition, — Deliver us, O Lord, from evil.

"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

Again our minds are taken off from ourselves, and called back to God. "The kingdom" of grace in earth and heaven, in each heart throughout the world and all ages, is his. Its "glory" is his. The power to sustain, forgive, purify, — all power is his forever. "Amen."

When we have our eye of faith upon God in our prayers, we best understand ourselves and

best know our wants. So in this divine formula we are taught to begin and end with *God*.

Do we use the Lord's Prayer enough in our private supplications—in our pulpits?

"Lord, teach us how to pray!"

DIOTREPHES.

"I wrote unto the church; but Diotrophes, who loveth to have the pre-eminence among them, receiveth us not."—3 John 9.

Diotrophes loved to have the pre-eminence, and in so doing violated a fundamental principle of the gospel. Christ had said that when we are bidden to a feast we should take the "*lowest* place;" and added, "Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted" (Luke xiv. 11); and he set his disciples an example of condescending service to each other when he washed their feet. Peter, who did not at the time understand this significant act, afterwards wrote to the Christian church saying, "All of you be subject one to another, and be clothed with humility."

Loving the pre-eminence! What mischief it hath wrought in the world! It has overthrown kingdoms. It has made the earth a battle-field, exciting wicked and bloody rebellion against the righteous laws of God and man. It has first divided, and then ruined, many a flourishing church, and embittered many an otherwise happy family. It has sunk souls into hell.

If the members of this disreputable Diotrophesian family cannot be kept out of the unsanctified arena of politics, all who love Christ's kingdom should pray that they may be denied admission to the church.

Beloved, let our motto be—"In honor, preferring one another."

A CHURCH AND NEIGHBORHOOD QUARREL PREVENTED.

"Love worketh no ill to his neighbor."—Rom. xiii. 10.

Two friends of ours, members of the same church and neighbors, had a serious misunderstanding. One of the parties waxed very warm about it, and his friends became excited in his behalf. As their pastor, we became very solicitous. The danger was imminent of one of the greatest of calamities—a church quarrel. Our fears were allayed, however, a short time after, by seeing the two brethren walking arm in arm together, in loving familiarity. Again they were seen at the prayer-meeting, and knelt and prayed side by side. On meeting our excited friend, we asked him if there was a perfect reconciliation.

"Yes," said he, "perfect. We are the best and firmest of friends."

"How has it happened?" we inquired earnestly.

"O," he replied, while the tear moistened his eye, "he loved the anger out of me."

THE WORK OF FAITH A CAUSE OF THANKFULNESS.

"We give thanks to God, remembering your work of faith."—1 Thess. i. 3.

Dr. Judson labored on his mission station six years, and saw no conversion. Being asked what evidence he had of ultimate success, he answered, "As much as that there is a God who will fulfil his promises." Thirty-one years after, seventy churches had been formed in his field of labor, having in the aggregate seven thousand members.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

BEING A SOLDIER.

THE sun had gone down in the west leaving a few golden and purple clouds floating in the clear blue sky, and the twilight had begun to deepen into darkness, until Mrs. Horton could hardly see to sew by the western window where she sat. Charley came in from his play, and threw himself down on the corner of the sofa, by the side of his mother, and began to tell her what a nice time he and the other boys had had, drilling out on the Common. "Playing soldier," was all the boys thought of in those days, and Charley grew very patriotic as he told of all the feats the "Union Guards," as they called their company, had performed that afternoon.

"O, mother!" said he, starting up from his seat, while his eyes sparkled like the stars that began to look down from the sky, "how I wish I was a man, and could be a real soldier, like cousin George!"

"Why, Charley?" said his mother, smiling at her little boy's excitement.

"O, because it would be so grand. And then, just think, what mean people those rebels are, to fight against such a good government, and make so much trouble! I heard father and Uncle Will talking all about it after dinner to-day. They *ought* to be punished, and I do wish I was a man to help do it."

"Are you sure you are not a rebel, too, Charley?" said Mrs. Horton.

"I! Why, mother! Of course I'm not," answered Charley, very much astonished to hear his mother talk so.

"Have we not all rebelled, my son, against God and his laws? And we are as much more to blame than those you are so angry with, as God's government is higher and better than that of man. If God should punish us as we deserve for our disobedience, would it not be perfectly just and right?"

"O, I did not think you meant that," said Charley, and then the tears sprang to his eyes as he said, "But, mother, I do try to do right, only it is so hard."

"God is always ready to help us, Charley, if

we only ask him; and remember, too, when you are wishing to be a man that you may fight for your country, that even little boys can be soldiers of the cross, and it is nobler to conquer our own sinful hearts than to fight against our fellow-beings."

Charley did remember, and that night, before he went to sleep, he prayed that he might become a true and faithful soldier for Christ, and I think he will, for such prayers are answered.

THE SABBATH EVENING PRAYER.

She knelt at her bedside, at twilight so fair,
While the sunset made golden the curls of her hair.

Her white, dimpled hands she folded together,
And close at her side sat her fond, loving mother.
She knelt at her bedside, to say the same prayer
She oft had repeated with reverent air;
And vials were waiting, and angels were there,
The first breath of incense upward to bear!
The mother in silence was lifting her heart
To Him whose favor alone can impart
The wisdom and grace so needed by all
To prepare for his home when the angel shall call.

But while she was praying the Father to bless
The child she so loved,—"Did you see Kitty's dress?"

Was the question she asked as she rose from her knees!

"Has my little daughter no thoughts but these?"
And sad was her heart, and tearful her eyes,
To hear tones so earthly in heavenly guise.

Ah! angels on missions of mercy each day
May write against many a one kneeling to pray,—

Thoughts roving about on things trifling and seen,

While closed are the eyes and prayerful the mien,

As far from true worship, if they would but confess,

As the child's Sabbath thought, "Did you see Kitty's dress?" — *Tract Journal.*

EDITOR'S DRAWER.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

A CONGREGATIONAL minister writes:—

"Please say, I have a firm persuasion of the truth of the doctrine of entire sanctification, through faith, in the present life,—that I have given myself to this subject, and gladly cast in my lot with them who believe it and act in accordance with it,—that in this faith I have found

liberty and rest. So I speak in private, and so I preach. I do not wish to obtrude myself upon my brethren, but only to take the opportunity of honoring the Lord by declaring what he hath done for a soul that has done nothing for itself except to renounce itself and simply trust in him."

THE GUIDE AMONG THE SOLDIERS.

A sister, who has been for many years a subscriber for the *Guide*, sent us ten dollars, to be invested in back numbers to be distributed gratuitously among the soldiers of the army. The following extract will exhibit, in part, the good fruits of our friend's liberality:—

"CAMP PIERPONT, Jan. 8, 1862.

"DEAR BROTHER DEGEN:

"Those magazines came to hand in due time, and I was repaid for my trouble, tenfold, to see how eagerly the soldiers sought the *Guide*, and what real interest they manifested in the perusal of its pages. Some read their numbers, then come to me asking permission to send them to some particular friend, either at home or in some other part of the army, and I invariably grant permission to such to do so; while others, having read theirs, bring them to me, and I give another in exchange,—thus establishing a kind of circulating library. I could distribute many more, but we are all very thankful for what we have already received."

CANNOT BE DEPRIVED OF THAT WHICH PROMOTES PIETY.

A friend writes:—

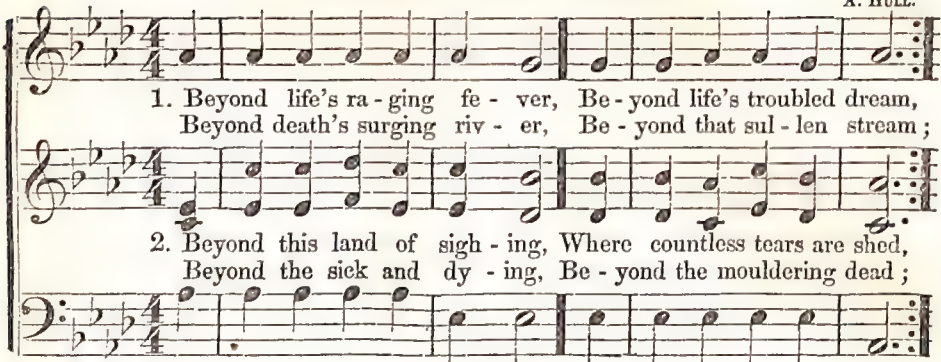
"In these times of financial distress, some, I presume, do not renew their subscriptions; but I cannot afford to be deprived of its monthly visits, for it has not been without its beneficial effects upon myself and family; and if I am to be deprived of anything, let it not be that which promotes piety of heart. May the good Lord bless and prosper you in your work and labor of love, is my sincere prayer."

Another says:—

"Enclosed I send you \$1.00, in payment for the *Guide* the current year. An orphan, dependant on my own exertions for support, I have long hesitated to spare even this trifling sum, under the pressure of the hard times, but have concluded to put my trust in the God of the fatherless, and, whatever the result, to begin none of my economical practices at the altar of the Lord. I feel that the *Guide* is doing a great and glorious work; may it still go forward in its holy mission, scattering truth and light, and leading many into the knowledge of that higher life which it has so long proclaimed as the believer's privilege and inheritance."

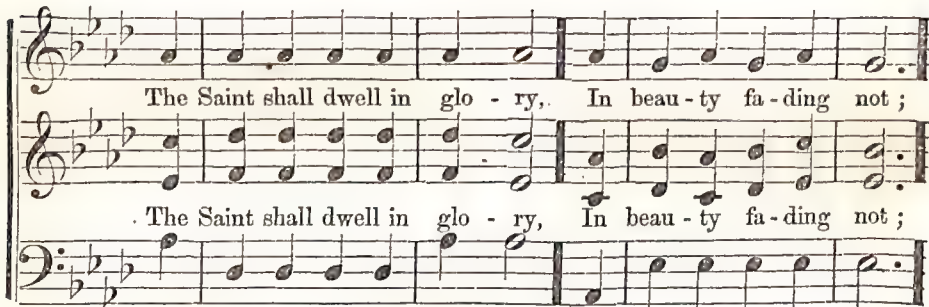
BEYOND THE RIVER.

A. HULL.



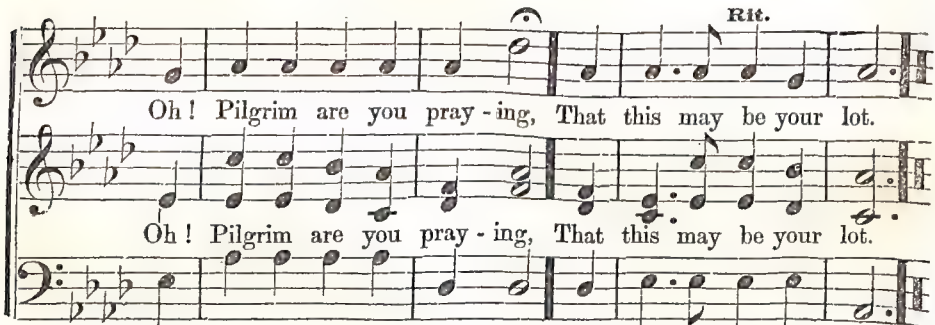
1. Beyond life's ra - ging fe - ver, Be - yond life's troubled dream,
Beyond death's surging riv - er, Be - yond that sul - len stream ;

2. Beyond this land of sigh - ing, Where countless tears are shed,
Beyond the sick and dy - ing, Be - yond the mouldering dead ;



The Saint shall dwell in glo - ry, In beau - ty fa - ding not ;

The Saint shall dwell in glo - ry, In beau - ty fa - ding not ;



Oh ! Pilgrim are you pray - ing, That this may be your lot.

Oh ! Pilgrim are you pray - ing, That this may be your lot.

3.
Beyond this scene of trial
Where heart and flesh do fail ;
Beyond the dark'ning shadows,
Beyond the gloomy vale ;
The Saint shall dwell, &c.

4.
Beyond the thought of grieving
A kind and gracious God ;

Beyond the fear of sinning,
Beyond the chast'ning rod ;
The Saint shall dwell, &c.

5.
Beyond Earth's weary burden,
The cross, the scourge, the rod ;
The saint shall dwell in glory,
The saint shall dwell with God.
The Saint shall dwell, &c.

HOPE.

A SERMON.

"And be ready, always, to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear."—1 Pet. iii. 15.

THIS language implies that a Christian will be inquired of more or less frequently in regard to his spiritual condition—a very important matter in its way. The practice of frequent inquiries among Christians after each other's spiritual health with the view to aid each other in working out our salvation, is at once a good indication of prosperity in a church, and a powerful means of promoting it. Christians, in common with others, esteem it a matter of courtesy to repeat, as often as they meet with a friend, some inquiry as to the physical health of the said friend; and the response is commonly suffixed with a "thank you," indicating that the inquiry is regarded by the latter as a proof of affectionate solicitude. Why, then, is the custom so rare, so nearly extinct in many places, of conversing frequently and freely on the subject of personal salvation? Surely, the soul's health is, by a vast difference, more important than that of the body; and why should not our conversation often turn the thought upon an earnest examination of its present tone? Religion—salvation—present, personal salvation, ought to be a familiar topic often discussed in all our Christian homes. Husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, should converse frequently, and fully, and affectionately, upon spiritual things, and the soul's progress. Church members, especially the members of the same society, ought to cultivate this affectionate religious acquaintance with each other with much more diligence than is usually exhibited.

Our members backslide before we know it, in many places, and one great reason for it is this lack of religion in our social intercourse. We shut up our piety

in the church, and keep it under lock and key through the week, only as we give it a little airing on class night. Brethren, these things ought not so to be; and I beg of you that hear me, to resolve that it shall not be.

But this prelude is only incidentally connected with the topic of the hour, to which I will now immediately turn, and address myself. I propose that the sermon to-day shall consist of several Bible views of Hope, as an element of Christian experience.

1. Lexicographers define hope as "The union of desire and expectation," or, "The expectation of future good," which is the same thing.

2. Men often talk of their hopes of heaven, using the term in the sense above given. "I don't enjoy religion; I have never been converted, but I hope I shall become a Christian before I die, and finally be saved." Another says, "I have a hope of heaven, for I am confident that the all-merciful God will not exclude any soul of Adam from that blessed state;" while still another tells of conversion long ago, and of the happy weeks and months that followed, when the candle of the Lord shone in his tabernacle. He owns that sad years of backsliding and sin have since succeeded, and that now he is not living a Christian life at all, but adds that when he hears Christians talk and sing, it arouses a spark that still seems to slumber with a latent life in his soul, and concludes by saying he would not give up the hope he has for worlds, or some other extravagant nonsense, equally remote from fact and truth. The poor backslider, like thousands of his class, mistakes an old, gracious memory for a present fact, and sets down the thrill of joy he feels on being reminded of his Father's house, for a taste of the "bread enough and to spare."

Now, it may be granted that each one of these men speaks truthfully enough about having a hope of heaven, if you

will assume that he uses the term "hope" in its ordinary sense as quoted in the dictionaries; but no one of them has a gospel hope according to the definition of the New Testament.

What, then, is it to have a hope "in you?"

1. Take Paul's definition in these words: "To whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is *Christ in you, the hope of glory.*"

"*Christ in you!*" That is very strong language, and we shall need to ponder it a little to get its import. The New Testament idea of a saved man is that he is a man "possessed" of God, and so under the control of God, as a man possessed of evil spirits is under the control of the devil. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." "Every branch in me that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit." "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus." "If Christ be in you, . . . the spirit is life (alive), because of righteousness." "Know ye not, your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?" Here, then, is a very tangible presentation of hope. It is identical with the possession and control of my inner nature by the spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead, dwelling in my mortal body. Christ indwelling and inworking is the ever-present fact that constitutes my hope of glory. He that has this, has the mind of Christ, the tempers of Christ, and is impelled by motive forces akin to those which drew the Saviour from the throne to the cross that he might glorify the Father and save the lost. He in whom Christ so dwells, may speak of the hope that is in him.

2. Now let us take another view of hope. In his Epistle to the Ephesians, Paul says, "In whom ye, also, trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation; in whom,

also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise."

"Ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit." The metaphor that constitutes at once the beauty and the force of the passage is of the making of covenants. When important agreements are made between parties, the whole transaction is put in writing, and when one of the parties is a king or a lord, he affixes to the document his seal, the device upon which, in former times, was the image of the king. The idea of the passage seems to be this: "Ye heard the word, the gospel;" the proclamation "of your salvation;" the proclamation of the terms upon which God would receive you, and enter into covenant with you. "Ye trusted." "Ye believed;"* comprehensive terms, which set forth all the acts and exercises of the soul, by which it forsakes sin, comes to God, and receives his grace. "Ye were sealed." God wrote the covenant on your hearts, and confirmed it with the seal of the kingdom stamped upon your natures, bearing the King's image. God's seal upon you is God's image in you; the confirmation of the covenant is itself the family likeness of heaven. This is hope; the assurance and certificate of the Almighty wrought upon the soul, attesting at once to yourselves and others your sonship with God, and your heirship to heaven.

3. Another view which the apostle takes of hope is in these words: "Which is the earnest of our inheritance, until the redemption of the purchased possession."

"*The earnest of our inheritance.*" Perhaps some of you are not aware of the old use and import of this word "earnest." Let me explain. In covenants of sale and purchase, it is common for men to pay a part of the purchase-money down, to bind the bargain, and secure the due transfer of the property, and the payment of the rest. This part paid down, to bind the bargain, is called in England,

"earnest money," or, briefly, "the earnest." That gives you Paul's idea. The believer covenants with God to do and suffer his will, and to stand in his humble measure, the representative of Christ on earth, till he shall be called hence. God covenants with the believer to sustain him, supply him, comfort him, purify him, and give him the victory, and give him heaven; and then, to bind the bargain, he gives him a portion of the inheritance now in his heart. This is the earnest; a little of heaven in the soul now, to assure you eternal glory in the end. This is hope; not a mere notion or opinion in your head, but a fact of grace in your heart. He has a hope of heaven in him who has already something of heaven in him.

This metaphor of "the earnest" naturally suggests two ideas. *First*, that the *measure* of the soul's future inheritance is foreshadowed and signified to itself by the measure of its present grace; a small present pledge is adequate where but a small future payment is promised; but in proportion as the sum total is great, does the "earnest" naturally become magnified. If you purchase two pieces of property, of very unequal values, for one of which you agree to pay one hundred dollars, and for the other ten thousand dollars, the sums which, in the two cases, would be severally adequate to bind the bargain, would vary with the magnitude of the stipulation. Grace does thus foreshadow glory in the measure of its revealings, and the magnitude of its victories.

The *second* idea suggested by the metaphor is the identity, in nature, of grace and glory. Grace is glory in the bud; glory is grace in the fruit. Hope of heaven is a part of heaven, — the first instalment of eternal life. Paul often calls grace, glory; and very properly, for —

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruit, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

The kingdom of heaven is within you. The essentials of heaven are in the character. God himself can keep no man out of hell, if hell be in him; and he who dwells in God, and God in him, has only to be denuded of his body, and released from the incidents of probationary sorrow and trial, to find himself "with God eternally shut in."

This doctrine that grace and glory are essentially one is asserted again and again in the Scriptures, and yet it has never had its due weight in the church. Hence, our thoughts forever lodge in the metaphor, and we fail to see in heaven more than a vast golden city with high walls, a beautiful street, a throne, a river, and a tree. Why don't we bethink ourselves that splendor is not bliss, and never will be; and that whatever may be the architectural grandeur of the believer's eternal home, the conditions upon which the infinite munificence of splendor shall thrill him with rapture must all be found in himself? Food can only please a healthy stomach. The eye rejoices in the light; but when the eye is itself diseased, its favorite element becomes a torture, and it turns in agony away to seek a bandage and a dungeon. What has the holy light of God's throne for a polluted soul? Nothing but "the severest part of hell."

But don't misunderstand me in all this. I do not at all question that the future home of the righteous will be an inconceivably glorious abode; nor do I doubt that God intends we shall so understand him to say in his word. Your eternal home will contain whatever of fruition your soul shall be capable of receiving, for God has ordained that fortune shall finally follow character among all beings and in all worlds. Happy homes are made of virtues and not orders of architecture, yet the house of virtue is ever in building, beautiful as holiness, and imperishable as immortality.

4. Let us contemplate hope in another light. In his Epistle to the Hebrews,

Paul says, believers have hope as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the vail. The anchor, from the earliest ages, has been the emblem of hope. You know the nature and use of an anchor. It is a heavy iron instrument with great prongs or flukes, and is designed to be suspended from ships by a cable, that, by taking fast hold of the earth in the bottom of the bay, sound, or river, it may hold the ship to her mooring, so that she shall not drift with the wind nor tide. You have often been impressed with the usefulness and the power of the anchor, when you have seen a ship sitting majestically upon the water, breasting the tide, and quiet in the storm. When you were quite young, and first saw such a thing, you wondered that the wind did not blow the ship away; but when afterward you saw how strong the anchor and the cable that held it were, your wonder ceased. Now, hope is to a Christian what that anchor is to the ship. The anchor holds the ship by taking hold of what is unseen and immovable. All that you see about the ship is in constant commotion,—the tide is moving, the wind is blowing, and the currents, both of wind and water, are perpetually shifting their directions and changing their velocities; but there the ship rides, holding her relations still to the unseen and the immutable. Just so with a Christian. The affections of his nature, like a strong cable, go forth and take hold on the immutable things unseen,—the things of eternity. The storms of life may distress and harass his spirit; but they do not drive him away, for he has hope as an anchor of the soul,—a constant hold upon the unseen and the eternal. Nor will such a man be carried away with every wind of doctrine. God is a satisfying portion to his soul. He has the Comforter, and the graces which he implants are themselves pledges and foretastes and specimens of the coming glory. Why should he go abroad for joys, who has a feast at home?

These men of the anchor are not the men to run after every Lo, here! and Lo, there! nor are they the ones to rush into every new and extravagant fashion, which the world's fops, male or female, may invent.

But the anchor, though a good figure, can only in part set forth hope. Ships do sometimes drag their anchors when the storm is very severe and the bottom is very soft, or the anchor is too light, or the cable is too short. Sometimes the strain is so great that the cable parts, and the vessel is wrecked in that way; and, sometimes, the great fluke of the anchor is broken, and then the ship drifts at the mercy of the waves. But Paul says, we have hope, as an anchor of the soul, both *sure and steadfast*. No failure here. This anchor don't drag, nor break, nor part the cable, but still holds the soul,—

"Howe'er life's various currents flow."

I knew a very heavy-laden vessel once, which on the approach of a terrible storm cast anchor in the river upon which she was sailing. The storm came down, and the wind blew a hurricane. The anchor held, and the cable held, but the bow of the vessel was drawn under, and she filled and sunk. But the good man's anchor does not hold in the soil below. It is fastened above,—*it entereth into that within the vail*. Ah! that is it; the storms of life always draw a spiritual man

"Nearer my God, to thee; nearer to thee."

Worldlings cling to the world in their affliction, and often go down in the storm to utter ruin, while even bloody persecutions that have raged against the men of God who "lived obscure," have only

"Dragged them forth to fame, and chased them up to heaven."

"The rougher our way, the shorter our stay;
The tempests that rise

Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies;
The fiercer the blast, the sooner 'tis past;

The troubles that come,
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home."

Such, then, is hope,—not an opinion but

a fact; aye, a series, a constellation, of facts wrought, and now being wrought, in the soul by the Holy Spirit. Christ in you,—dwelling, *walking*, REIGNING in you. The Spirit's seal, the King's image on your soul, the stamp and signature of the Almighty on your nature. The "earnest" of the inheritance; a part of the inheritance in possession; a measure of heaven come down to earth; the anchor holding the soul's celestial land-rope in the storms of time. This is hope, and this is it concerning which Peter says in the text, that we are to be ready, always, to give an answer to every man that asketh us a reason of the hope that is in us, with meekness and fear.

5. Finally, my brethren, are we prepared to give an answer touching this matter to-day? *Is hope in us?* Are the facts in us that constitute hope? I bless God to-day, that I believe many of you are able to answer in the affirmative. You have been exercising an honest introspection, while I have been presenting these scripture views, and a voice within responds "all is well." All hail! ye pilgrims to Mount Zion. Blessed are ye, and blessed shall ye be, for God has nothing but blessings for you. Your hope is scriptural, it is immortal, it is full of immortality. Would that I could feel that all you who hear me were thus walking in the light.

Now, before I sit down, let me give you a test from the word of God, and of so simple a character that each of you can easily bring his heart to the standard. St. John says, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as he is pure,"—that is, even as Christ is pure.

Here there is a plain statement that every man who has this hope in him will be an honest, earnest seeker after purity,

—heart purity. Let us not attempt to dodge this point at all. The statement is a plain one. And every one of you before me this day that is really possessed of a gospel hope, is an honest seeker after purity. Don't take offence, I pray you, at my plainness of speech. That will do you no good, but only harm. All this matter of serving God and enjoying religion and getting ready for heaven is a very honest business, and requires you to be entirely sincere and candid with your own heart before God. The statement of St. John, to which I have called your attention, is one of those sayings of the Bible which are based in a philosophy so simple and obvious that even mortals comprehend it. It is a remark, which in the very nature of things, must be true. The man who has come to have a hope of heaven, who really feels, "I am going to heaven," will be likely to find himself instinctively embracing every opportunity to get ready for it.

I knew a man who, for many years, kept talking and talking about going to the West to live. Some of his neighbors had been to Illinois, and came back with wonderful accounts of the cheapness and richness of Western lands, and my friend caught the fever,—*in his head*,—and went to talking. At first, we all supposed that our neighbor would very soon sell out and leave for the West: but, no. The winter passed away and he made no effort to sell, and the spring found him delving as aforetime in the routine of farm labor. And so matters ran on for the year, and for several years. Still our neighbor would wax eloquent over his favorite theme of the West, and often declare, with a huge emphasis, that, for his part, he was going West! But what did it amount to? Simply this, that he became a laughing-stock in the neighborhood; and, "I am going West," a standing phrase for pompous professions, among the young folks.

In later years, I have thought there

were many members of the church, who, in reference to going to heaven, act wonderfully like this man. They talk of going to heaven, and say they are resolved to go. Sometimes they talk right eloquently, and you would think they will certainly go; but, alas! it is all talk. There are no indications that they have forsaken the world, nor that they intend to do so. They will be disciples of Jesus, but never on the terms which he has prescribed. "If any man will come after me, let him *deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.*" Ah! that is too stringent, too hard; and so they turn away, but keep right on talking of going to heaven as eloquently as ever, and seem to fancy that their empty words will bring them there.

But I knew another man who talked of going West. He simply said, "I have made up my mind to go." In a few months he sold his farm, and before the succeeding spring opened, he had parted with all his stock, and grains, and implements, and having converted them all into cash and available obligations, by the first of April he was at his home in Michigan. After he sold out, he had several tempting offers to invest his money where he had lived, but his answer was invariably, "*I am going West.*" No man laughed when Mr. Y. said those words, but all men saw that with him the West was the central idea, so far as business was concerned, and everything must bend to that one purpose. That gives you the idea that underlies St. John's remark,— "He that hath this hope in him;" he that has really made up his mind to go to heaven at any cost; he that has entered into the covenant and obtained his credentials, will make everything bend to the one object of his salvation. Bound for a heaven of purity, he instinctively seeks for purity, and finds a ready answer to every suggestion that would tempt him from his path. "I can't go that way, I am going to heaven."

Many talk of heaven, and many dream of heaven, but he alone "that hath this hope in him," is seen daily traveling thither.

JOINED TO CHRIST.

'Tis not enough to be
In hope redeemed, forgiven,
And struggling weakly, darkly on
To happiness and heaven.

'Tis not enough to pray
With a divided heart,
With which the world has still a power
To serve the tempter's art.

'Tis not enough to mourn
O'er many a sinful fall,
And rise, the bitter truth to learn,
We are but weakness all.

'Tis not enough to know
There is a Christ above,
Throned like a far-off glorious star,
We may not clasp in love.

But we, poor human hearts,
In every good so low,
Cry for a love, a strength so near,
We feel as well as know.

We crave a faith that brings
Our Saviour to our side,
When by our mutual bonds we stand
Acquitted, justified;—

No more for sin condemned,
But from its power set free;
Joined by the truth to Christ, the Life,
In love's full liberty.

We throw the shackles off
That bound our souls before;
We dare accept the offered grace,
And freely ask for more.

Send your little child to bed happy. Whatever cares press, give it a warm good-night kiss as it goes to its pillow. The memory of this, in the stormy years which fate may have in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds. "My father—my mother loved me." Lips parched with the world's fever will become dewy again at this thrill of youthful memories. Kiss your little child before it goes to sleep.

WHOLLY THE LORD'S.

"'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
 I'm my Lord's, and he is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.
 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 With him of every good possessed."

SAFE in the arms of Jesus,—hid in the
 clefts of the smitten Rock! Blessed state
 of conscious security, a prelude to that
 eternal rest that remains for the Christian,

"When the toils of life are past."

We presume, dear reader, that you
 have recently entered the "highway of
 holiness cast up for the redeemed," and
 can say, in the precious words of Holy
 Writ, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleans-
 eth *me* from all sin." From your heart,
 full of the love of God, are heard sponta-
 neous songs like the following:—

"The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below;
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground
 From faith and hope do grow."

You are now bound for the land of
 Canaan, and are safely seated in the
 bark of perfect love. Your sails are
 fairly set to catch the gentle breeze; the
 sea calm and tranquil, the sky clear, and
 the air salubrious; everything combines
 to promise you a pleasant and prosperous
 journey. You dream not of adverse
 winds to toss your bark to and fro, and
 thus impede your progress. You expect
 not even an angry ripple to disturb the
 calm surface, but that in peace and quiet
 you will ride onward till you enter the
 port of endless bliss. Would that you
 could remain undeceived; but this is im-
 possible. The tempest, sooner or later,
 will arise, the sky gather darkness, the
 winds blow, and the sea roar.

We would then, dear reader, at the
 outset of your religious course, offer some
 advice that may enable you, by God's

blessing, to sail safely over this tempestu-
 ous sea.

You may, my beloved reader, always
 enjoy your heaven-bought privilege of
 living free from sin; but there are many
 things besides sin that will damp your
 spiritual joy. The first gush of rapturous
 emotion may subside, or the sacred peace
 which is more generally enjoyed at the
 reception of this blessing be deadened,
 and you not be able to ascertain the
 cause. Then the enemy may suggest
 that you have lost the blessing, and by
 your yielding to the suggestion you would
 lose it. Errors in judgment you will
 undoubtedly commit, which are not sins in
 themselves. Here he will again meet
 you, "transformed into an angel of light,"
 and accuse you of breaking God's com-
 mandments. Debate not with him, but
 fly to the atoning blood, plunge afresh
 therein, and you will become "whiter than
 snow," whether or not his accusations are
 true.

Another error equally fatal, against
 which we would warn you, is, that you
 may remove part of the sacrifice from the
 altar of consecration. You will at once
 perceive, however, that God's smiling face
 is turned from you. You go as before, to
 the blood that cleanseth, but it appears to
 have lost its efficacy, for no peace comes
 to your troubled soul. The altar, you are
 aware, sanctifieth the gift, and now that
 part of the sacrifice is removed, the whole
 cannot be sanctified. The enemy, ever
 on the alert, is again by your side, and
 appears now also as an "angel of light."
 He whispers in your ear that God is just
 trying your faith, and to prove the asser-
 tion quotes Scripture like the following:
 —"The just shall live by faith;" "Only
 believe;" "He that walketh in darkness,
 and hath no light, let him trust in the
 name of the Lord, and stay upon his
 God." This he does to prevent you look-
 ing into your heart in order to ascertain
 if aught has been removed from the altar.
 You know that you are a child of God,

but are not sweetly happy. Your heart is lifted to heaven while perchance you pensively sing the prayer,—

“Lift up thy countenance serene,
And let thy happy child
Behold without a cloud between,
The Godhead reconciled.”

Still the cloud remains; the only apparent change being that it is becoming darker and thicker.* Now you propose the query, “What am I to do?” We answer, enter into your closet, determining there to remain, so far as your lawful calling will permit, till the matter be settled between yourself and God. Ask Him to show you what prevents your enjoying that sweet communion with him that you did. Be assured, in due time the idol will be made manifest. Then lay it upon the altar, and thank God that you are undeceived. Be not in haste in leaving this hallowed spot; still tarry, and you will realize the truth of the promise that “They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.” Then you will be able to sing, as once, —

“My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest day,
And comfort of my nights!”

You are safe so long as you keep all upon the altar, though joyous emotion be denied.

It is sufficient if the “Spirit bear witness with your spirit,” that you are “wholly the Lord’s.” Seek a fresh evidence of your acceptance every time you approach the mercy seat.

In order to retain it, you must profess this blessing. The enemy will doubtless suggest that you had better wait and see if you can keep the blessing, or live worthy of making such a profession, lest a stigma be brought on the cause of God in consequence. Your heart may readily acquiesce in this suggestion as the cross appears formidable. But don’t stop to parley with this arch enemy; hesitate not a moment; rise at once when an oppor-

tunity offers, though your feet seem fastened to the floor, and your whole frame convulsed with emotion.

Work for God; be “instant in season and out of season,” that souls may be saved. Discharge every duty. The neglect of one opens the way for the neglect of another, as the commission of one sin prepares the way for the commission of another.

Read the word of God frequently and prayerfully, and not only read it, but meditate upon it. The “deeper you dig, the richer the ore.” Cry with the poet, —

“Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred Book.”

To sum up all, be much in your closet; if remiss here, your progress in the divine life will be but small.

Now let me beseech of you, my beloved reader, to dwell always in the clefts of the smitten Rock. Never give a moment rest without the witness that you are “wholly the Lord’s.”

“Then when on Zion He shall stand,
And all heaven’s host adore their King,
You shall be found at his right hand,
And, free from pain, his glory sing.”

SUGGESTIONS TO A SEEKER OF PERFECT LOVE.

LETTER III.

OXFORD, Eng., Dec., 1861.

My Dear Ellen: — “The friend of the bridegroom which standeth and heareth him rejoiceth greatly, because of the bridegroom’s voice; this my joy therefore is fulfilled.”

And now you want to know what you “ought to do, being afraid you shall not remain faithful.”

In the first place, “Be not afraid, only believe.” You have found fear unprofitable in the past, you will find it so still; therefore silence it by a continuous momentary

trust in Him who "is able to save to the uttermost (for *evermore*) them that come unto God by him, because he *ever* liveth to make intercession for us."

Try to realize the comfort of this perpetual priesthood of Christ. He *ever saves*, because he *ever* intercedes. He intercedes for you every moment. This is a plain statement of the Apostle. In fact, in his capacity of Saviour, he lives for this very purpose. His priestly life up there is his one ceaseless prayer for his people. Then from this thought, that he intercedes for you every moment, you are to draw the other, that he saves you every moment, unless you take yourself out of his keeping.

There are two errors into which Christians are apt to fall—over-carefulness and over-carelessness of walk. The first mentioned is first in experience, and you will probably have to guard against it. I do not mean that you can be too watchful against the approach of evil in any degree; but you may fritter away in small spiritual anxieties the strength which ought to be expended in keeping fast hold of Jesus.

For it is to unclasp this that all the efforts of the adversary are really directed, and if he cannot succeed by temptations to sin, he will try to do so by perplexities about duty. So it is well, I think, not to enter into a multitude of plans for the future, even if they have God's glory as their object, or in any way to take thought for the morrow. Do each moment's work with each moment's grace, and if at any time you find that the grace has not been sufficient for the supposed work, do not fly to the conclusion that you have been unfaithful, as the only explanation the case admits of. There is another which may be the true one, and, if you are living in communion with God, is the true one, namely, that you have over-estimated or mistaken the work.

For there is an inner work, so to speak, within every outward labor and the doing

of God's will, and this may be accomplished in the failure of everything else.

"You are as happy now as before you were miserable." The joy is generally proportioned to the previous sorrow, which in your case was very heavy;—all the heavier for being interwoven with so much earthly trial. But it is often this: the hour of natural affliction is chosen by God for pleading with us in behalf of his forgotten claims to our whole heart. But with you "the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth;" therefore, in Him who is your light and your salvation, how greatly may you rejoice!

You know as well as I the means of progress. "Desire the sincere milk of the word, that you may grow thereby." This is as applicable to you as it ever was. Indeed, you will now see a fulness of meaning in the word that you never did before, and feed on it in a manner hitherto unknown.

Then prayer—*believing*, by which I do not merely mean the expectation of an answer, but faith's realization of the unseen God as a listening Father, and the Saviour as a present Friend, hearing and speaking to the soul. Let it also be as *prolonged* as you can afford time for. There is much in *waiting* before God, taking his word to himself for light into its meaning and experience of its promises. I think one long time a day spent in devotion is better than three or four short ones, if you cannot manage both; but it may be that the latter will be most practicable for you,—if so, God will adapt his grace to your circumstances.

One means of "holding fast" you had already instinctively practised when you went to class to speak of what God had done for your soul. This, if said in simplicity, always gives strength. Besides, it is labor,—under some circumstances the most painful of labor,—and "labor is life." You will grow stronger by continuing to do this, and to speak of holiness to Christians in whom you can discern any

sign of longing for a higher life, and even sometimes when you cannot. Perhaps no one ever discovered it in you, yet there it has been for years.

Some people will not, seem as if they could not, talk about their deepest feelings. For years I did not, and if I had not in some measure overcome this selfish reserve, you would not have opened your heart to "the only one you have ever spoken to about it;" because, as we have had no intercourse since I was a child, you could not have known I was interested in the subject unless I had *shown* myself so among your friends. And this explains partly one remark in your letter: "How strange our ministers do not preach about this great blessing! I do not remember ever to have heard a sermon about it."

I would hope you have been singularly unfortunate, nevertheless your experience in this respect comes too near a general truth. But it is not all the fault of the ministers. They have no idea,—I do not think they have the least idea of the deep, unspoken longing of the people's heart for instruction in this matter,—people who have a vague desire for some better thing than they enjoy, but know not *how*, nor in many cases *what* to obtain. All this want they never put into words, not even at the quarterly visitation of the classes, when the soul of the minister comes directly into contact with the soul of the people. They state just the surface—the mere common places of their experience, and then wonder that no word of light and comfort suited to their especial case, comes from the pulpit to their hearts. The great secret of the marvellous circulation of recent works on holiness is, that they just meet that dumb soul-yearning.

Dear Ellen, if at no other time, speak your whole experience at the quarterly visitations. It is a wrong done our ministers to keep them in ignorance of the strongest desires and holiest bent of the

heart. Because, if their silence proceed from the worst cause,—lack of interest,—nothing is so likely to quicken them as to find that the people are already quickening; but this, one hopes, is an exceptional case. Generally, I think, it is from a fancied want of sympathy. "But they ought to speak first." Very true, but if they will not, as it is a right thing to be done, let *us do it*. Alas, for the power of the dumb spirit! and often, some young disciple,—perhaps a timid girl,—has to exorcise him at last.

Apropos of all this. Will you let me have my last two letters back, to copy for the "Guide?" I will return them again if you wish. I do send some of my scribblings there, and Mr. — says they ought to go, too. If in God's infinite condescension they have helped you, they may help other seeking souls also. And we have both suffered too much ourselves for want of help, not to give it where we can. Write to me again as often as you wish, and you shall have answers; and do not be under the delusion that the benefit of the correspondence is only, or chiefly, on your side.

Adieu, my dear Ellen. I say the word with a deeper meaning than we ever heard it given under its native sky. Be you in the everlasting keeping of God—the God-man.

Your affectionate friend, E. R.

THE BIBLE AND HYMN BOOK.

I TAKE my seat in the lecture room before service begins. There lie upon the pastor's desk the Bible and the hymn book, so suggestive of holy thoughts. The Bible, that priceless treasure! what could we do without it? In sorrow and affliction how it guides and cheers us through the gloom!

I attended a funeral in "fashionable life" in New York this autumn. A hand-

some house, rich furniture, splendid coffin, in which lay the unconscious sleeper, amid roses and rare exotics. The officiating clergyman rose to address the audience, and requested a Bible. The mourners looked aghast. What an omission! There had been no Bible prepared. There was none in the house! All that wealth and art could furnish, but no Bible! So a friend went out in pursuit of one. He ran down the block, asking the loan of a Bible at every door, but could find none, until at last an old dilapidated edition was found. I thought, while the man was gone on this strange errand, what could I do without the Bible? When my Mary lay dead, and I knelt by her side, and held that soft, plump hand in mine for the last time, and poured out my anguish alone with God, what should I have done without those words, "I am the resurrection and the life!"

A friend who was with me was much shocked at the absence of a Bible in the house. "Why, at home," she said, "our folks are proud to buy the finest Bible to be procured. To be sure, they seldom read it, because they have so many newspapers and books to take up their spare moments; but then, every one is expected to have one lying on the centre table." Ah! my friend, have a Bible and never look into it! You remind me of the idle farmer who has a mine of gold in his farm and he ploughs over it, and reaps over it, and never searches for the treasure. He is no better off than if he did not possess it.

We must have a Bible and read it, and ponder and live by it. It must be the man of our counsel, and the guide of our youth, to know the sweet treasures it contains. How differently people read the same truths! I had for twenty years read and committed to memory a large portion of the Scriptures, as a duty, and yet it was almost a sealed book to my soul, until I read by the lamp which Love lighted there; then every sentence became a gem of priceless worth.

But I must not forget the hymn book—the companion of the Bible, from which we sing over the triumphs the first has won.

I have a little story to tell about the hymn book, if my pen has not already exceeded the proper limit assigned to my corner of this magazine.

One evening, as I sat before a blazing fire in the log-house, with the wind sweeping over the bleak prairie, but the bright moon riding high in the heavens, the "Path-finder" entered. He lived on a large bluff which rose from our valley, called "Big Thunder," a vast solitude, where only wolves uttered their lonely cries in pursuit of their game. His log hut was comfortless, and his family miserable. He was a "renegade;" had been in our army, and deserted in the Mexican war; and, it was said, had perpetrated every crime, and now, living away from justice, among rocks and trees, and old logs lying on the ground, had found a rude shelter. A "path-finder" lays out roads in the forest where only the Indian trail has been seen. It was no wonder that fear was excited in beholding this man, as he glanced from under his shaggy hair, with his fierce eye. He soon began relating to my husband a long account of a campaign across the Great Salt Desert, and the fearful and hair-breadth escapes from the wild beasts and Indians, with which such expeditions are accompanied. Oaths frequently mingled with his descriptions, until I could bear no more, and speaking in a timid voice, I said,—

"Did you not thank God for rescuing you thus?"

"God!" he exclaimed; "Who dares say he had anything to do with it?"

He uttered a scornful laugh, and went on with his story, undisturbed. Soon my husband left the room, and he sat silently looking into the fire. At last, with an effort, he said, in a low voice,—

"That question you asked me, just now, reminded me of old times. How

often have I asked others that question! I was not always what I am. I used to be a Moravian, and go to church, and I had religion. I am a backslider now. Let me see; I know the hymn book, through, and I hain't seen one for twenty years."

Here he commenced singing some of those beautiful words about "Jesus and salvation," that we love to sing. He seemed entranced, and the Spirit took possession of that soul so long accustomed to pour forth blasphemy.

No one spoke. I never beheld such a scene. Hymn after hymn was sung, and the tears glistened in his eyes, "all unused to the melting mood." By and by, with a deep sigh, he stopped. "Ah!" he muttered, "some people are born to be angels, and I believe God makes some for eternal misery."

"No!" I cried, "God willeth not the death of any, but that they turn and live!"

He opened the door, and strode out into the bush. I watched him toiling up the steep ascent, and prayed for the poor sinful soul, as I never prayed before. The next Sabbath that man walked miles through the forest, to find a pastor and a church. His old spirit had revived from the deep sleep of sin, and came again "as a little child." Such lepers Christ can heal. But oh! the blessed hymn book!

"Sing on your ransomed way,
Ye heirs of glory, sing."

CONSCIENCE.—There is a warning conscience and a gnawing conscience. The warning conscience cometh before sin; the gnawing conscience followeth after sin. The warning conscience is often lulled asleep, but the gnawing conscience wakeneth her again. If there be any hell in this world, those who feel the worm of conscience gnaw upon their hearts may say that they have felt the torments of hell.

ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.

In my secluded nook, aside
From the great world's strife and din,
Alone I tread the weary path of life.
The soothing voice of friendship seldom comes
To gladden the drooping heart,
And scatter sunshine along my lowly way.
"Night draws her sable curtains round my couch,"
While gnawing pains and sickness rack the frame;
No gentle one is by to minister relief,—
No mother's hand to press the throbbing brow,
Or cool the fevered pillow;—
No sister's form to flit around my bed,
Like angel bright, to charm my pains away,—
Alone, alone I am.

No, not alone!
For in the darkest night,
'Mid the raging of the wildest storms,
When the heart is crushed by cold neglect,
Or made to bleed from cruel wounds
By friendship's hand inflicted;
While the clay tenement is tottering
Beneath the weight of fell disease,
And pain is revelling in every bone,
Till fainting nature sinks,
Then, then a soothing voice is heard
Whispering, "Lo! I am with you *always*.
I will never leave thee, nor forsake
The child who puts his trust in Me—
Fear not; 'tis I; be not afraid."
His hand supports the aching head
While leaning on his breast;
The form of the invisible illumines my room
With a bright halo of joy and peace,
Scattering gloom and darkness all away—
O, no! I'm not alone.

AN OLD ITINERANT'S EXPERIENCE.

HAVING been a travelling preacher of the M. E. church for twenty-four years, and having enjoyed the blessing of perfect love for twenty-one years, I will speak of my experience, that God may be glorified. In studying the Bible, my mind became deeply impressed with the subject of holiness, and especially when quoting passages while preaching. The good Lord blessed me more abundantly while preaching upon that subject than any other; my religious enjoyments greatly increased;

the witness of the Spirit became much more satisfactory, and my doubts much less. The happiest state of mind I ever felt accompanied my reflections on that glorious subject. The theory appeared plain, and the Scriptures seemed to remove every doubt about the certainty that perfect love was God's truth. Yet, with all that joy, which to me was unspeakable and full of glory, there remained no doubt that I was destitute of a pure heart; tempers and desires that were very far from being wholly sanctified I often painfully felt.

It appeared to me that I was at a great distance from that gracious blessing, and that it would take a long time to grow up to the state of preparation necessary to qualify me to be fit to begin to seek for it. Such a confusion of ideas appear almost impossible to one that was so well established in the belief of it. All seemed reasonable, scriptural, and most desirable on the subject, except claiming it by faith for myself. The first living witness that I conversed with on the subject of experimental, entire sanctification, called my attention to the doctrine I preached. I was reminded that it was suitable to my own case. The Holy Spirit poured light upon my mind, showed me all my inconsistent positions, and especially the error of waiting, and that waiting only made the matter worse, as I was by it getting farther off from its attainment. The view was overwhelming. Delightfully surprised, I saw Christ was all and in all; the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. That "He had redeemed us from all sin, that he might purify us unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works;" that "The Lord had laid upon him the iniquity of us all;" that "he had borne our sins in his own body on the tree;" and, though I had always loved and believed those passages, now they afforded a flood of light. Such a divine, full, and clear certainty about divine things as I never

had felt, was in my heart. All the mysteriousness about faith was gone, and unbelief appeared so unreasonable I was amazed at myself; felt ashamed and confounded at my past conduct. How could I have been so in the dark when there was so much light! How could I have been so unbelieving when faith was so exceedingly easy and reasonable!

I had been satisfied of my conversion before, but was not better satisfied of that than of having now received perfect love; I could truly say I was abundantly satisfied. The most wonderful and extraordinary revolution took place in my mind. To be "dead indeed to sin, and alive to God through Jesus Christ our Lord," was exceeding plain, most delightful, and as easy as to breathe. To stand by faith, to live the life of faith, was so plain, charming, and easy, I could say surely, how true it is, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor heart conceived, what God hath prepared for them that love him, but He hath revealed it unto us by his Spirit." But of myself no language appeared more appropriate than Job's: "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore, I abhor myself, and repent in the dust and ashes before thee,"—a sinner saved, fully saved, saved to the uttermost "by grace through faith," and "kept by the power of God through faith." I verily believed and realized, "all things are possible to him that believeth."

Delaware, Ohio, January 20, 1862.

HOLD ON.—Hold on to your tongue when you are about to lie, swear, or speak disrespectfully of a woman. * Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, except for the right. Hold on to your temper when you are angry, and think twice before you speak or act. Hold on to your heart when evil associations surround you. Hold on to your good name at all times and under all circumstances. Hold on to the faith in God.

A MOTHER'S FIRST LESSON ON FAITH.

I WANT to write and tell you how sweet, how faithful, I find the precious promises.

When a child, I said to my more than mother, "What is it to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?" She said, "Go, and ask God to give you a new heart, and *believe he does it when you ask him.*" "Is that all?" I asked, and added, with joy and enthusiasm, "O, *that is very easy!*" I went to my room, knelt by the bed-side and offered the prayer; and almost always, from that hour to this, I have called myself a Christian. I took the direction she gave as *unquestionable truth*, because *she said so.* Now I know the *reason* why that is the way to be saved; — because God says, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

Long after this first act of faith, I rested *fully* on the promise — "In time of temptation I will make a way of escape, that ye may be able to *bear it.*" Six years intervened between these two acts of faith. How astonished was I to find again the "*short and easy way*" of deliverance. Can it be, what struggles failed to accomplish has been done by simple faith? Can my Father do this *for me* — make my motives pure — when I have so long struggled against those evil motives, and yet, always found them there? O, I cannot tell you how the old child-like faith came back again, — the feeling that it were possible for *Jesus* to change my motives *entirely!* and as soon as I thought he was able and willing, that moment I trusted him to do it. I felt that "His grace is sufficient," "His strength is made perfect in weakness," meant just what they said. I need never be troubled again — for *Jesus* was the one to do the work in my heart: all I had to do was to *trust.* O, what *rest* — to trust instead of struggle! I felt no change, *only trusted;* and when temptation came, or what *would have been*

temptation before, I then found, "He is *faithful that promised;*" and I was not tempted above what I was made able to bear. Strange I had not sooner learned the way to be *saved again,* when I learned it at *first* so easily! My first and second blessings were alike; both received the same and *only possible* way, — by a simple act of trust. But of this experience you can find a full account in the February number of the "Guide" for 1859, under the title of "The Jewel Found."

What I have written of my first blessing illustrates the words, "Except ye become as a little child ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." Could I have trusted as easily a few years after? That way to receive a new heart seems too simple when we outgrow the simplicity of childhood, and we have to learn to be a little child again. The simple direction I received was so adapted to my childish heart, that had never *been* deceived, and always trusted, that I did not have to *learn* to trust; it required no *effort* to believe. I had trusted all my earthly friends, and now trusted the heavenly Friend. Then commenced the struggle with temptation, and the remains of sin, and my wicked motives, and I, who had begun to live by faith, was now going to be made perfect by works. I had no one *then* to tell me as I was told at *first,* but was taught to trust Christ for only *half* the strength and grace I needed, instead of *all.* Though I might have found it in my Bible, I was too blind; but He was faithful that promised, and led the blind in a way she knew not. Is. xlii. 16. After six years' wandering in that way where we are constantly "*laying again the foundation* of repentance and of faith," I was led into the way where we live the *life* of faith. Then it was faith for *everything;* not in the one promise alone, that He would receive those that came, but faith in *all* the "*exceeding great and precious promises.*"

Then I was too ignorant to know what was duty; but the Lord said, "If any man

lack wisdom, let him ask of God, . . . and it shall be given him." Here, then, is all the condition he requires, the *only one*. O, how my heart rejoices, that I can get wisdom so easily! *Every time I trusted that promise fully it was fulfilled. It never failed.* I could tell so many instances when my brain was so distracted with various suggestions, and that promise would come so *sweetly* comforting, and bring such perfect calm, as I would throw myself on its broad, safe ground, with the kind of trust required — the "*nothing wavering*" trust — no half belief I should receive and half fear I should not — but *unwavering confidence*; and O, the condescending goodness and mercy — the astonishing kindness He manifests to those that put their trust in Him.

THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Must have it?

Certainly, you must. How can you, how dare you, live and breathe without it, — without a free and full salvation, the baptism of the Holy Spirit? How can you read, write, pray, testify, open your lips at all, without this special, overflowing grace? How can you rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, as God commands, give thanks always, be careful for nothing, glorify your heavenly Father in every relation of life, without this tongue of fire?

Must have it? Unquestionably, brother. Why hesitate a single moment? — you do it at your peril. God commands you to present your body, a *living sacrifice*, holy, acceptable unto him, which is your reasonable service; — "to be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding; to be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might;" — to be filled with the Spirit. It is your duty, your privilege to obey God, have respect unto *all* his commandments, especially touching a holy, consecrated life. It is as much your duty to put on the

whole armor of God, to be wholly and unreservedly given up to his service, as it is for any sinner to repent, by turning from his great wickedness and open rebellion against the Most High. How can you, with any degree of consistency, warn impenitent sinners to turn from their wicked ways, and flee the wrath to come, while you are living in open disobedience to a plain and positive precept? "*Be ye holy, for I am holy.*" The command to be holy now, to cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, is just as plain and positive as the command to repent and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Beloved, it is not optional whether you will, or will not, obey God in this holy, consecrated life; you are solemnly *bound* to do it, as a matter of positive requisition. The voice is louder than SEVEN THUNDERS from high heaven: "*wash you, make you clean.*"

"Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts." "Reckon yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Your usefulness, your happiness, your safety, your eternal life depend on *this* obedience. It is God that speaks, not man. Moreover, there are no lions in the way, no giants sons of Anak; the pathway is open, the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. Touching this baptismal fire, the promises are ample. The Spirit is given to profit with all. The Spirit and the bride say Come, and whosoever will, let him come. Brother, sister, will you have it? will you accept this offered mercy — this purchased salvation from all sin? Will you comply with the conditions? — lay all upon the altar, give up all for Christ, bring all the tithes into the store-house, take God at his word? Will you do it? will you do it *now*? Will you?

"Never be ashamed of Jesus —
 'Glory ever in his cross,'
 Count it most exalted honor
 To advance his blessed cause;
 Hallowed honors, untold blessings
 Cluster round the Saviour's cross!"

IMPORTUNITY TO BE TEMPERED WITH SUBMISSION.

ONE by one, we learn to give up the things we most desire to the disposition of our heavenly Father. Our requests pass into expressions of acquiescence and adoring joy in the doings of God. We find that his will is guided by a higher wisdom than our wishes. We, therefore, give up the passionate urging of what seems best to us, and endeavor to rest and rejoice in what seems best to him.

Who of us cannot remember instances in which our prayers have been granted, where we would gladly go back to the point where they were offered, and absolutely commit all to God?

A young man belonging to a family of high position in society and in the church not long ago apostatized to Popery. His parents mourned over his fall with a sorrow which refused to be comforted. In the midst of their distress, the father said to a Christian friend, "When — was an infant, he was sick nigh unto death. His life was despaired of. His mother and I entreated the Lord, with many tears, to spare his life. He spared it. Oh, that God had mercifully denied our request! Oh, that my child had died in infancy! How much bitterer the tears we now shed over his apostasy than those we should then have shed over his death!"

The father then cited the case of Hezekiah, who never, as far as recorded, fell into sin till within those "fifteen years" which were added to his life in consequence of the "prayer" and "tears" with which he deprecated the approach of death.

All this may, it is true, be carried too far. Faith is not mere quiescence. God permits great freedom to our desires, great importunity to our petitions. To ask, to seek, to knock, to make our requests known unto God, to pour out our hearts before him, are all permitted, commanded

even, and imply great liberty both as to the subjects of prayer and the earnestness with which they may be pressed. "Importunity" is even commended by example. Holy men, "whose faith" we are commanded to "follow," have sometimes carried it to a wonderful extent. We need not fear that our good Father will give us a stone when we ask him for bread, or a scorpion for an egg.

But it is at all times right and reverent, it is wise and safe, in our most earnest pleas for the accomplishment of our desires, to re-commit all to the sovereign determination and disposition of God. It well becomes a short-sighted creature, a sinner whose perceptions and affections are all disordered and perverted by the fall, thus to appeal from himself to the only-wise God.

We have an example of this state of mind in its most perfect and sublime form in the prayer in Gethsemane, — "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt." The last words in that memorable scene of prayer were these, — "Thy will be done." (Matt. xxvi.) — *Tract Jour.*

NEARLY HOME. — "Almost well, and nearly home," said the dying Baxter, when asked how he was by a friend.

A martyr, when approaching the stake, being questioned as to how he felt, answered:

"Never better; for now I know that I am almost home."

Then, looking over the meadows between him and the place where he was to be immediately burned, he said:

"Only two more stiles to get over, and I am at my Father's house."

"Dying," said the Rev. S. Medley, "is sweet work, sweet work; home, home!"

Another, on his death-bed, said:

"I am going home as fast as I can, and I bless God that I have a good home to go to."

LETTER TO ISAAC ON CHRISTIAN PROGRESS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Spiritual Presence. The views presented in a former letter in relation to silent spiritual influences suggest to my mind some thoughts on the subject of *spiritual presence* when persons are separated bodily. Our Lord says to his disciples, "Lo, I am with you alway." And Paul speaks of being absent in body, yet present in spirit. See 1 Cor. v. 3, 4, 5. I understood how this may be in the case of our Lord, who is a universal Spirit, but in reference to Paul's experience, I have often asked *How is this?* How was he present and absent at the same time? A thought just now presents itself to my mind, explanatory, to some extent, of spiritual presence, when we are separated from each other bodily, which I will suggest for your consideration. This thought involves the doctrine of divine influx, which has its correspondence in the spiritual atmosphere or radiance surrounding a holy person, to which allusions are sometimes made by writers.

For instance, around the head of Christ, as we see represented in drawings of him, are emanations or circles of light, capable of division and extension, and increase of the holy essence or nature of Christ, forming a part of his spiritual body. A portion of these rays or emanations may be thrown off at a great distance by the will-power of man; while a suitable portion is retained, sufficient to substantiate our being within ourselves. The rays of the sun are everywhere diffused; and yet the sun remains, a body of light and heat. So of our spiritual sun, Christ our Lord, "the light of the world." And so of those who represent him in their measure and degree, being fashioned in his likeness.

Thus we perceive how it is possible

that spirit may meet spirit; how a holy thought or emotion may travel, and yet remain at home; how a spiritual, holy person may meet another spiritual, holy person, when far separated bodily.

The thief on the cross said, "Lord, remember me." Happy, thrice happy and blessed is he who so dwells in God as to feel the scintillations of his divine being, the effusion of his divine spirit, passing into his own being, and so filling and overpowering his soul as to have something to impart from this inexhaustible treasury to other beings. Thus the life received from God, outflowing from the soul's centre, may become an outward spiritual glory, and may be diffused by his children from soul to soul.

Influx, in divine order, goes out, and becomes efflux, as in the case of Christ, who breathed on his disciples, and they received the Holy Ghost. This subject, however, is in part a mystery, which we may hope to understand more fully in the future progress of the church.

The Spiritual Body. "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." You will be surprised to receive from me any conception of the spiritual body, so long have we been accustomed to regard the soul of man as a floating vapor, or less tangible,—something having neither form nor symmetry. At the risk of being considered somewhat fanciful and speculative, I will venture the assertion that the natural body is the outgrowth of the spiritual, and both together form one outline and texture, being closely interwoven in the most minute parts, and acting reciprocally and cordially, the one upon the other. The inner or spiritual body being of more delicate texture than the natural body, it is easily overpowered, and clogged in its operations. Hence the necessity of subjecting the flesh or outer man to the control of the inner or spiritual man. Christ subjected the natural man to the spiritual; the human to the divine nature. He ate and

drank, not to pamper the flesh or external man, to the injury of the higher interior nature. By an observance of the laws of our being, and partaking of such quantity and quality of food as will best subserve the health of man, spiritually and physically, the regenerate man will advance from one stage of progress to another, until, ultimately, God's purifying breath will extend over the whole man.

Relations of Man and Woman. Allow me to express to you some thoughts not inappropriate, I trust, to the subject of this letter, regarding the relations of man and woman.

Every one who studies the analogies of nature must have observed that the creations of God everywhere unfold two principles, which, though distinct, still harmonize, namely, the positive and the negative or receptive; in other words, the male and the female. These principles are not more two than they are one. They become one from their own inherent life, and from their mutual adaptation, each to meet the wants of the other. "Neither is the man without the woman, nor the woman without the man in the Lord." In Christ, woman is restored to equal rights and privileges with man. The moral law, and its unfoldings by Christ, make no distinction between man and woman. Woman is alike responsible to God as man. It is through woman, the Christ-nature, which is love, can most effectively or readily operate, woman possessing, by creation, the love-element or power of God, in a greater capacity of fulness than man. Elevate woman to her true position, to co-equality with man, and how greatly is the world blessed through her influence, through her power,—not arbitrary power, but persuasive power; a power incidental to her nature, as God has created her, a love-controlling agency. Thus man is blessed through woman, an help-meet for him from her primeval creation. If the completeness of man may be resolved into any

one principle, it is the principle of love. And who will deny to woman the right of equality, at least, in this fundamental principle of man's renewed and sanctified nature?

New Era. We are witnessing at the present time, as it seems to me, the dawning of a new era. And we may call it, perhaps, the new spiritual era; or, farther unfolding and ripening of man's spiritual nature, whereby he is *sensible* of being allied to spiritual existences. It is on account of this development of man's internal, spiritual nature, that we witness such a rush of spirit manifestations at the present day. The influences, from above and beneath, which have always been operating, to a greater or less extent, are now more clearly perceived. As man is developed in his spiritual, or higher nature, he rises higher, or sinks lower in his moral nature.

Like seeks like. According to man's internal state and choice, are his companions and helpers. How sad is the state of those who yield up their consciousness, their sacred, individual powers of thought and action, which God has given them, as their birthright, to be used by perverse minds! Is not this a perversion of the orderly development of man's spiritual nature? In Christ, who is our perfect model, there was no suspension of normal consciousness, or of the natural operations of the mind. And as appears from the sacred writers, the divine word through them proceeds naturally, by the conscious operations of their own powers of thought and perception, and in the use of their customary language.

There is a power or element in nature, which we call animal magnetism, exhaled from earthly particles; a subtile fluid which enters the system by the numerous pores on the surface of the body, through which evil spirits, who are in association with man, operate in connection with man, on material substances. Thus the ancient sorcerers operated. This differs widely

from that divine influx, or power, or spiritual electricity, which proceeds from God.

The mutual relations and dependencies of mind upon mind, in the body, and out of the body, are but little understood. No man is isolated or separated from other minds or spirits. Like the air we breathe, spirit thought is every where. The spirit world is all around us. And those whose spiritual eyes are opened, as were the Prophet Elijah's, at one time, and John of the Apocalypse, see the spirit world really, as well as feel its influence. There is in reality an inner circle, a world of thought and spirit action, as truly as an external world, visible to the outward man. How important it is to weigh well operating influences, not only external and apparent, as from man to man, but also, all those thoughts and suggestions, which move us to action, and especially when we are placed in peculiar circumstances, or are under the influence of some strong, perhaps, selfish desire, strengthened by an evil, attendant spirit! Among the last words of Christ to his disciples are these: "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." Never were these words more important than at the present time.

If it be true, that man is now being farther developed in his spiritual nature, and consequently coming more in contact with the vast world of spiritual existences, acting with and being acted upon by them, it will follow, as a result, that good and evil will become more positive, less disguised, and thus the separation of good from evil will be more readily effected. Selfishness, or sin, seems now to be working itself out in every human heart. "Hidden things are brought to light." The man of God is now more open in exposing and condemning sin. And this exposure of sin will increase more and more, until all evil is destroyed. "Now," says Christ, "is the judgment of this world." The words of Christ, uttered in the power of the spirit, will prove the sharp sword that slays the wicked. The day of judgment has

a long extension, and is not limited by a rising and a setting sun. It will end only when all sin is destroyed. The judgments which now are, and have been, will continue to be, until sin is removed from God's universe of being. All iniquity is doomed to death,—death everlasting. Sin is punishing itself in every cycle of the world's history. The "plagues of Egypt" bear a close analogy to the "vials of wrath," which John saw poured out. These "judgments" are the evils, which men bring upon themselves, in consequence of sin. John, having a clearer conception, and nearer views of the final results of sin, is more bold, picturesque and denunciatory. The great work to be done in every human heart is to destroy the Babel of Self. Here is found "the mother of all the abominations of the earth."

I must now close. The subject of my letter is a vast one, and reaches far into the original structure of man, or into his new creation in Christ Jesus. It can only be comprehended experimentally. I think we shall find the main thoughts here presented substantiated by the written word. If otherwise, let them be at once rejected.

In the farther development of man's interior spiritual being, may we not hope that we see the dawning of the "seventh prophetic day,"—the sabbath-day rest of the soul, when that life, which is evil, and estranged from God, shall be "bound with everlasting chains"?

The church has been living in the outer court of the temple. And if now invited to come into the "holy of holies," where she will see the glory of the Lord reflected from her own interior being, let her not delay to come.

Blessed is he that overcometh. His heart shall be the temple of the living God, and he shall feast on his love forever and ever. While he is made partaker of the sufferings of Christ, in behalf of fallen humanity, he will also be made partaker of the joy of Christ, in union with the Father.

GOD FOREVER LIVING.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!

Our God is good; in every place

His love is known, his help is found;

His mighty arm and tender grace

Bring good from ills that hem us round.

Easier than we think can he

Turn to joy our agony;

Soul, remember, 'mid thy pains,

God o'er all forever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!

Scarcely canst thou bear thy cross? Then fly

To him where only rest is sweet;

Thy God is great, his mercy nigh;

His strength upholds the tottering feet.

Trust him, for his grace is sure;

Ever doth his truth endure;

Soul, forget not, in thy pains,

God o'er all forever reigns.

God liveth ever!

O, my soul, despair thou never!

When sins and follies, long forgot,

Upon thy tortured conscience prey,

O! come to God, and fear him not;

His love shall sweep them all away.

Pains of hell, at look of his,

Change to calm, content and bliss.

Soul, forget not, in thy pain,

God o'er all doth ever reign.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!

Those whom the thoughtless world forsakes,

Who stand bewildered with their woe,

God gently to his bosom takes,

And bids them all his fulness know.

In thy sorrows' swelling flood

Own his hand who seeks thy good.

Soul, forget not, in thy pains,

God o'er all forever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!

Let earth and heaven, outworn with age,

Sink to the chaos whence they came;

Let angry foes against us rage,

Let hell shoot forth his fiercest flame;

Fear not Death, nor Satan's thrusts;

God defends who in him trusts;

Soul, remember, in thy pains,

God o'er all forever reigns.

God liveth ever!

Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!

What though thou tread with bleeding feet

A thorny path of grief and gloom,

Thy God will choose the way most meet

To lead thee heavenwards, lead thee home.

For this life's long night of eadness

He will give thee peace and gladness.

Soul, forget not, in thy pains,

God o'er all forever reigns.

— *Lyra Germanica.*

"THE BIBLE IN MY TRUNK."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL teachers will find it no easy task to persuade their pupils that a firm adherence to principle is consistent with modesty and deference to others. To do what we honestly believe to be *right*, under the circumstances in which we are placed, is the obvious path of duty and safety. "The fear of man bringeth a snare." No one knows what use a wise Providence may make of a very trivial incident, and hence it is never safe to omit what an enlightened conscience prompts us to do.

A few evenings ago I was present at a tea-table where the conversation turned upon praying "before folks;" some of the party contending that where two travellers chanced to lodge in the same room for a night it would look pharisaical for one or the other to kneel down and "say his prayers" in the presence of the other; while the other party defended the propriety of it, and asserted it to be a duty. As an illustration, an incident was related where the two members of the Church — at home good enough men in their neighbors' esteem — both got into bed prayerless, for fear of praying before the others' eyes. This conversation, which was very interesting, and in the course of which many striking illustrations were brought up to prove the healthy example of never neglecting prayer, led a minister present to relate the following anecdote, which we think worthy of preservation; and perhaps it may do some good: —

"When I was a young man," said the minister, "I was a clerk in Boston. Two of my room-mates at my boarding house were also clerks, about my own age, which

was eighteen. The first Sabbath morning, during the three or four long hours that elapsed for getting up, to bell-ringing for church, I felt a secret desire to get a Bible, which my mother had given me, out of my trunk, and read in it. But I was afraid to do so before my room-mates, who were reading some miscellaneous books. At length my conscience got the mastery, and I rose up and went to my trunk. I had half raised it, when the thought occurred to me that it might look like over-sanctity and pharisaical; so I shut my trunk and returned to the window. For twenty minutes I was miserably ill at ease, I felt I was doing wrong. I started a second time for my trunk, and had my hand upon the little Bible, when the fear of being laughed at conquered the better emotion, and I again dropped the top of the trunk. As I turned away from it, one of my two room-mates, who observed my irresolute movements, said, laughingly:—

“‘I say,——, what’s the matter? You seem as restless as a weathercock!’

“‘I replied by laughing in my turn; and then, conceiving the truth to be the best, frankly told them both what was the matter.

“‘To my surprise and delight, they both averred that they had Bibles in their trunks, and both had been secretly wishing to read in them, but were afraid to take them out, lest I should laugh at them.

“‘Then,’ said I, ‘let us agree to read them every Sabbath, and we shall have the laugh all at one side.’

“‘To this there was a hearty response, and the next moment the three Bibles were out; and I assure you we all felt happier all that day for reading in them that morning.

“‘The following Sabbath, about ten o’clock, while we were each reading our chapters, two of our fellow-boarders from another room came in. When they saw how we were engaged, they stared, and then exclaimed:—

“‘What is all this? A conventicle?’

“‘In reply, I related to them exactly how the matter stood: my struggle to get my Bible from the trunk, and how we three, having found we had all been afraid of each other without cause, had now agreed to read every Sabbath.

“‘Not a bad idea,’ answered one of them. ‘You have more courage than I have. I have a Bible, too, but have not looked into it since I have been in Boston! But I’ll read it after this, since you have broken the ice.’

“‘The other then asked one of us to read aloud, and both sat and quietly listened till the bell rang for church.

“‘That evening, we three in the same room agreed to have a chapter read every night, by one or the other of us, at nine o’clock; and we religiously adhered to our purpose. A few evenings after this resolution, four or five of the boarders (for there were sixteen clerks boarding in the house) happened to be in our room talking when the nine o’clock bell rang. One of my room-mates, looking at me, opened the Bible. The others looked inquiringly. I then explained our custom.

“‘We’ll all stay and listen,’ they said, almost unanimously.

“‘The result was, that, without an exception, every one of the sixteen clerks spent his Sabbath morning in reading in the Bible, and the moral effect upon our household was of the highest character. I relate this incident,” concluded the minister, “to show what influence one person, even a youth, may exert for evil or good. No man should ever be afraid to do his duty. A hundred hearts may throb to act right that only await a leader. I forgot to add that we were all called the ‘Bible clerks!’ All these youths are now useful and Christian men, and more than one is laboring in the ministry.”

— *Bible Class Magazine.*

Integrity and uprightness will preserve us, and will clear themselves as the light of the morning.

NEWS FROM ENGLAND.

Purchased Inheritance. — Mansion Daguerreotyped. — "Sweet Mary," gem in the crown of Jesus. — Jesus *all in all*. — Madely. — Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher. — Our lady hostess. — When converted. — Mrs. Fletcher and the barn. — Concourse and lamentations at her funeral. — Remarkable token of the estimation in which she was held in Madely. — Visit to the Parish Church. — Vicarage. — Mr. Fletcher's desk. — Chamber where he died. — Valued relics. — Mrs. Fletcher's cap, band, and hood.

MADELY, Jan. 16, 1862.

DARLING SISTER: — Yours of December 31 reached us this morning; so you can know just how long it takes a letter to wing its way over the sea.

But how rapid are the approaches to that land where there is no more sea. In our blessed service last evening we sung,—

"And when to that blessed world I rise,
And claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then this shall be my plea,
Jesus hath loved and died for me."

The words never seemed so wondrously, joyously sweet. Think of a mansion made ours by the right of *inheritance*! purchased at an infinite price, in that world where death cannot enter, and partings are unknown. Did I tell you of the glorious view I had of my mansion several months ago?

I had just been saying to a beloved father in Israel, — Father Gates, — "Good-night; I expect to visit you in your heavenly mansion, high on the eternal hills!" I turned away, and ascended the flight of stairs leading to our room, when suddenly the slight veil separating the terrestrial from the celestial was drawn aside, and there, "high on the eternal hills," I beheld the mansion purchased for me by the blood of Jesus. I cannot describe it. Paul said he saw things unutterable, and this is not the first time that the veil of mortality has been partially removed, and such a glimpse of God and glory has been revealed as could not be uttered in human language. But you will not wonder when I tell you

that the view I then received of the mansion which I soon expect to enter, and through Jesus claim eternally my own, has since been an ever-present realization. It seems so *daguerreotyped* on my heart that the words of our precious Forerunner, "I go to prepare a place for you," possess a vitality beyond what they ever did before. How truly may we sing,—

"There is my house and portion fair;
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my eternal home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come."

Did I tell you in my last of a precious little book which we have just given to the world? It is an account of a lovely spiritual child who within the past year has entered the heavens. The book is beautifully got up, and entitled, "*Sweet Mary*." Thus far it has had a rapid sale; over a thousand were called for in three days after its issue. Sweet Mary used to say, when in health, "I shall be a star in your crown." But before her departure, Jesus revealed himself so fully to her as her *all in all*, that she seemed to lose sight of the mere channel through which grace had been communicated, and, only looking to the great Source, exclaimed, again and again, "I am going to be a gem in the crown of Jesus!" "*It is all praise to Jesus!*" was her oft-repeated expression in her letters to me, as she drew near the close of her short career, and now it stands as the motto on the title-page, — "It is all praise to Jesus."

And thus, doubtless, will it be with us all, as we lose ourselves more fully in God. While we dearly love the channel through which grace is communicated, the vision of the mind will be filled with *Jesus*. "'Tis Jesus, the first and the last, whose spirit shall guide us safe through."

"We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come."

Nothing can express the feelings of the present more fully than the prayers of the poet,—

“O, could I lose myself in thee,
The depth of mercy prove,
Thou vast unfathomable sea
Of everlasting love!”

You will observe by our address that we are now at *Madely*. The name of the place will awaken feelings of no common interest. Here the holy Fletcher served his generation according to the will of God, during the most of the period of his ministry, and it was here, also, he brought that mother in Israel, of whom, before his marriage, he said to a friend, “He was going to marry a wife; not so much a wife for himself, as a mother for his people.”

And such she proved to be, in an extraordinary way, for many long years after he had passed over the boundaries of time. Seldom, I presume, has there been a more striking verification of the passage, “The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance,” than in the manner in which the memory of the sainted Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher is regarded in this community. The piety of the place seems permeated with the sweet perfume of their self-sacrificing labors.

Their godly example, and incidents occurring during the period of their ministry, are in lively remembrance and on many lips, as if it were but a dozen years since they passed away, instead of its being over half a century. Some are still living who were Mr. Fletcher's parishioners. I conversed with an aged veteran of the cross in the chapel vestry night before last, who in his younger days sat under the ministry of the sainted Fletcher. But there are many who personally knew Mrs. Fletcher. Our lady hostess used to attend her meetings, and experienced religion in the room adjoining the vicarage, which had been many

years a barn, but was fitted up for divine worship.

It was here that the excellent Mrs. Fletcher so long exercised her ministry. The Wesleyans and the members of the church of England were one body in those days of Fletcher, and in respect and love to Mrs. Fletcher, continued to be so during the thirty years which succeeded Mr. Fletcher's death. We have all read the touching particulars that Mrs. Fletcher gives of the funeral obsequies of her lamented husband, but the circumstances of her own death and burial were no less affecting, and seem to have attracted quite as much, if not more, public attention.

Our venerable hostess and others have given us some description of the scene. Says one, “Her usefulness was far beyond any calculation. How great a number, under God, owe their conversion to her, can never be known till the day of eternity.”

During the week she lay unburied, and thousands came from many parts to take a last look at her dear remains; and many, while gazing with streaming tears, mentioned many words which had been spoken by her. She was buried from the *Madely* parish church.

Perhaps there are few things that will suggest the estimation in which she was held by the *Madely* community more fully than to say, that during the thirty years she survived Mr. Fletcher, she retained the use of the Parish Vicarage; and the choice of the vicar, who should fill her husband's place, was submitted to her.

And now I must hasten to close this part of my letter, leaving the particulars of our visit to the parish church, and also the house in which they lived, and other interesting reminiscences, for a future communication. But will you not be interested when I tell you that I have written on the veritable desk on which Fletcher wrote; been in the chamber

from whence those gusts of praise ascended, just before his spirit was caught up to the skies; have walked the corridor through which his parishioners walked, as they took the last gaze of their expiring pastor; looked out of the window at which the sad, new-made widow looked, when she saw grave-diggers preparing the place for the remains of her beloved; and have also received several much-valued relics of Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, such as a book from Mr. Fletcher's library, with tracings of his pen; a cap and band, worn by Mrs. Fletcher, also a hood worn by her, such as you see in her picture, and a lock of her hair, &c.? — all of which our dear ones at home, will, I am sure, take much pleasure in seeing. The present vicar of Madely is a man of similar stamp to his predecessor of a century since.

Had Dr. P. and myself been his own brother and sister from America, he could scarcely have manifested more affectionate assiduity in pointing out everything with which he thought we might be interested in and about the church and vicarage.

We were surprised to find he had read "Way of Holiness," "Faith and its Effects," "Promise of the Father," &c. He has since called on us, and I imagine that could the vicar of a century since again have been with us, he could hardly have poured out more earnest and fervent benedictions on us and our labors. And now, last, though not least, I must tell of our work for Jesus in this place. Very remarkable, indeed, have been the manifestations of God's saving power.

Said a local preacher, while pouring out his soul in the prayer meeting on Sabbath evening, "Lord, we have long been praying for a revival in Madely, but we have not thought of such a revival as this. Thou hast given us above all we could ask and think." You will wonder at the stupendous mercy of God, and will, I am sure, give all the glory to

the Captain of Israel's hosts, when I tell you that, during the past two weeks since we commenced our labors in the Madely and Madely Wood chapels, hundreds have sought and obtained salvation. We have heard the prayer again and again presented, that every *house* and every heart in Madely and the regions round about may receive a special visitation. The prayer has been presented in *faith*, and doubtless stands recorded in the name of Jesus. We dare not doubt but it is being answered; the results seem to warrant the conclusion. Madely is a town of but a few thousand inhabitants. Every night the chapel is densely filled, and I do not doubt many are unable to get in, as it is crowded before the time of service.

We know, and the secretaries also tell us, that they have not been able to get all the names of those who, as seekers, have crowded the altar of prayer night after night; but thus far the names of five hundred and fifty-eight have been recorded. Surely, God is fulfilling his promise yet more and more gloriously, given to us when we first landed on these shores. "Call unto me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not."

People are coming to the services from many miles around. Some are here from Banbury, others have been here from Birmingham. Last evening I was conversing with a lady who, with tears and sighs, was pleading for mercy; while pointing her to the Lamb of God, she was enabled to rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. I was much interested in her, and as she left, I asked where she lived; saying, I would like to name and have your residence that I may bear you on my heart as a precious memorial before God, when far away in my native land.

She gave me those items, and I found she had come seven miles. It is common for persons to come in companies from two to three and five miles.

Ever your attached Sister,
PHEBE PALMER.

THE CONTENTED CRIPPLE.

"I SAW in Killis," says Dr. Dwight, "a poor cripple, who had been brought there lately from a place in the Taurus Mountains, and who was rejoicing in the hope of the gospel. The hovel that he was in would not have been considered fit for animals in America. It was built of mud, had only the ground for a floor, and a single, low room. He was lying on his back, with nothing under him but a piece of coarse hair bagging, and his head was supported by a very small and thin straw pillow, resting upon a pile of stones. He was covered with rags and filth, and his bodily infirmities excited our deepest pity. His bony hands were drawn firmly together, so that he could by no means open them, and his elbows were quite stiff. The flesh was gone from both hands and arms, and I presume, in a great measure, from his whole body. If ever there was in this world an object of pity, that man was such an object. And yet, from the time we entered the room until we left it, he never uttered one word of complaint, never even spoke of his pains and sufferings, or of his poverty; but his whole conversation and his whole appearance were those of a most perfectly contented, cheerful, and happy man. For *twenty years* he has been in this crippled condition, unable to move his limbs; and before that he was a robber, and lived by his own wickedness.

"Four years ago, while in his mountain village, he first heard of the Protestants. Afterward, some copies of the New Testament found their way to his village, and one of them was read from in his hearing. A native Protestant first explained to him the gospel way of salvation; and two years ago he thinks he received by faith the Lord Jesus Christ, and ever since he has been filled with peace and joy.

"Many a king and emperor might well

envy him his lot. Within the last year, notwithstanding all the discouragements of his condition, he has actually learned to read, and now he keeps the New Testament by his side, and from time to time comforts his desolate heart by reading from its sacred pages. He appears to be somewhat over fifty years of age. Truly, here is a miracle of grace. I asked him if he felt that his sins were forgiven. 'Yes,' said he, 'by the grace of God our Saviour, Jesus Christ, I have found peace. I have no hope in anything else but Christ, but through him I have peace and joy.' He said he had no fear of death left, but was ready to depart whenever it should be God's will. I asked particularly about the terms on which the sinner can be admitted to heaven. Said he: 'It is all by the free grace of God. Nothing that the sinner can do can ever avail to purchase pardon and eternal life. Even if he were to collect a heap of silver as high as from earth to heaven it would all avail nothing.'

"O, what power there is in the Gospel of Christ to enlighten and transform so dark a mind, and to put hope, and life, and peace, into such a soul! A few years ago he was an ignorant, degraded, hardened, and abandoned wretch. And now, if anybody were to look into his hovel, and see him drawn up and withered by disease, and often racked with pain, lying neglected upon the hard ground, he would feel that he was the most miserable of all human beings. And yet there are few happier men in this wide world."—*Methodist New Connection Magazine.*

"O, I wish I were a Christian!" says one, and yet obey God he will not. This is all one, as desiring that he might both obey and disobey God at the same time. If any one would be a Christian, he has only to give up his own will, and let his Maker direct his course.

TUESDAY MEETING.

54 RIVINGTON STREET.

ASSEMBLED, as usual, in this peaceful spot, which a minister, the week before, called the pool of Bethesda. Rev. Mr. Elliot opened the meeting. Several short portions of Scripture he read; singing and prayer followed; and then Mr. E. related his own sweet, clear experience, in which he contrasted his present spiritual state with his past experience; his present certainty in the service of God, in the deep consciousness that he was led by the Holy Spirit. He had truly enjoyed more in the past three weeks than in all his previous Christian life.

A diffident, exemplary sister poured forth her sweet effusions of holy confidence and happiness. She now rejoices in being recognized *every where* as a child of God, and loves him with all her heart. She used to think, as she did not profess much, people would not expect much from her; but now she glories in her responsibility, all through grace.

Another said, "At a camp meeting, some years ago, in the closing love-feast, I heard a presiding elder caution the people about making a *loud* profession. Our good old sister Harper rose, and, with thrilling power, exclaimed, —

"O for a trumpet voice!
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all."

"I have made a loud profession for many years. I long to stand on some mountain top, and proclaim Jesus as my precious Saviour.

"Fain would I sound it out so loud
That heaven and earth might hear."

"I like to stand committed before the world. I love the precious Bible. For two days past my soul has been sweetly feeding on a part of the 36th Ps, 7-9: 'How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! Therefore the children of men

put their trust under the shadow of thy wings. They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and Thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures. For with Thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light.' " *

Another good sister rose, with a beaming countenance, and said that psalm had lately been a great blessing to her. She was desiring to write to her husband, who is away at the war, and knew not what to say, as he is irreligious, and he thought she was always writing religion to him. But she thought she would look into the Bible, and see how that would guide her. She opened to the 36th psalm, and was greatly helped. She said, "Yes, Lord, thou wilt help me." To her great encouragement, her husband wrote back most kindly, and said her Bible had a heart. She indulges strong faith that her husband will yet be converted.

It was indeed a season when the overshadowing of the Most High was sensibly felt. A minister, who is habitual in his attendance, alluded to the meeting for holiness, held at the same hour, in Philadelphia. He said, a few years ago, a sister, who was usually present, being hindered by illness, wrote a note, in which she gave her testimony to the loving kindness of the Lord. Her sense of security was expressed somewhat on this wise: "Lay a kernel of wheat in the palm of the hand, and close the fingers tightly upon it, and let the whole be enclosed by another and yet another hand. So," said she, "am I hid in the Almighty hand."

Many rose for prayer; and some, we know, believed and entered into rest.

We can hardly select one meeting in the month as more precious and useful than the other. Strangers and citizens find it a place of strength and blessing, — so many have told us. The one concentrated thought and desire to be holy and

* "He who controls the fountain will supply the stream."

pure, seems to fill all minds, and stray subjects do not find much place at these seasons.

THE TESTIMONY OF AN INVALID.

I HAVE enjoyed much of the divine presence since I saw you,—more than ever before,—such deep teachings, and opening of the word of God, and application of its truths, as I cannot describe.

I have realized the office of the Holy Spirit, not only to lead into all truth, but to show us things to come, according to the words of Jesus: "I have told you these things before they come to pass, that when they come to pass ye might believe them." These instructions have been just when I have needed them, accompanied with such a powerful sense of God's presence that it was truly awful as well as glorious.

My mind is so absorbed with God, and his communications, that I can hardly bear to occupy myself, in any measure, with earthly things. As I have not had the privilege of hearing much preaching for years, God gives me a text; and then explains, enlarges, and enforces it. Last Sabbath it was, "Whosoever will do the will of God, the same is my brother, sister, and mother." "How I felt this all day! The Tuesday meeting in the "Guide," is delightful. I can almost fancy myself there, hearing the testimonies, especially on rainy days. Give in mine in favor of the blessed Jesus who loves me to the uttermost. It is a place I always longed to visit; but I shall join in the company around the throne, who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb. And methinks I will not then be unacquainted with those who have in that meeting testified to the full salvation purchased by the blood of Christ.

Tell them I will stand in my lot, which is, to do the work which God gives me to do each day *just where I am*, without a thought

of going any where else, even to a neighbor's house. I still have my little scholars at my bed-side. God not only strengthens me, but is *my strength*.

Yours, in Christ,

E. H.

HE STIRRED MY NEST.

"As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him," &c. — *Deut. xxxii. 11, 12.*

CALMLY reposing in my downy nest,
I had forgotten earth is not my rest,—
Until, *disturbed*, I saw a gracious hand
Point upward to a brighter, happier land.

He stirred my nest,—then, fluttering o'er my head,

I saw His radiant wings benignly spread,—
To bear me up from earthly scenes on high,
To purer regions and a cloudless sky.

'Twas hard to find *no foothold 'neath the sun*,
But soon I found *my life of bliss begun!*
A world of unseen joys, untold delight,
Revealed its glories to my raptured sight!

My broken nest forsaken,—on those wings
Upborne, my spirit mounts, and sweetly sings;
Victorious over all her foes she soars,
And glorious unknown realms of light explores!

I had slept on, nor ever felt or known
The perfect bliss of loving God alone,—
Of being borne upon His wings on high,
Had He not taught me thus to rise and fly.

Had not my *nest been stirred*, and sorrows deep,
And grief and pain disturbed my carnal sleep,—
I had not known this pure, heart-felt delight,
'Twas love, unbounded love, that forced my flight!

O, now a wide expanse, boundless, sublime,
Stretches before my sight, and earth and time
Seem but a point, a bubble on the stream,—
While on my soul celestial glories beam!

O'erwhelmed with wondering joy, and filled
with praise,
I now exult in grateful, ceaseless lays
To Him whose love amazing stooped to me,
And stirred my nest, and set my spirit free.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it tends the life and guides the heart.
—Young.

The Guide to Holiness.

APRIL, 1862.

THE GUIDE AND SLAVERY.

A RECENT correspondent, writing us on business, says: "I am informed that the *Guide* is pledged to say nothing on the subject of slavery." We should have been satisfied with a simple denial of the charge to the party addressing us, were it not that a word dropped here and there in the numberless communications that come to our office, convinces us that an enemy has sought to prejudice us in the public mind in this day of trouble and darkness. We leave them and their motives with Him that judgeth. To the public, we deem it due to ourselves to say that, as far as we know, the *Guide* was never pledged in its course to any mortal man. It originated in the desire and design of spreading *Holiness* throughout the land; of communicating, by the light of experience and doctrine, chiefly the former, the instincts of a higher life to those who seldom hear such teachings, and who are yearning after the deep things of God. If fervent prayer for its success in this direction, and a consecration of talent and energy to the accomplishment of this work, constitute a pledge, then the *Guide* is pledged,—not to man, however, but to Him whose Spirit suggested the design. Nor is it a pledge to ignore any sin, but to make it breathe as much as possible the influence of a higher life. It may be asked, however, if this be the case, why has the *Guide* been silent on the subject which at present so universally engrosses public attention.

We answer, for the same reason that it is silent on the subject of temperance, moral reform, secret societies, and other forms of real or imaginary evil. Not that we feel no interest in the suppression of these things, but our scope will not admit their discussion. There is no denomination that has not its church organs. These are taken by nearly if not every enlightened Christian family. They are issued frequently, and their mission is not merely to defend their distinctive denominational tenets, but to guard the membership and world against the particular vices of the age, discussing freely points of a questionable character, thus affording aid in reaching a nice discrimination, and furnishing such details of progress as are needed for enlightened Christian action. To make the columns of the *Guide* an arena for heated controversy would be to quench the spirit which it seeks to promote; while to fill it with details of moral reform associations would be to defeat the very end for which it is published. Issued monthly, and of but limited size, it will hardly become a power

in the church if its columns are diverted from its distinctive mission. Our magazine is not a substitute for the religious newspaper, but a companion, performing its peculiar though equally important work. While one holds up some particular form of sin, enlisting the energies of the church in its suppression, the other would enter the quiet precincts of each individual heart, and array man against himself, pointing to the great and effectual Conqueror. While one echoes the clashing of arms on the great battle-field of life, the other gives utterance to those secret though potent influences which are at work in the closet. In saying this we do not intend any invidious comparison. Each is an important agency accomplishing that for which it was designed. In the great battle with Amelick, Israel needed warriors to fight her battles; but equally valuable were the Aarons and the Hurs that stayed up the hands on which the victory depended.

The selfish motives that prompted the insinuation to which we have referred are too palpable to require even comment here. In seasons of general excitement, however, like the one through which we are now passing, such an insinuation has double weight, and silence tends to confirm the unjust suspicion. To take away all ground of cavil, therefore, and to disabuse the minds of those who may be tempted to believe our sympathies on the wrong side, we embrace the occasion to say, once for all, that we heartily endorse the action of our government in its present efforts to put down what appears to us one of the most outrageous, causeless, and wicked rebellions that ever disgraced a nation. Nor have we ever had but one mind in regard to the system of oppression that has given rise to it; a system which legalizes the violation of the plainest enactments of God's law, and which bears as its legitimate fruit, ignorance, lust, cruelty, avarice, not to add others sins equally obnoxious, can not be otherwise than evil. How to get rid of that evil is another question,—one which we doubt not has agitated the hearts and perplexed the minds of millions, South as well as North. When wise heads fail, we may with safety confess ourselves incapable of solving the difficulty. We believe it to be one of those straits in public affairs, when, if the Lord undertake not for us, we labor in vain. Every thing in Providence seems to drive us to that conclusion, but we are slow in reaching it. Our Clays, and Websters, and Calhouns, and other wise men of which the country once boasted, have been removed from the national councils, and men with powers not yet developed to an extent that claims universal homage, have been substituted in their place. God would have us understand that he is our only reliance in coping with the difficulty. We believe that in the mighty overturning now in progress God is working out his purposes, and whichever way the current of victory goes, it will result in the advancement of human prog-

ress and human happiness. Let us, then, beloved, stand still and see the salvation of God. Stand *still*, not in the sense of inactivity, but of quiet *trust*. To our mind, the danger lies not on the side of inaction, but in yielding our faith, and letting go our hold of God. No one finds it difficult in these times to denounce slavery, and abuse its upholders, and clamor for the blood of rebels, but very many find that it requires great firmness and perseverance, amid these outward excitements, to keep the soul perfectly poised in God. We speak of Southerners as enemies. In their present hostile attitude, perhaps, we can call them by no other name. Remember, then, the words of the Lord Jesus, when he said, Love your enemies; pray for them which despitefully use you, etc. Remember, also, that every man that lives on Southern soil is not a *rebel*. Some of the richest plants of grace are to be found in that very section, — the Lord's little ones whose lives are hid with Christ in God. The surrounding darkness, perhaps, makes these stars to shine with brighter lustre; but if diamonds of the first water are not to be found among Southern Christians, we know not the laws of God. No one can charge us with saying these things for effect. We now have no circulation at the South, nor do we expect any. Our simple aim is to lead to thoughtful discrimination. We would enjoin a hearty support of the government in its efforts to suppress rebellion both with our substance and our prayers; let us be dutiful subjects, but let us not forget those higher teachings which make love the fulfilling of the law. Love, beloved, — love is what *we* plead for. We leave it to others to pander to the spirit of hate.

OUR HOPE IN THE PRESENT STRUGGLE.

WE have great hope in the successful issue of the present struggle. That hope is based, not on victories won, nor on superiority in either number or means, but on the justness of our cause, and the spirit of prayer which it has awakened. When we say that we look upon the rebellion as a wicked attempt to overthrow one of the best of governments, — a government pre-eminently the child of Providence, — and that we enter upon the work of resisting it as a parent would oppose the waywardness of an obstinate child, we believe we speak the sentiment of an undivided North. The stern conviction that justice, and virtue, and law, are threatened and must be vindicated, has called out exhibitions of Christian self-denial and patriotism, which, when known, cannot fail to excite the admiration of even our enemies. But this is not all. The important issues at stake have driven men to their knees. Individuals, known to us heretofore only as political and military leaders, have exhibited an example in this regard truly refreshing. Beginning with the hero of Fort Sumter, who, both before and since the capture of that post, has put the infi-

delity of the age to the blush by his devout expressions of dependence on, and gratitude for, the intervention of a higher power, we see the same spirit manifested in each successive stage of our progress by those called into more immediate action. The President, as he leaves his quiet home to enter upon the trying duties of the exalted position to which he had been raised by the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, is not ashamed, in parting with his neighbors, to implore their intercessions at the mercy-seat. And the noble McClellan, to whom has been committed a responsibility seldom conferred on so youthful a commander, before he dares assume the trust, unites with his pastor in commending in fervent, protracted prayer, both himself and his country to Him whose humble disciple he professes to be. The victory at Beaufort was achieved by a gallant officer of our navy (Dupont), who is spoken of by those who know him as a pattern of Christian integrity. And in the more recent capture of Fort Henry, we have another Christian hero. The special correspondent of one of our leading journals thus refers to Commodore Foote, commanding the union forces on that occasion: —

"He has now shown that he is an able commander, — not only able to plan, but to execute. Aside from all these qualities of character, he is not afraid to have all men know that he recognizes his obligation to his Divine Maker. A gentleman remarked to him that he was getting nervous, and was afraid he did not sleep well. 'I never slept better in my life than night before last, and I never prayed more fervently than on yesterday morning; but I couldn't sleep last night for thinking of those poor fellows on the Essex,' was the reply. No wonder that under such a commander the victory is ours."

Coupled with the instances above given, we take pleasure in recording the following extract of a letter from the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, showing the spirit which seems to animate every department of government at the present time. Writing to the editor of the New York Tribune, Mr. Stanton says: —

"Much has recently been said of military combinations and organizing victory. I hear such praises with apprehension. They commenced in infidel France with the Italian campaign, and resulted in Waterloo. Who can organize victory? Who can combine the elements of success on the battle-field? We owe our recent victories to the Spirit of the Lord, that moved our soldiers to rush into battle, and filled the hearts of our enemies with terror and dismay. The inspiration that conquered in battle was in the hearts of our soldiers, and from on high; and wherever there is the same inspiration there will be the same results. Patriotic spirit, with resolute courage in officers and men, is a military combination that never failed."

Leaving those occupying exalted positions, we see the same spirit manifest, though often in an intensified form, among those moving in an hum-

ble sphere. We doubt whether an occasion ever existed that has called forth such pleadings in the closet, at the family altar, and in the pulpit, as the present war. It has been the *burden* of every prayer; and that prayer has been, not for vengeance on our foes, not for national glory or aggrandizement, but that as each successive blow is given it may suffice to open the eyes of the erring, and stay the progress of death. We believe that God will hear his people, and that the painful tidings which we now daily hear of battles fought and numbers killed and wounded, will speedily give way to the return of peace and prosperity. May God hasten it in his time!

CABINET.

THE FULNESS OF EVANGELICAL TRUTH IN THE FIFTY-FIRST PSALM.

THE New Testament, doubtless, far exceeds the Old, in the completeness of its statements of God's will to man. The truth which the one sets forth generally by types and shadows, the other clearly reveals.

But it is plain to us, that holy men of old, walking humbly with God, and seeking to know and do his whole will, came much nearer the evangelical standard, in their knowledge and experience, than is generally supposed.

Enoch is an example. His prophetic vision pierced the whole gospel period to the second coming of Christ — (Jude 14th verse); and his attainments in grace reached the standard of habitually walking with God and pleasing him, the witness of this divine fellowship being given him on earth, and confirmed by a translation to heaven.

Abraham is another example. Being the "Friend of God," and "The Father of such as believe," his knowledge of the way of salvation through the blood of Christ and his experience of the inward grace which it secures, must have been clear and abundant.

Taking the psalm which we propose to consider, as an exponent of David's mind and heart at the time it was penned, he was far from being "a babe in Christ," either in knowledge or grace. It is true, and worthy of remark, that the expressions it contains receive much of their importance and interest to us from the light which the New Testament teaching throws upon them; but the readers of the psalm of old may have received much of this light from the personal application of the Holy Spirit to their hearts. A particular examination of its statements may show this.

The doctrine of native depravity is here clearly recognized. "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me," verse 5. He was assured that he had not only slid into sin

from a native proclivity thereto, but had inherited iniquity from his mother. Yet he does not state this fact to prove his innocence, nor to plead exemption from the divine displeasure; for he as fully affirms, —

The doctrine of actual sin. "I acknowledge my transgression; and my sin is ever before me," verse 3.

The confession of sin as a means of forgiveness is here plainly taught. "I acknowledge my transgression." He was not content with believing this humiliating truth, but he confessed it, to declare before men to the glory of God the grounds of expected pardon. And, as the prompter of confession,

Penitence is held up to view in a striking manner. The Psalmist says: "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise," verse 17.

And further, with regard to the foundation of his hope, he makes mention of

The mercy of God. "Have mercy upon me, O God," verse 1. There is no direct teaching here of the mercy of God through the atoning blood of Christ. But there is a plain reference to this essential truth in the connection. In the seventh verse the Psalmist says: "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean." The ceremonial purification was by blood sprinkled upon the unclean person by the use of hyssop. He expected this divine mercy through the Lamb of God, whose blood was thus symbolized at the Jewish altar.

The pardon of sin is expected through this mercy of God, — "Blot out my transgressions," verse 1. But

The renewal of the heart is also fully apprehended, as a needed addition to the blessing of justification. The stimulating cause of offending God's holy law — the impure condition of the heart — must be removed. Hence the prayer, "Cleanse me from my sin," verse 2: "Renew a right spirit within me." The frequent recurrence of like expressions, and their fullness, leads us to believe that this psalm teaches, —

The entire sanctification of the believer. "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity." "Create in me a clean heart." The prayer is for a washing which shall make the soul "whiter than snow," verse 7.

Since there is a reference, in this connection, as above noticed, to the blood of Christ, and since the New Testament most certainly teaches that his blood cleanses from all unrighteousness, to us, at least, it speaks of this great privilege. Nothing short of a "clean heart," where "perfect love" reigns, in which dwells "all the fullness of God," should satisfy us; and we doubt whether the Psalmist prayed for less than this. Still further, with regard to the teachings of this psalm, we notice that

The agency of the Holy Ghost in the purification of the heart is implied. "Take not thy Holy Spirit from me," (verse 11), for how, then, can I have a

clean heart? Rather "uphold me with thy free Spirit," and I shall stand in the snow-like whiteness of redeeming love.

The inward fruit of purification is taught. "Make me to hear joy and gladness." "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation." It is peace in believing, and joy in the Holy Ghost, that pardon and sanctification secure, and this all God's children of old even, were taught to expect.

The outward fruit, too, is set forth in the declaration that, "Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee," and "my mouth shall show forth thy praise." As we are, in this most evangelical psalm, taught that salvation is of the mercy of God through the cleansing efficacy of blood, so we are reminded that it becomes us to speak of this grace to the glory of him who hath saved us.

NONE BUT JESUS.

"There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."—*Acts iv. 12.*

THIS truth is illustrated in all special revivals. How fruitless are all the efforts of the awakened sinner to throw the burden of sin from his sorrowing heart until he comes to Christ! It is strikingly shown in the case of Roman Catholics, under the conversions of the Holy Spirit, who first try the forms and penances of their own church. The following is an instance, in point, which occurred during the recent work of grace in Ireland:—

A woman, "who was a sinner," was powerfully awakened. Her sorrow, at first deep, continued so to increase for several weeks that it became insupportable. To obtain relief, she had recourse to every Popish expedient, but in vain. In her anguish she exclaimed, at last, "I will go to God Almighty." Turning from her Romish friends, she sought the society and counsel of Protestant Christians. With them she attended social meetings for prayer, and caught eagerly every word of instruction; she began soon "to see men as trees walking." Christ and his salvation shone faintly through her moral darkness. One day, while in an agony of prayer, she lifted up her voice and heart to Christ alone. Her soul at once bounded into the liberty of God's people; her joy knew no limits. "None but Jesus, none but Jesus," was her constant cry. She became an active member of the Presbyterian church.

THE MATERIAL AND THE DIVINE BREAD.

"Man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live."—*Deut. viii. 3; Matt. iv. 4.*

MOSES, in this connection, speaking for God, says he led the children of Israel through the great and terrible wilderness, suffering them to hunger and thirst, and to be weary, to prove them, to know what was in their hearts. When this disciplining trial had sufficed, he gave them

extraordinary supplies,—bread from heaven, and water from "the rock of flint," and raiment which waxed not old. The first lesson of the divine teaching was the importance of *spiritual* bread obtained through humility and trust in God; and the second, that, this being sought and obtained, all earthly good shall be added. The unsanctified heart reverses this order, grasping temporal things, and subordinating the spiritual to them. This is what the devil in the temptation desired Christ to do. "Command that these stones be made bread." Don't wait God's order, who would perfect the obedience to the soul, and then throw in all inferior good, but take care of the body first. So did not Christ. He suffered, and did the will of God; and this was "more than his meat and drink." Our cry should ever be—

—"Bread of Heaven,
Feed me till I want no more."

A GOOD NAME.

"Demetrius hath a good report of all men; and of the truth itself."—*3 John, 12.*

Not only his candid brethren, whose grace made them charitable, spoke well of him, but the irreligious world were compelled to accord a good name to Demetrius. Nor was this concurrent testimony the result of men's erring judgments; "the truth itself"—the facts in the case—sustained this good report.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," (*Prov. xxii. 1.*)

The Apostolic reason for loving God. "We love him because he first loved us."—*1 John iv. 19.*

David's reason for loving God. "I love the Lord because he hath heard my voice and my supplications."—*116 Ps. 1st verse.*

A good reason for speaking of the things of God. "My heart was hot within me; while I was musing the fire burned, then spake I with my tongue."—*39 Ps. 3d verse.*

The cause of Isaiah's readiness to run with God's message. "Lo, this hath touched thy lips," (the live coal from off the altar.) "Then said I, Here am I; send me."—*Is. vi. 7, 8.*

What is life? In respect to natural life, "it is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away."—*James iv. 14.* But Paul could say, "For me to live is Christ." Christ himself declares that "He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life."—*John iii. 36.*

RESOLVES.

My best resolves are ropes of sand,
So yielding and unstable;
I cannot make them aught beside,
But thou, O God, art able
To make them, by thy Spirit's might,
Stronger than iron cable!

TARRY WITH ME.

A. HULL.

1. Tar-ry with me, O my Saviour, For the day is passing by ;

2. Faithful mem'ry paints be-fore me, Ev'ry deed and thought of sin ;

FINE.

See, the shades of evening ga-ther, And the night is drawing nigh.
Tar-ry with me, O my Sa-viour, Pass me not un-heed-ed by.

Open thou the blood-filled fountain, Cleanse my guilty soul with-in,
Tar-ry, thou for-giv-ing Saviour, Wash me wholly from my sin.

D. S.

Tar-ry with me, O my Sa-viour, Pass me not un-heed-ed by ;

Tar-ry, thou for-giv-ing Saviour, Wash me whol-ly from my sin.

3.

Deeper, deeper grow the shadows ;
Paler now the glowing west ;
Swift the night of death advances,
Shall it be the night of rest ?
|| : Tarry with me, O my Saviour,
Lay my head upon thy breast. : ||

4.

Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord, I cast myself on thee ;
Tarry with me through the darkness,
While I sleep still watch by me —
|| : 'Till the morning then awake me,
Dearest Lord, to dwell with thee. : ||

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by A. HULL, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts.

THE BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

FIRST PAPER.

BAPTISM signifies purification by water. It is applied to the washing of hands or of any vessel, to render them clean. As in most instances we go from the external man to the internal, from the material to the spiritual,—so the same word is employed to denote the purification of the soul. In this way we get ideas from the visible world around us, and transfer them to the invisible and spiritual. Thus we learn that the baptism of the Holy Ghost would mean the purification of the whole soul of man by the Spirit of God. It differs, perhaps, from the ordinary influences of the Spirit as much in a sense of fulness and completeness, as in anything else.

WHAT IS IMPLIED IN THIS BAPTISM.

It implies always that the soul is previously regenerated.

Or, in other words, no one ever receives this baptism without he has been converted. It is a blessing that no unconverted person can receive. We believe it may occur coterminously with conversion, and no doubt would if the church generally were in a baptized state. Spiritual children resemble their parents as well as natural. Converts cannot be expected to rise higher in the degree of their assurance than the church where they received their spiritual life. After the day of Pentecost converts seemed to partake largely of this blessing at once. They were born in a state of assurance. Paul seemed to come into this fulness in this way. The disciples themselves evidently received this baptism some time after their conversion. Their own case is evidence that a distinction is to be made between this baptism and the ordinary influences of the Spirit in regeneration.

If there is none, how could the Saviour have promised his disciples that they should be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence. If all are thus baptized with the Spirit at conversion, they might have replied, "Lord, have we not already been baptized, and what can it mean that we are to be rebaptized?" The promise itself implies that they were to receive a blessing of which they were then destitute. Some of them had been following and listening to his instructions for three years without this divine sanction. They manifested none of the power that characterized them afterwards, yet they had been converted. They were in the same state where the greater part of the church are in these days. They knew Christ as a pardoning Saviour, but not as the baptizer, as the purifying Saviour. "For he is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap. And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver; and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver." It implies the indwelling of the spirit of God such as is not necessarily implied in regeneration. The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost take up their abode with the baptized. The Spirit of God is no longer a transient guest, a way-faring man that tarrieth but for the night, but he comes in and abides. "If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." It is no longer a constant struggle for life, an effort to retain the presence of the sacred Three, but the spiritual life flows on without interruption. Like the natural life, we make no effort to breathe; we cannot stop breathing if we would. Just so the spiritual life flows on without effort or cessation. It is not "I that lives, but Christ that liveth in me, and the life which I now live is by the faith of the Son of God."

It implies a new and greater understanding of the Scriptures than they ever realized before.

If any think that they understand the truths of God's Word as they may or need to before, they are mistaken. The disciples did not understand the reiterated instructions of Christ until they were baptized with the Holy Ghost, and had He preached to them forever, would not, as the Comforter manifested the truth to them. How suddenly were their minds opened to comprehend the meaning of the Bible. They quote the prophecies with the greatest precision and appropriateness. The whole book of Divine revelation is now open before them, and they understand the meaning and spirituality of the law.

It implies a stability of the realization of the truth of God in the soul. Every one converted has probably seen times when the truth of God seemed a reality. You had no doubt of it; you *knew* it to be truth. At other times there seemed to be nothing in it; you could not realize anything, and if you had not had that former realization, you would not have had any hope. In a baptized state this realization becomes constant, an habitual state of felt assurance. The evidence of one's acceptance with God lies upon the very surface of the mind. The circumstances attending this assurance are various, and are the least important of anything about it. And yet they are often more thought of than the thing itself. It is not unusual for people to have a pattern both in conversion and in the baptism of the Spirit. They desire the experience of some one else. You need no such thing. You need to know God yourself, and if you will go to him for this knowledge, you shall have an experience of your own, differing in some respects from every other, and perhaps on this account the more satisfactory. It will sometimes come as the dew, then as the gentle shower, and sometimes as the torrent. As in conversion, it admits of every variety of circumstance, attended at times with no emotion, then, again, with high emotions, when the waters of life gush out.

It implies breaking the power of temptation but not preventing it. It gives us victory over our easily besetting sins. What once would have ruffled the spirit and overcome it, now passes the mind without awakening the least attention. You escape the annoyance without any of the difficulty before experienced. You can hardly tell how. The power of temptation is gone.

It implies faith, great faith, great peace, and all those feelings which result from a right state of mind and new light; *great zeal, a spirit of prayer, and a spirit of power with God and man.* Look at the apostles before and after their baptism. What a change! You would hardly have known the same men. With what unction did they live and labor when baptized. Look at Peter previous to his baptism. Though resolute and determined to face danger, yet when the hour of trial comes he is afraid of his own shadow, denying wholly his connection with his Lord. Had the apostles gone in this state to the work of saving the world, they would not have made a convert in a year. The Saviour bid them tarry at Jerusalem till they were endowed with power from on high; to wait for the promise of the Father. This they did, and when it was fulfilled, what a change! See now the boldness and decision of Peter and John. They can look death in the face without flinching. They say to the highest tribunal of the nation when threatened for their testimony, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." You can scourge or even kill us, but we are going to tell the story of the cross to a dying world. They could now sympathize with Christ, having caught his spirit. They were set on fire with the same flame, and impressed with the same zeal. They received *power* from on high. This baptism implies not only purity, but also power. It is a force im-

parting power to the one who has it, qualifying him to exert it over others. "But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." These things always substantially occur when one is baptized with the Holy Ghost. We are not to expect the same miraculous manifestations of the Spirit's presence. They were then important for arresting attention and awakening inquiry, but not essential and necessary to the thing itself. The effects of the baptism were continued, and the same was repeated without the appearance of cloven tongues like as fire, and without the mighty rushing wind. This baptism has been experienced more or less in the church ever since. There are and have been those who have felt this power through her entire history.

(To be continued.)

SOCIAL HOLINESS.

THIS is a branch of holiness of which little seems to be said. Very possibly some who talk much about holiness may think the qualifying term here employed wholly out of place. They may imagine that holiness respects simply and exclusively our relation to God. That this is its principal object and aim will be readily granted; but it is not, by any means, its only one. It is designed to give, and, so far as our experience of it is genuine, *does* give a right bias, a proper feeling towards our fellow-men. If otherwise, we know not how to understand St. Paul, where he says, "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man can see the Lord." Heb. xii. 14. The coupling of these two acts, following peace with all men, and following holiness, was not a mere accident of the apostle. He had an obvious and important design in thus associating them; for the two things have an intimate relation to, and a mutual dependence upon,

each other. The predicate quite as much respects one branch of the exhortation as it does the other. If we would go to heaven, it is just as needful that we follow peace with all men, as it is that we seek and secure personal holiness.

When man first sinned, he fell not only from his God, but from his fellow-man. Love, which had been created with him and in him, departed from his soul, and left him under the dominion of uncontrolled selfishness. But the great moral change which restores him to God, restores him also to his fellows. In exact proportion as we regain the divine image, do we regain the spirit of universal brotherhood. Love, first and supremely, exercises itself towards God as infinitely the greatest and best of beings; but it does not, *cannot* stop there; for it is a principle which must, from its very nature, expand to embrace the universe.

It is worthy of remark, though it certainly has not been noticed as it ought to have been, that, in most places where personal holiness is referred to in the Scriptures, it is spoken of in connection with the exercise of a right disposition towards our fellow-creatures. Take a few examples: "Seeing ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren, see that ye love one another with a pure heart fervently." 1 Peter i. 22. "If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us." 1 John iv. 12. "For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Gal. v. 14. And, near the close of the same chapter, St. Paul tells us that "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith (more properly *fidelity*), meekness, temperance." These graces respect, almost exclusively, our fellow-men; and yet they are the fruits of the Divine Spirit; and it is evident that they are, most of them, only so many varied operations and exercises of

that charity which St. Paul so beautifully describes in the thirteenth chapter of his first Epistle to the Corinthians. Now the cultivation of these graces is not only essential to a state of purity, but is evidential of it. Those who have most of the spirit of Christ will not only be the last to contend, but the most ready to forgive, and the most cheerful in acts of kindness to those around them. The spirit of holiness will always displace the spirit of selfishness. Love to God and love to man are, in some sense, co-ordinate graces,—if, indeed, they can be at all separated,—and are eminently characteristic of the perfect Christian.

There is one respect, indeed, in which the performance of these social duties more decisively evinces the Christian character, and that character, too, in its highest style, than the doing of those duties which are usually classed under the head of piety towards God. It is this: The performance of the former ordinarily demands a much greater amount of self-denial than the latter. It is far easier to hear a sermon, celebrate the Lord's Supper, go to class, attend prayer meeting, read a chapter, pray in secret, profess holiness, and the like, than it is to repress the feeling of envy, to cast out the spirit of malice, or to extinguish the spark of resentment kindled by some supposed injury. The man who cherishes in his bosom the disposition of charity towards his fellow-creatures, especially when he does so from a deep sense of God's love to him, and is enabled to make some tolerable proficiency in learning of Him who is meek and lowly in heart, has more of the living and cleansing power of the Holy Ghost in his soul than he who is dissolved in tears by some tender sentiment, who can say great things of his love to the Saviour, or who is occasionally rapt in ecstasy under the moving words and melting tones of some eloquent preacher. True holiness depends upon no such adventitious circumstance. The

heart that is sprinkled by the blood of Jesus, and cleansed by the power of the Holy Ghost, goes out all but spontaneously in love to God and love to man. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

It is, probably, just here that many most sadly err. They seem to think a clamorous zeal for the doctrine of holiness, rather than charity, shall hide a multitude of sins. The man who can pronounce *their* "shibboleth," though in other respects far from being what he should be, is the man for them. They themselves can be bitter and censorious, selfish and unkind, and yet all is well, so long as they are theoretically and, by profession, experimentally right on the doctrine of holiness. With such people holiness is little better than a mere party question. Alas! that one of the most glorious doctrines of the Bible should be thus disparaged. It were well for such persons to be quite silent on the subject of personal holiness. Their professions will do the doctrine no credit. Till they can "put on bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering," the less they say on the subject the better. Nothing can compensate for the absence of that sincere, holy, obedient love which the Word of God enjoins as the very essence of religion. "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain. Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

LOVE OF THE SOUL. "God," says Jeremy Taylor, "places a watery cloud in the eye, that the light of heaven shining on it may produce a rainbow to be a sacrament and a memorial that God and the sons of men do not love to see a man perish."

A MODEL REFORMATION.

"And they said unto me, The remnant that are left of the captivity there in the province, are in great affliction and reproach; the walls of Jerusalem also are broken down, and the gates thereof are burned with fire. And it came to pass, when I heard these words, that I sat down and wept and mourned certain days, and fasted and prayed before the God of heaven."—NEH. 1.3, 4.

THE reformation at Jerusalem, under Nehemiah, is peculiarly instructive to those friends of Zion at the present day who are trying to rebuild her broken-down walls. There is not to be found, probably, in the Bible a more encouraging example of the happy results of *united faith and works* than is here given. We see that Nehemiah and his co-laborers exercised as much faith in God as though they expected him to do the whole work, and, at the same time, did as much themselves as though their entire success depended on their own efforts. When threatened by their adversaries, their leader encourages them to fight for their right, but, at the same time, to "remember the Lord, which is great and terrible," assuring them that "God would fight for them." And, when their enemies would discourage them, they reply: "The God of heaven, he will preserve us; therefore, we his servants will arise and build;"—while every one, "with one of his hands, wrought in the work, and, with the other, held a weapon."

Nehemiah was truly a model reformer and a glorious example of a faithful gospel minister. *He had the cause of God at heart.* When he learned the sad state of things at Jerusalem, the "affliction and reproach" of God's people, on account of the broken-down walls, how he "mourned" and "wept" and "fasted" and "prayed," until God heard his prayer, and opened his way to undertake that work. Although occupying a high position in the Persian court, and possessed of immense wealth, still the people of

God, and his precious cause, were dearer to him than all beside. But it was not when Jerusalem was the praise of the whole earth, and great in the eyes of the nations round about, that Nehemiah took such a deep interest in her welfare. Ab, no! It was when he was told that the "remnant who were left of the captivity were in *great affliction and reproach* on account of the desolations their enemies had made.

He identified himself with that little *remnant*, and was not ashamed to have it known that this *poor, despised, reproached*, afflicted people were *his people*, and their God his God! Many glory in standing by the cause of God when it seems to be in prosperity, when all men speak well of it, and it costs nothing to be a church member; but how few, comparatively, stand by it when it is a *remnant*, in *great affliction and reproach*. May God help us to count the cost; for we believe the day is not far distant, when it will cost as much to be identified with the real cause of God, as it ever has in any age of the world.

There exists a striking similarity between Jerusalem, when Nehemiah wept and mourned over its desolations, and Zion at the present day. The wall of Jerusalem had once been built; but much of it was broken down, and laid waste, by their enemies, which brought great affliction and reproach on the cause and people of God. And are not the walls of Zion now in a similar state? Much that was once built is broken down,—*i. e.*, many who were once alive in God, and polished stones in the wall, are now backslidden, dead, and buried under the rubbish of the world. Besides these, there are a large number who have taken conviction for conversion; a superficial, for a thorough, work; who have taken upon them the Christian profession, without even counting the cost of coming out from the world and *renouncing all* for Christ. Every one taken into the church, all covered over with the rubbish

of the world, adds to the desolation of Zion and the afflictions of her real friends, and brings a sad reproach on the precious cause of God.

Where is the Christian, with the "single eye," whose *whole body is full of light*, who does not deeply feel the truth of this? Ask those who are walking in the light of the Spirit, and laboring for the salvation of souls, what they find to be the greatest reproach to the cause of God, and the greatest stumbling-block in the way of the awakening and conversion of sinners, and what is doing the most to convert the world to infidelity. They will not point you to this or that infidel club, nor to the writings of Paine, Voltaire, or Hume, but to the *broken-down walls of Zion*, the inconsistent lives of professing Christians. None can know the reproach such professors bring on the cause of Christ, as those who make personal efforts for the salvation of souls. In nine cases out of ten, the unconverted are found stumbling over these heaps of rubbish in the church. Nor is it an easy matter now-a-days to get sinners under deep conviction for their sins, especially if they are men of morality and integrity; for they see but little difference between the mass of professing Christians and themselves.

We were more than ever convinced of this truth, while talking with one of those candid, moral, open-hearted sinners, whom we met recently, while distributing tracts. He received a tract very respectfully, and, when asked if he enjoyed religion, he replied: "I do not. My time is so occupied with my business [he was a lawyer], I do not, perhaps, give as much attention to these things as I should." "Well, sir," I replied, "*lawyers* have eternal interests to care for as well as others; and, unless they become converted, they will just as surely lose their souls as other men." He replied: "I believe that; but I think I will stand as good a chance of being saved as the majority of those who profess religion; for I think I

am quite as pious as the greater part of them. I am intimately acquainted with many business men, who profess to have met with this change of heart of which you speak, and I have watched them closely, to see if I could discover any change in their lives; but I usually find them as eager and as covetous for the world, and as close for a bargain, and often as unjust in their dealing, as before; hence I conclude they are not changed."

When the sinner meets us with examples like these, of professors who have neither the form nor the power of godliness, we never feel that it honors God, or is in the least for his glory, to deny either the fact or the seeming force of the inference drawn from it. Some think the charity which *believeth and beareth and suffereth* all things, and *thinketh no evil*, requires us always to *defend the church*; but, if we would *stand up for God's truth*, we must necessarily be *opposed to sin of all shades, degrees, and colors, whether in the church or out of it*: hence we must bear our faithful testimony against the un-Christlike conduct and course of thousands, who, while in the church, are doing more to create and confirm infidelity than all the avowed infidels in the land.

Yes, verily, it is for God's glory that we let sinners know that we do not consider such professors true representatives of our holy religion; but, at the same time, warn them against the sophistry of supposing that such inconsistencies furnish any excuse for the neglect of religion, or that they will constitute any ground of justification at the last day; for God will surely hold them responsible for the light which enables them to see so clearly these wrongs in the church.

Thus we did with this interesting young man, and added, "Surely, you ought not to neglect religion because it has false representatives. You would not reject a good bill on the B—n Bank, because you happened to find a counterfeit on that bank, would you?" — "Oh no,"

he replied ; "*but, if ninety-nine out of every hundred of these bills were counterfeit, we should not want much to do with the bank.*" This remark made a deep impression on my mind. Ah, I thought, how true ! If but fifty of every hundred of these bills were counterfeit, *we should not want much to do with the bank.* Yes, indeed, if but ten of every hundred were spurious, it would bring the bank into disrepute. And thus is the precious cause of Christ in great disgrace and reproach ; and true religion is treated with neglect and contempt because of its false representatives.

Unfortunately, it is the moral class, and those also of an inquiring, investigating turn of mind, who are most stumbled at this state of things in the church ; those who trace cause to *effects*, and effects to *cause*, — those who must ascertain the *why and wherefore* of things ; men of abilities, who, if wholly sanctified to God, would fill the highest posts of usefulness in the church. But, alas, how few of such persons are reached by the gospel at the present time ! And why is it ? Ah, it is because of the ruins and rubbish of the broken-down walls, — the backsliders, the half-hearted, worldly-minded church members, all of whom give the lie to Christianity, and lead ungodly men to feel that if the mass of church members are going to heaven they have nothing to fear. It is also because of the lack of "the power of *real holiness*" in the hearts and lives of those who profess that blessed grace, — a power that would strike conviction to the heart of an unsaved man, and make even the most moral and the most self-righteous and worldly-wise feel that the Christian had *something* that the rest of the world had not, and something that even the most *righteous* of the world must have, in order to be saved.

But, as it is, even those of the less thoughtful class, who are induced to seek religion in revivals of the present day, form their ideas of it from what they find

in the church ; and, as they see but little of that self-denial, or renunciation of the world, which should distinguish the mass of professors from themselves, is it any wonder if their convictions for sin are slight ; and many of them fall into the fatal mistake of taking such convictions and a few *good desires* and *good resolutions* for true conversion, never knowing what it is to be made a *new creature in Christ Jesus* ? Thus are they born, *not into the kingdom of God, but into the church*, with a profession of religion, it is true, but retaining all their former love of the world, and covetous desires of the same.

Hence the church now is in much the same confusion God's people were in, when Nehemiah began that part of the reformation of separating them from the people of the land. Many of them had married strange wives of the Ashdodites, which was contrary to the law of God ; and their children were half Jew and half Ashdod, and could not speak the Jew's language properly, but spoke a mongrel dialect. This much resembles the unhappy result which necessarily follows the unscriptural union of the church and the world. Her spiritual children are usually half for God and half for the world, and they *speak the language of each*. When in class or prayer meeting, they talk like the children of God ; they tell of their *good desires* and *good resolutions* : but when with the world, they talk like the world, and are as light and trifling as the worldlings around them.

Oh, how much is needed an old-fashioned Jerusalem reformation throughout the entire church of God ! And, in order to this, how much is needed the *faithful, fearless, self-sacrificing* Nehemiahs to raise the standard of religion, and place it where the God of the Bible has placed it. It is true, such a work would be no less formidable than was the rearing of the walls of Jerusalem, done, as it was, amidst the violent opposition of enemies from *within* and *without* ; nor was the *force*

of those without more terrible than the subtilty of those within. But they believed that the *God of heaven would prosper them*; therefore it was not in the power of man to stop the work. And thus would God prosper every faithful minister and laborer who would resolve, in the name of the Lord, to do a thorough work, and raise the Bible standard of religion, even though it raised the whole world in opposition against him. Such laborers would soon see the same happy results follow their *faith and works* that followed these ancient reformers. The walls of one Zion would be speedily built, and the church of Christ become a "*glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.*"

BINGHAMTON, Feb. 10, 1862.

OVER THE RIVER.

The following beautiful lines, attributed to a lady of Hinsdale, N. H., we believe have never appeared in our columns. They constitute a gem worthy of preservation.

OVER the river they beckon to me,—
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view;
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see,—
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark,
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;

We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts,

They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the veil apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land;
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

HOW TO MEET INFIDELITY.

The Rev. H. W. Beecher thus alludes to his method of dealing with skeptics:—

DURING a ministry of twenty-five years it has been my privilege to direct hundreds and thousands of persons in matters pertaining to religion, and to meet every possible form of objection. "Here is my position, and this is my argument." What I say to him is this,—this is the spirit of it, I mean: "Am I your brother? Do you touch me? Will you take my medicine? Then, oh! my brother, nothing will convince you of the truths of Christianity so much as the life of Christ in your soul. The disclosure to you of a living Saviour may not sweep away your mis-reasonings and objections, but it will give you peace. No philosophy can do more than to lead you away from God. No reasoning can ever lead you to him. After you have obtained a knowledge of God through Jesus Christ, reason can measure it, and confirm it, and give you the logical sequences of it; but reason can never carry you forward in the work of re-

generation. After you have become regenerated, it can go back and review and explain what you have done. The only way to have peace with God is to have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. That will give it; nothing else will; and when a man has obtained it, he has come into a state in which his consciousness is more to him than any man's fault-finding or caviling."

Take a man who has never read Diderot, nor Bolingbroke, nor Voltaire, nor Hume, nor any of the whole swarm of infidel writers, and who does not know what there is that proves religion to be all a fable, and let him come to have a perception of the nature of God, and he will say, "Whereas I was blind, I now see. Whereas I followed my passions blindly, I now guide and control them. And what is more, the Lord Jesus Christ is to me a hope of glory. No man shall take away from me the consciousness I have of his all-sufficient power to save me." And he is right; for I say that this living, moral consciousness is itself the soundest philosophical argument. No man finds anything more reliable than that; and no man will have a firm ground for his hope of salvation till he has reached that, and can say, "Christ is my friend, my companion, my God, and my everlasting reward."

REV. H. W. BEECHER'S EXPERIENCE.

In a recent sermon Mr. Beecher thus alludes to his conversion and subsequent experience:—

I WAS a child of teaching and prayer; I was reared in the household of faith; I knew the Catechism as it was taught; I was instructed in the Scriptures as they were expounded from the pulpit, and read by men; and yet, till after I was twenty-one years old, I groped without the knowledge of God in Christ Jesus. I know not

what the tablets of eternity have written down, but I think that when I stand in Zion, and before God, the brightest thing which I shall look back upon will be that blessed morning of May when it pleased God to reveal to my wandering soul the idea that it was his nature to love a man in his sins for the sake of helping him out of them; in short, that he felt toward me as my mother felt toward me, to whose eyes my wrong doing brought tears, who never pressed me so close to her as when I had done wrong, and who would fain, with her yearning love, lift me out of trouble. And when I found that it was Christ's nature to lift men out of weakness to strength, out of impurity to goodness, out of everything low and debasing to superiority, I felt that I had found a God. I shall never forget the feelings with which I walked forth that May morning. The golden pavements will never feel to my feet as then the grass felt to them; and the singing of the birds in the woods—for I roamed in the woods—was cacophonous to the sweet music of my thoughts; and there were no forms in the universe which seemed to me graceful enough to represent the Being, a conception of whose character had just dawned upon my mind. I felt, when I had, with the Psalmist, called upon the heavens, the earth, the mountains, the streams, the floods, the birds, the beasts, and universal being to praise God, that I had called upon nothing that could praise him enough for the revelation of such a nature as that in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Time went on, and next came the disclosure of a Christ ever present with me; a Christ that never was far from me, but was always near me, as a companion and friend, to uphold and sustain me. This was the last and the best revelation of God's Spirit to my soul. It is only when the soul measures itself down deep, and says, "I am all selfish, and proud and weak, and easy to be tempted to wrong; I have a glimmering sense of the right,

and to-day I promise God that I will follow it; but to-morrow I turn the promise into sin; to-day I lift up myself with resolutions, but to-morrow I sink down with discouragement; there is nothing in me that is good; from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet I am full of wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores;" it is only then that a man has passed through death to life, from darkness to light, from sorrow to joy.

MORAL BEAUTY.

BEAUTY may be defined the assemblage of certain qualities, so arranged as to impress the mind with pleasure and elicit its approval. The world has been ordained by the supreme Architect with the beautiful to delight the eye and fascinate the mind.

There is the beautiful sun with its golden light, the broad firmament of heaven with its sparkling gems, and the earth with its carpet of green and variegated landscapes. Beauty of person arises from that symmetry of form and features which impress the beholder with delight; but moral beauty is a combination of virtues blended in such harmony as to produce true symmetry of character. Deformity of person has its origin in an unnatural development of some part of the physical organism. Deformity of mind and character arises from a disproportionate development of our mental and moral constitutions; and to develop the intellectual and neglect the moral, as is too often the case, proves destructive to the symmetry of the mind. The moral ought to be cultivated with the mental, and the moral should have the pre-eminence, while the mental should be subordinate, in order to secure harmony. The mind thus cultivated as a whole, and adorned with all the intrinsic virtues of our holy religion, constitutes its true symmetry.

Many endeavor to cultivate a taste for the beautiful, and secure an exquisite refinement in discriminating between the elegant and lovely and those possessed of opposite characteristics; but to possess a refined and discriminating taste for the morally beautiful is much more important and useful; and with becoming diligence should we cultivate such a taste, elevating and ennobling our moral nature, and giving a just appreciation of the delicate lines of purity and virtue; and if the former affords pleasure and awakens interest, how much more should the latter give exquisite pleasure to the mind and an intensity of interest in the pursuit of this noble object. Personal beauty cannot be possessed by all, however desirous of its attainment, but all may possess true moral excellence, and their character may be radiant with the sparkling diamonds of humility, love and truth. Beauty of person has its temptations, and requires care and vigilance to protect and preserve it from ruin; but the beauty of holiness may be possessed without any such liability. It is the grand preservative, giving vigor, stability, harmony, and divine symmetry to the soul. Personal beauty might introduce us into the society of others, from which we would be excluded without it, and the social advantages thus secured might enhance our happiness; but the moral beauty of holiness would introduce us into the exalted society of God's people on earth, and render us eligible to commingle in the pure and holy society of saints and angels in heaven. And the perfect happiness attendant upon such high associations must be indescribable. And if beauty of form and features are desirable from the advantages accruing from them, how much more desirable is that perfect symmetry of character arising from the whole assemblage of Christian virtues adorning the inner and outer man. Its advantages are beyond computation. It will not be confined to time, but eternity alone can unfold its glorious results.

Earthly beauty is destined to decay and fade from our vision. Though bright, beautiful and enchanting are the scenes of earth, yet they are transient and ephemeral. The golden light of day soon fades, shut out by the sable curtain of night. The rainbow, this symbol of divine mercy, appears for a moment and is gone. The broad and beautiful landscape, which thrills with delight, soon disappears, wrapt in the winding-sheet of winter. Personal beauty and loveliness soon fade away; time and disease produce their fatal blight, until the sad drapery of the tomb covers us forever. But the beauty of holiness is imperishable and eternal; it cannot decay; its fadeless light and purity can never be lost; it will shine on, and shine ever in the cloudless effulgence of the Eternal Sun, adding new beauty and increasing delight to the soul.

Then to possess holiness, in its essential elements, is far above all earthly beauty or splendor; and we should not be satisfied with admiring and bestowing appropriate encomiums upon it, but seek to have it in actual possession; for to possess it is to possess true happiness, and a qualification for the fadeless rewards of the perfect in heaven.

SANCTIFICATION BY FAITH.

FIRST PAPER.

BEFORE entering on the subject itself, a few words may be well to explain an apparent difference, which is not a real one, in the manner in which Christian men express themselves. The most opposite doctrines may be taught almost in the same words, and the same doctrine may be taught in very different words. It is of great importance to truth and love to distinguish in both cases.

The word *sanctify* is used in two senses in the Bible: to reckon holy, as when it is

said, "Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts;" * and to make holy, as when it is said, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly." The noun *sanctification* appears to me only used in Scripture in the second of these senses; but as the verb *sanctify* is used most frequently, and always in the Epistle to the Hebrews, in the first of these senses, it cannot be fairly called unscriptural, though it may be inexpedient, to use the noun *sanctification* in a similar sense, so that this sense is not given it in texts which require the other.

The two words *justification* and *sanctification* are formed, in the original, the one from the word *righteous*, and the other from the word *holy*. The difference between *holiness* and *righteousness* is only in the way in which we look at them. The holiness of Christ, when thought of as meritorious, is called righteousness; and for this reason, instead of saying that holiness is imputed to the believer, which would not be incorrect, we generally say, and Scripture says, that *righteousness* is imputed to him, which is more correct, and prevents the error of losing sight of the holiness which is imparted to him. For the same reason it is better to follow the example set us in the Bible (notwithstanding the double meaning of *sanctify*) of using *justification* for the reckoning Christ's holy acts, both of suffering and obedience, or, in one word, his righteousness, to the believer's account, and *sanctification* only for the work of the Holy Ghost in the believer's heart. *Justification* is the reckoning all that is Christ's as mine, my completeness in him; and *sanctification*, which we are now to consider, is that which is inward, the Spirit's work within the already justified believer.

* The distinction between *sanctify*, used in the first sense, and *justify*, is simply that in the one case the reference is to the types of the ceremonial law, in the other case to the proceedings of a court of justice.

The word translated *sanctification* occurs only in the following passages, sometimes rendered *sanctification*, sometimes *holiness*: Romans vi. 19, 22—"Yield your members servants to righteousness unto *holiness*;" "But now, being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto *holiness*;" 1 Thess. iv. 3, 4—"For this is the will of God, even your *sanctification*, that ye should abstain from fornication; that every one of you should know how to possess his vessel in *sanctification* and honor;" "For God hath not called us unto uncleanness, but unto *holiness*;" 2 Thess. ii. 13—"Sanctification of the Spirit;" 1 Tim. ii. 15—"If they continue in faith, and charity, and *holiness*, with sobriety;" 1 Peter i. 2—"Sanctification of the Spirit;" in which it must indisputably mean the inward work of the Holy Ghost in the believer's heart, acting on his outward life; and in two other texts, of which the interpretation is disputed, 1 Cor. i. 30, and Heb. xii. 14. In Heb. xii. 14, "Follow peace with all men, and *holiness*, without which no man shall see the Lord," the connection with a peaceable spirit, and the command to follow it, show that it is an inward grace, and an object of pursuit to the believer. *Justification* the believer has not to follow or pursue; he has it as perfectly the moment he believes, as when he stands before the throne. And in 1 Cor. i. 30, to understand *sanctification* of anything exterior to the believer's own heart, is to make it mean the same thing as *justification*, and, therefore, to render the clause superfluous. If by "Christ is made unto us righteousness," is meant that all that is Christ's is mine,—his sufferings mine, his obedience mine, that I am in the sight of God as he is, "Jesus Christ is made unto us *sanctification*" must mean something distinct from this; and sanctification must relate not to what is without me, but to what is within me; must relate to inward holiness, as in all the other

texts. In short, by "Jesus Christ is made unto us righteousness," I understand all that those who interpret the next word differently understand by "Jesus Christ is made unto us *sanctification*," or holiness, righteousness being only holiness looked on as meritorious; and therefore by "Jesus Christ is made unto us sanctification," something altogether different.

How our personal holiness is derived from Christ, will appear in considering in what way sanctification is by faith. But I am anxious that it should be seen what statements are opposed, and what are identical. Those who teach that justification is, or includes, a change of heart and life; and those who use the word *sanctification*, as Paul himself, in Hebrews, uses the word *sanctify*, for Christ's work for us, in short, for justification, as well as for the Spirit's work in us; both use the word justification and sanctification interchangeably. But their doctrines are the antipodes of each other. The first destroy the gospel by doing away with justification altogether; the second teach the whole truth about justification, and the whole truth about sanctification; and the only objection to their use of the word *sanctification* in that double sense in which Paul uses the word *sanctify*, is, that by so doing they are sometimes supposed to teach the very opposite to that which they do teach. It is very important to see that there is perfect agreement in doctrine among some between whom there is this slight difference in the use of a word. It is a mere question of nomenclature, and there is something to be said in favor of both. The reader will understand that in what follows, by *justification* is intended the reckoning of all that is Christ's to the believer, and by *sanctification*, the work of grace in the believer's heart and life; and what we are going to consider is God's method of sanctification, or sanctification by faith.

Sanctification is constantly mentioned

in Scripture without being named; for instance, in Romans v. 2, which will serve as a basis for the following remarks. The whole of the first verse, "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," refers to the sinner's justification. It is sometimes supposed that "peace with God" means inward peace of heart, which is a part of our sanctification, or our being made holy; whereas, it really means being reconciled to God, having the condition changed, so as to be no longer looked on in God's sight as an enemy; but, on the contrary, instead of a rebel, counted as being, through Christ, deserving in the highest degree of God's favor, and invested with glory and immortality. And not only is the verse all occupied with this subject, but it comprises all that need be said on the subject; the thing itself, "justification;" the instrument by which it is received, "faith;" the result of it, "peace with God," acceptance into his favor; and the cause of it, "by our Lord Jesus Christ." Sometimes we are said to be "in Christ," which shows the reason of our acceptance. As He is, so are we in God's sight. Here it is said to be by or through Christ, which shows the cause of it. It is not our righteousness, but his, which deserves the favor. We are received on his account, and though in ourselves utterly unrighteous, yet through his merits accepted and justified; all which is said completely and roundly, so as to need nothing else to be said, in the words, "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

What follows is equally distinct, and has nothing to do with our justification, but refers wholly and entirely to our sanctification: "By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God."

"The grace wherein we stand" is an

inward state of mind. That it is so seems clear from its being joined with rejoicing and hope. It is quite true that grace may, and often does, mean nothing but the favor of God; but here it seems rather to mean the result of that favor in the creation of a new life within. That new creation within is called grace, because the effect of God's grace or favor; as it is also called spirit, because it is the work of God's Spirit in the heart. There is within the believer's heart a new spring of being. It is not only true that he has been accepted of God in Christ Jesus, but it is also true that he has been made partaker of a new life. We cannot too carefully keep these things distinct. They are sometimes mixed up through a confusion of thought; but, whether the words are in fault or the thoughts are in fault, it always produces evil. These are points which every Christian man may understand. There is no reason whatever why believers should have indistinct ideas about such matters as justification and sanctification. They are written in the Bible as with a sunbeam. If they are not clear to you, if you can only express them in words which contain no sharp, definite meaning, it is because you have not given your mind to the point. I am speaking of believers; it is otherwise with those who are not Christians. There is a marvellous blindness in their hearts, which prevents them from seeing things clearly; but when that veil has been removed, it is only a want of attention, a habit of looking at things without looking *through* things, that on this particular matter makes their thoughts obscure and their words misty.

Grace exhibits itself in many different ways; but it always is the accordance of the mind and heart with God. In the sense in which we are considering it now, of the inward work of God's Spirit in the soul, it is always holiness, at all events in the germ. This holiness consists in a

mind conformed to God's mind; it shows itself in those dispositions, words, actions, thoughts, feelings, motives, which are pleasing to him. The fruits of the Spirit are the results of grace. "The fruit of the Spirit," Paul says, "is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Our sanctification is the development of this fruit, of which the seed is sown in regeneration; and you will observe, that while some of these fruits of the Spirit are what we should all naturally speak of as holiness, others of them we should have counted rather as privileges than as duties. "Joy" and "peace" come next to "love" in the enumeration. The distinction between duty and privilege is not a wide one; it is the believer's duty to be happy,—it is his privilege to be holy. The grace in which believers stand is that of happy holiness and holy happiness.

Those have not learned anything aright who have not found out that their happiness consists in holiness, and that, instead of holiness being the way to salvation, it is itself a part of salvation. Here it is that the Christian and the man of the world cannot understand each other. They look upon holiness in two entirely different lights. The unsaved one looks at it, reads, perhaps, that list of the fruits of the Spirit, and is ready to say, "If I could but do those things, I should be safe; but they are so hard, so difficult, so unpleasant, I wish they were cut down to my level." The saved one looks at it, and is ready to say, "How beautiful! how delightful! how glad I am to see what I am to be—what God will make me to become! I find in myself so much that fills me with grief and shame; but here is the pattern to which I am to be conformed. This is what I shall be."

Sanctification consists in these things. It may be seen in all the daily circumstances of life; it has to do with all our concerns, and finds its sphere, not only in divine things, but in all the daily business of life. All things can be done in a holy way; the most common duties can be sanctified, and made to glow with the light of heaven. Grace moulds and fashions all things; and it is not in what we are pleased to consider religious works

only that it is shown, but in all the most ordinary affairs. Things which others do without any holiness may be so done by the child of God as to make the most simple act divine. There is a dash of heaven about it; and, though in itself nothing, yet it does become well-pleasing to God himself.

Sanctification means children obeying parents,—wives loving husbands, and husbands loving wives,—men dealing honestly one with another—diligence in business, and other such plain matters done before God. We must never forget that it includes these things. When grace reaches a heart, it interferes with everything, it leaves no corner unvisited. It is not content to compromise matters; but it must have the whole. And while Satan would be glad enough to give up part if he might keep the rest, Christ will make no such agreement. He claims the whole man, body, soul, and spirit; all the actions, all the words, all the motives, all the life; and the grace in which his people stand has respect to it all. It is an inward state of mind, which gives its color to the whole life, and affects all the actions. It results in obedience to God's law, in conformity to God's mind, in resemblance to God himself; completed, it is glory. For this is the glorified state, to be holy as God is holy, and pure as he is pure.

I have endeavored to state what sanctification is, and in the following number will proceed to show how it is that we are sanctified by faith.—*The King's Highway.*

HOW THE CHILD BECAME CONQUEROR IN THE GREATEST OF ALL STRUGGLES.

"She let go of all, and clung to Christ."

HER mother, in giving an account of her sickness and death, says:—Celia's anxiety to get well was very great; she would endure the severest operations upon her throat for the sake of life. She had seen her brother in a dying state, and had been removed to another room to avoid her witnessing his agony. She knew when he died, for I begged her to spare me to stay by him in his last moments. When

I asked her if she could give up life as willingly as he did, she replied, "I want to get well." We had spoken to her every day of the necessity of a spirit of submission, and she promised, when first sick, to pray that her heart might be made right in the sight of God. On the 6th of Feb., the ninth day of her sickness, she said she had prayed every day, but did not feel willing to die. The next day, Friday, she said, "Well, if I must die, I must; but I don't want to." Friday afternoon her mind seemed more calm, and Saturday *she let go of all, and clung to Christ*. She had become so dizzy, that she could not sit alone, and choked so badly, and vomited so frequently, that she could not lie down; and while her father and I were holding her, by turns, in our arms, on the bed, we could hear her praying in whispers, "Father, thy will be done." "Save me, Lord, save me!" "I look to thee, oh! my Father!" "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" These, and other expressions, we caught from her dying lips through the day and night. She had asked us to pray for her before, but that day she asked us several times. We assured her that we were engaged in prayer for her, and then she would go on with renewed vigor. While dictating some letters to her absent brothers, she said, "Tell them, God doeth all things well. I trust in God; he doeth all things well." At another time, she said, "God knows what is best, and this is right." Saturday night she wished us both to pray aloud. We knelt by her bedside and prayed. Sabbath morning she wished us to sing, —

"Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;"

and said, "I shall soon sing there." She talked of her funeral with as much quietness as she would of her Sabbath school. She said, "If I die to-day, mother, when will you have my funeral?" I said, Your disease is such, I suppose Tuesday. "I

thought so," said she; "but, mother, don't you cry any more; don't cry *then*, but think of me in heaven. I shall be happy there; — no more suffering, no more sorrow. We shall all be there, by-and-by." She then asked her father to sing, "There will be no more sorrow there." "Rest for the weary" she wanted to hear often. I said to her this Sabbath morning, Now rest against my shoulder, and try to get a little sleep. She replied, "I want to sleep in Jesus, and rest in heaven." She had her reason until the last, and said, "Mother, I'm dying." I said, Yes, dear; is it peaceful dying? She appeared to listen, her eyes being closed, and replied, "I hear music." Then she opened her eyes more than usual, and said, "Who is here?" I told her. Said she, "Tell them all I want them to meet me in heaven." Then she wished her father to pray. I asked her if vocally; she said, "Yes." He hesitated, as he was sobbing. Said she, "If he don't pray quick, I shall die before I hear him." He knelt by her side, and prayed; and when he arose, she motioned to him for a kiss, and then to me, and gave us an affectionate farewell kiss. A few hours before this, she had asked for her little sister and brother, and kissed them, and bid them good-bye; but she asked again; and we held them to her for this last sign of her love. Then she said, "I am going now." In a few moments she was gone. So this young girl, of fifteen years, met the "king of terrors." Praise be given to Jesus Christ who shielded her.

And what beauty, as well as admonition, is there in the thought that the younger the child, the more easily is this victory of victories gained. We have an instance in the case of the little dying brother referred to. Says his mother: I asked, when in the beginning of his sickness he said "I shall die, mother," "Are you willing to die, my dear boy?" "Oh, no, mother," he replied; "but I suppose I must." I told him I would pray for him,

and his father would, and that I wanted him to pray for himself. "I will," he said, distinctly.

Thursday night he said to me, "Mother, I shall die to-night; I think I shall choke to death; and I want you or father close to me all night." Then I asked him, "Do you feel willing to die, now?" "I don't feel as I want to," he said; "but I don't feel as bad about it as I did. Will you pray for me, mother?" I did so, and asked him if he had prayed for himself. "Oh! yes, ma'am; I have prayed all day, when I could; but my head aches so, that I cannot think more than a minute at a time." "Well, dear," said I, "we will pray all night; and Jesus will receive you, if you believe. You know you have sometimes got angry, and spoken bad words." "Oh! yes, ma'am; but I am sorry. I wish I never had. Won't you keep praying for me?" Again he said, "I think I shall die to-night." His countenance looked calm. I asked, "Are you willing to die now?" He said, "Oh! yes, and I want to go." Ever after this, he was waiting with anxious expectation, sometimes saying, "I shall soon be gone to the better land." On Sabbath day, he lay whispering, with his eyes closed, saying, "I am going home." "Where, dear?" said I. "Home to the Lord. I should like to go to-day," said he. When he was dying, I said, "My dear boy, you are almost there." He bowed his head, and whispered, "Most home," — the last he said.

TRUE FAITH.

How few professing Christians do we meet whose fellowship is really an advantage to our souls! But place us with a few brethren really devoted to the service of Christ, and it seems a little foretaste of heaven.

"What is the use," asked a church-

member of us the other day, "to be so straight-laced? We fill a social position, where it is indispensable that our children should be graceful and genteel. I am obliged to send mine to dancing school, which is infinitely preferable to their growing up with awkward manners."

Another zealous lady, a frequenter of prayer meetings and religious societies, allows her sons to stroll the streets in the evening, attending negro concerts and the like, and permits her daughter to frequent the crowded party of pleasure, where her fashionable costume and exposed neck and arms allow the night air to plant the seeds of consumption in her young frame. One has said that a "mere lifeless orthodoxy, however zealously embraced, finds itself a mere galvanized body of death." Christians need what Luther called "getting one's theology in the furnace of affliction;" but how few like to see, in the Heavenly Father's chalice, crosses mixed with blessings for them. So, many prefer to go on halting, with one hand in the world, and the other holding on to Christ, striving to "serve God and Mammon." How different is the case with those who wish to be emptied of everything, to be alone with God, giving place to things divine!

I received a letter from an old lady in a western city, to-day, in which she says, — "For twenty years have I sought to walk in the path of full assurance of faith. But I find no sympathy from without. Were I to speak of the glorious seasons I enjoy, of communion with the Saviour, to my Christian friends, they would call me insane." This reminded me of a question I asked a minister, — "Do you feel no condemnation for past sin? — that the fulness of the pardon gives you perfect liberty?" "No!" he replied, severely; "I trust I shall never feel so while I continue a sinner." "How do you," I continued, "explain all those passages in the Epistles referring to the death of sin, while we are yet living, sin

not having dominion over us, being born of God we cannot sin?" &c.

"Very enigmatical, partial translation, want of light," he muttered. Ah! I thought, on leaving him, how many carry the burden of sin to Jesus and cast it at the foot of the cross, then run on the race happy and light-hearted for a while. Soon the force of prejudice and superstition returns. They accumulate a new load, which is carried through life, of condemnation and darkness, between their souls and the clear light of truth.

I attended a prayer meeting the other evening, where the oft-asked question was discussed, Why does not God answer our prayers? Is it want of earnestness? Is it our sins that prevent? Is it our coldness, or neglect of duty?

Now the answers to these questions did not touch the mark, until one gentleman rose and said, —

"It is of no use to bring our sins to a prayer meeting and discuss them, or spend the short time in bemoaning our short-comings. Let us tell those to God at home, in our own closets. We want to drop *ourselves*, and take Christ to our hearts. We need to love him supremely. We want a little *faith*. We want a present blessing and to believe we have one. We say that God is more ready to give his Holy Spirit than we are to ask him; but we do not believe that we receive the answer just now."

Now I recognized the believing spirit required. This is the great desideratum.

When that benevolent individual, during the panic in New York in 1857, established a soup-house for the hungry and starving, thousands resorted to its hospitable flag, hung across the street. One day, a respectably-dressed man approached. He was better clad than the beggars who resorted to the door, but still he was without a cent, and had not tasted food all day. He walked back and forth, before the door, not daring to enter. "I never asked charity before, — I am ashamed.

But, oh! I am hungry. I want, as well as the most needy, some of those fragrant viands." By and by his pressing need drove him in, and he was supplied.

So it is with us. We must hunger for the bread of life. We perish without daily supplies. Yesterday's bread does not satisfy us to-day. May God give us believing hearts in asking.

HUMILITY.

A SERMON.

Before destruction the heart of man is haughty, and before honor is humility. — J. . xviii. 12.

At the period of his life in which he wrote the proverbs, Solomon seems to have been specially impressed with the truth expressed in this text. Repeatedly in the Proverbs the phrase occurs, "before honor is humility;" and the antithetical expression, "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall," with equivalent phrases, occurs, perhaps, as often. In the text, both members of the antithesis are contained, so that the momentous truth is beheld, at successive glances, from opposite stand-points, and the mind gets an impression doubly deep, like one who views Niagara on the same day from his opposite shores.

I. WHAT IS HUMILITY?

Humility is lowliness of mind; a just appreciation of one's own weakness, ignorance and sinfulness. It is the result of self-knowledge—especially the self-knowledge that comes of divine illumination. Humility is the opposite of pride, haughtiness, self-conceit, arrogance, and presumption. Humility is one of the passive graces. She is the eldest daughter of Faith and Prayer; she is the sister of Gentleness and Benevolence, and her daughters are Meekness, Reverence, Resignation and Patience.

Humility is one of the chief ornaments of the human character; a trait which all admire in others, and most affect to possess themselves. The whole language of diplomacy is full of phrases like — “I have the honor to be, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,” addressed by men of various ranks to their equals, and often to their inferiors. Genuine humility, however, is not a natural disposition of the mind, in any case, but a grace of the Holy Spirit, and its existence in the heart is among the more unequivocal evidences of a gracious state.

Humility exhibits itself mostly in benevolent condescension to those of low estate, contentment with the allotments of providence, respectful and deferential bearing toward our associates, calmness under bereavement, and meekness under detraction or insult, with abounding gratitude for providential favors, and great joy at the prosperity of others.

II. WHAT REASONS HAVE I TO CULTIVATE HUMILITY?

1. I ought to be humble for I am *very weak*. All things around, and all beneath, and all above me, exhibit the boundless power of God. Whithersoever I walk forth, I find myself moving amid the play of a vast system of machinery, of which the earth and sun and planets are but trivial and inferior parts; and as I lift up myself to contemplate the magnitudes, forces, velocities and distances of the stellar universe, I am overwhelmed with the thought of my own helplessness, and of my exposure to be crushed like a moth amid the ponderous enginery. It was humility in David that led him to exclaim, “When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him!”

2. The remembrance of the *shortness of my life* ought to keep me humble. How soon the earth on which I tread will

swallow up my form. God’s years are eternity. Many angelic beings, it seems, have existed from a period long anterior to the birth of time, the creation of man. Man himself once lived for a period approximating a thousand years. Several kinds of animals attain an age nearly equal to that, now. “But as for man, his days are a hand-breadth, his age is as nothing before thee.” “What is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth but a little time, and then vanisheth away.” Families are a perpetual series of dissolving views. See the generations flock along! How they come up, and pass by, and follow each other into the dark. “Verily, every man, at his best estate, is altogether vanity.” And shall he be proud, who to-day must call the worm his sister, and to-morrow must welcome her as his devourer? How ill does a strutting air become so feeble and short-lived a creature as man!

3. My *conscious ignorance* ought to keep me humble.

Among the things to be known, how infinitesimal is the measure I have attained. Of the earth beneath or the heavens above, how little do I know! And what do I know of the history of things? I go back in imagination to the birth of time, and attempt to gaze back amid the fountain-heads of antiquity. As my thought travels on I reach the birth-time of the elder universes, till, beyond the sweep of myriad cycles, I stand where things began to be. Still looking backward, I perceive myself on the border of a past eternity — the years of God when naught but God existed in the solitude of his own glory. To that mysterious abyss there is no farther shore. My timid, feeble thought turns, trembling, back, and refuses to make the slightest excursion over the limitless expanse. She fain would invent older universes than those which now exist, whose successive epochs should help to fill the mighty cycles of eternity, but in vain; for still eternity

stretches infinitely away beyond the eldest born of things. What, then, do I know of past eternity? Nothing — absolutely nothing.

What do I know of creation, as it was or is? Beyond a few of the nearer neighbors of the earth, all is blank. I only see the myriad eyes of night twinkling in the far, blue depths, but cannot tell their dates, nor magnitude, nor distances, nor velocities.

But how little I know of the earth itself — its interior formations; its powers of production; its laws of tide and wind; its tribes of vegetable and animal life; its plains, deserts, and mountains; and its rivers and lakes and oceans. The history of the earth is the history of man upon it, and how little do I know of that! Nothing, beyond a few names, here and there, of all its millions of population. Even of the men of my own time I seem to know almost nothing, and of the greater part of them who live remotè, nothing whatever.

Contract the view as you will, my ignorance of things still oppresses and overwhelms me. I know little of my own country, and not one fact in many thousands which occur in the very village or town in which I live. I am very ignorant, even, of myself. My lungs inspire and expire the atmosphere, alike, while I sleep and wake, and my heart beats on without weariness or pause; but I know not how. I cannot explain the simplest action of the voluntary muscles of my own frame. Instantly, on my volition, my hand, or foot, or tongue, is set in motion; but I cannot trace the connection between the will and the motion. I know that you of the congregation are before me; but I cannot describe that element, or agent, or condition (I can't say which), by which I am able to apprehend, from moment to moment, the facts about me; nor can I say by what mysterious adaptations of the atmosphere to the human organs of speech and hearing it is that I am

able, this day, by the action of my lips, to take up these thoughts out of my heart and lay them down in yours. Surely, one who knows so little should stand abashed in the presence of the Omniscient One, nor should he indulge a pompous air among his fellows, if he happen to know a fraction more than they.

4. *I ought to be humble on account of my errors.*

Looking back on my life, I find that I have habitually overrated or underrated the characters and objects with which I thought myself acquainted. I have overestimated myself, and in that pestilent vanity the follies of my life have, mainly, found prolific root. So full of vanity has my life been, that it was only now and then, at rare and distant periods, that I could say at night, "I have done and said just what I should have done and said this day." Alas! how feeble and how flickering is the light of the human understanding! How often is judgment at fault; — how often do our most confident processes of reasoning lead us out of the path. We spend much of our little life in correcting the errors and mistakes of the past, and are often mortified to perceive, towards the close of life, that our successive opinions have been meagre and dilatory approaches toward the truth, or rebounds between opposite extremes, in which we were never on the path, except while crossing it; — so feeble is the human understanding, so darkened by ignorance, so swayed by prejudice, so jostled by passion; and yet so confident of the infallibility of its latest contradictions of all its former verdicts.

5. *Finally, and most of all, the consciousness of my sinfulness ought to humble me.*

Surely, a creature so dependent, and ignorant, and short-lived, as man, ought not to be a sinner against God; but every man is a sinner against God; and in nothing do men agree so fully as in being

sinner; yet sin contains in itself every principle which men abhor.

The recollection that I have sinned against God is, therefore, most humiliating; for, whenever I have sinned, I have subjected whatever is noble in my nature to whatever is vile. Sin is ingratitude; sin is pollution; sin is slavery — to the worst of masters and the vilest of tasks; sin is breach of trust; sin is presumption upon the lenity of the government; sin rejects God and prefers a creature; sin is treason.

And I have sinned. I—who have been much taught, and instructed, and sought after, and prayed for, and yearned over, and borne with—have yet recompensed my Heavenly Father for all this by trampling on his law, and mocking his love.

I have sinned against much light, as well as many mercies, and persevered in sin, though it brought me only pain and dejection of spirit. My hands, my feet, my tongue,—all my members,—have been prostituted to the shameful work; and the endowments of spirit that have lifted me above the brute and made me man, have been desecrated to the vile purpose of insulting my Maker, and pouring contempt upon Jesus, that died for me.

How ought the remembrance of such sinfulness to humble one in the very dust; and how ill do a pretentious air and manner become one who has so trifled with divine authority and so outraged the holiest obligations.

III. BY WHAT METHODS, THEN, CAN HUMILITY BE CULTIVATED?

1. It is well to note the *Bible testimony* on the subject:—

“Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.” “The Lord hateth a proud look.” “But the proud he knoweth afar off,” “Every one that is proud in heart is an abomination to the Lord.” “Be not proud.” “God

resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.” “Blessed are the poor in spirit.” “Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and he will lift you up.” “By humility, and the fear of the Lord, are riches, honor, and life.” “For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place; with him, also, that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.”

2. But though it is profitable to contemplate these Scriptures, as setting forth the regard in which God holds humility, yet their study alone is not sufficient to produce true humility of heart. That subdued temper of mind, that lowliness of spirit, to which the name of humility may be properly attached, is a grace of the Holy Spirit, and can never be possessed except by his inworking; hence, prayer is to be regarded as the great agent for promoting humility of soul. He who prays little will have little humility—he who prays much will be much humbled under the mighty hand of God. By this I don't mean to say that the mere fact of making many and long prayers will produce humility; but by prayer I mean the soul's converse with God. Nothing melts and subdues the soul like communion with God—a devout contemplation of his glory. Job said, “I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.”

The philosophy that underlies all this seems to be simply, this:—The mind compares or contrasts itself with the object it contemplates, and becomes self-complacent, or self-aborred, as that object is below or above itself. Hence, he who associates only with his inferiors can scarcely avoid becoming vain; while he whose life has been spent much among superior minds, will infallibly have ac-

quired a chastened and modest manner, the natural outgrowth and expression of the state in which his mind has been habitually held by the character of his own companionships. Therefore you are never to compare yourself with an inferior, if you don't mean to be ruined. Measure your soul severely with the great masters of thought and deed, and hold yourself a disciple at their feet; remembering that you always are approaching the character you contemplate, and that the excellences you admire you are coming to possess.

Now, lift up this idea of excellence and dignity till it comes to God, and you will get the point of what I am saying. The man who has left off to grovel, and trained his thoughts along the trellis of "the Word" toward God and heaven, habitually lives amid those purifying and ennobling contemplations which at once keep the soul alive to its own imperfections, and fill it with the holiest aspirations after a higher life.

IV. WHY SHOULD I SEEK TO BE HUMBLE?

The answer is in the text:—"Before destruction, the heart of man is haughty, and before honor is humility." All deterioration begins with pride, and all improvement begins with humility. Give your thought the freest possible range, and you will be in no danger of going where this law does not govern. The student learns by being willing to confess his ignorance. The mechanic acquires his skill by listening to instruction, and patiently delving, at first, in the coarser and more disagreeable tasks of the trade. The barrister, whose eloquence and professional skill astonish you to-day, might have been seen, a few years ago, a very poor young man, sawing wood, making garden, acting as sexton of a church; but, at every leisure moment, with book in hand, husbanding his time, rising to study or to work while others slept, toiling on

while others played, attired but coarsely, passed by and ignored by all the gay young people in town, but toiling patiently on, to lay the foundation of future success. Here, as everywhere else, before honor is humility; or, in other words, humility is the highway to honor. The humiliation, the toil, the sacrifice, which are the conditions of ultimate success, do but express the divine order which runs through all providence, and finds expression in all human fortunes.

Just so with the Christian life. It exalts man in all the elements of greatness and goodness. Purifying and ennobling beyond any other power ever brought to human nature, it initiates every experience with searchings of heart which become deeper and deeper as the soul reaches the higher walks of experience. They who are arrayed in white are they who came out of great tribulation, and he who endures the mockery of the world to-day, as he bows down, trembling and in tears, to humble himself under the mighty hand of God, is he who to-morrow shall stand up, endorsed by God, radiant with glory, heir of a throne. Joseph, now a slave, and then a prisoner, is marching, by God's straight road, to the viceroyalty. Moses, spurning the royal heirship, and from choice identified with a nation of bondmen, is really going from a heathen throne to be the legislator for mankind. Paul stands in glory now, with many marks of special honor, among the sons of light; but his road lay through perils and scourgings and shipwrecks and martyrdom; and the religion he preached, which shall shake and subdue and evangelize the world, was "born in a manger."

I see the types of the truth I am this day unfolding in all things. Toil precedes affluence, the battle precedes the victory; and, everywhere, they that sow in tears shall reap in joy. See that rickety row of houses yonder! How squalid is the appearance they present. True, they are inhabited, but it is by a class of persons

as squalid as themselves, and, altogether, that street presents a sight which, at best, can only be said to be not shocking. But the owner of the block determines on a very thorough improvement. Now begins the confusion and the ruin. The poor families move their goods out into the street, and the heaps of dilapidated furniture are carted away. Then comes the demolition, and whole weeks are employed in the tearing down process, till the identity of the original structure is lost, and all is converted into heaps of rubbish, which nearly fill the street with the monuments of ruin. Now the former superstructures are leveled to the ground; but that is not enough, — so, day by day, the laborers go down, down, till where the buildings were, there is now a fearful chasm. What does this mean? I thought there was to be improvement here! But no, the more the laborers work, the worse the place looks. And is this the way to build? Aye, this is the way to build. Only wait a few weeks and you shall see standing there in its pride and strength and beauty a block that shall adorn the town.

There is upon the Erie Railway, not far from my home in Southern New York, a bridge spanning a chasm of two thousand feet or more in width. I was there when the bridge was in building. The laborers, as usual, though they meant ultimately to go up, began by going down. The work of excavation went on for several days, until where each pier was to stand there was a deep chasm. There, in those deep chasms, the tall piers were commenced, and many days went by before the solid masonry had attained the surface of the earth. Still slowly up the mighty columns rose, and at last they were joined together by arches sprung from pier to pier at the top, and it is a sublime sight, which I have often witnessed, to see the cars fly across that chasm, one hundred feet in air. Thus man works, when he means that his work

shall abide; and thus God works in building human character for eternity. Demolition and excavation precede and prophesy all edification. The heart-searchings, the self-loathing, the soul-faintings and prostrations which come of the Holy Spirit's revealings in the soul, and bring us to the very deep of self-despair, are the necessary preparations and heralds of the processes by which the soul is to be built up in holiness.

In conclusion, let me remind you, my brethren, he that will not go down shall never go up. Humility is the gate through which all must pass to heaven. Have you fully consented to God's plan in this matter? Are you willing to go through the valleys? for there is a valley for every mountain, and the valley is deep as the mountain is high. Heart-anguish and penitential tears were at the threshold of your Christian life; and, thus far, your most satisfactory experiences have been preceded and ushered in by seasons of uncommon brokenness of heart. Let the past instruct you. Don't be afraid of the valleys. There is always a mountain, a new altitude, just beyond. Look at Jesus. He wrought a miracle on the cross that startled the universe and redeemed the world. But he blew no trumpet before him. "He rose from supper, and took a towel, and girded himself, and did wash his disciples' feet." Meek Saviour! How few are like thee. But go, my brethren, follow Jesus, — through the garden, — on to Calvary, — over Tabor, up to heaven.

If we had not within ourselves the principle of bliss, we could not become blest. The grain of heaven lies in the breast, as the germ of the blossom lies in the shut seed.

THE ornament and beauty of this lower world, next to God and his wonders, are the men that spangle and shine in godliness.

THE PIOUS SOLDIER.

WE like to know how the Christian soldier feels, and is refreshed in his peculiar situation. We allow this fragment of friendship therefore to gratify the reader.

"Fortress Monroe, Feb. 23, '62.

" I owe you a thousand apologies for not answering your kind and interesting letter before. But you will readily excuse me, when I tell you that I am doing duty now, and my time is limited.

"One sunny, pleasant morning I was out on the grass, with sleeves rolled up, doing my week's washing—the mail-bag came along, and, 'Here is a letter for you, R——.' I sat down on the grass and read and re-read that good letter of sister L——'s, all the more valued because so long in coming.

"Your letters have gladdened other hearts than mine, and I trust they have not failed to do some good among us. I have met with much discouragement in my efforts to do good, and cannot see that I have accomplished any great results. The Young Men's C. A. is still unorganized; just at the time when I was confident of success, the room was taken from us, and another promised. Now, all is excitement and confusion among us in regard to the future, and I fear the project will be given up for the present. We are, from all indications, about to remove from this fort. Important movements are going on here, and troops are arriving continually.

"It is supposed that our regiment will join in the movement, though nothing definite is known. You may imagine how unpleasant this uncertainty is in regard to the future, especially when an hour's notice may place us on the field of battle.

"More than ever do I now find the value of religion. This is the holy Sabbath day, and though very unlike those days at home, yet it has been unusually

quiet; but I fear it is only the calm before the storm. While I have been doing my duty as a sentinel, my little text-book has furnished my longing soul with the most precious food. How appropriate to my situation the text, 'I am persuaded that neither death nor life can separate us from the love of God.' It was so comforting to feel that death is mentioned first. It removes all sorrow and pain to know that *nothing* can separate me from the love of God. I feel that I owe him a debt, which a life devoted to his service cannot remove.

"Not the least among the things I have to be thankful for, is the influence and prayers of warm Christian friends. Since I have been surrounded by such evil influences, there seems to be cast around me a powerful restraining influence, which has drawn my wayward soul to God. Often while feeling this, I have thought some loved one was praying for me at home. Now, let me tell you the other cheering promise which has occupied my thoughts this afternoon.

"'So shall we be ever with the Lord.' I have read these words many times, but they never seemed to have the value as now.

"Two weeks ago to-day, we were favored by a sermon from Bishop Ames; the general and staff were present, and a great number of the officers and men. To me it was a feast. The good bishop took for his text, 'For none of us liveth to himself.' The Episcopal service was read, and the lesson for the day seemed providential,—the forty-sixth Psalm.

"For a time, the tumult of war was hushed; and with feeling hearts all joined in repeating those beautiful lines, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore, we will not fear, though the earth be removed.'

"It is wonderful how the Bible is adapted to every situation in which man can be placed. When I read this Psalm it seemed as if it was written for just that occasion.

"I must bring my letter to a close. I have been writing it in the guard-house, while waiting for my turn to go out on post. I thought it pleasanter to talk with sister A—than to sleep. How can I thank you for your kindness in supplying me with the Guide? Several times, on Sabbath mornings, when I was thinking of home and its privileges, the Guide came along, as a messenger from above, to cheer my drooping spirits.

"God is very good to me, and I should be the loudest in his praise.

"Yours, affectionately, W. E. R."

I'M COMING TO THEE.

I'm weary of sin and its follies,
The world, with its falseness and strife;
My spirit is seeking, O, ever,
A higher and happier life.
The chains of gay pleasure are heavy,
My soul would be sinless and free;
I'm weary, O, weary, so weary,
I'm coming, Lord Jesus, to thee.

Long years I've been chasing the shadows
That fled o'er the landscape of time,
Still hoping to find for my spirit
Some food for its hunger sublime.
Each hope in its turn has departed,
Each shadow has vanished away,
And left me dejected and weary,
To sighing and sorrow a prey.

I caught every bubble that floated
Along the gay tide of the stream,
And strove to delight my proud spirit,
And render this life but a dream.
Each bubble still burst as I grasped it,
And left me as poor as before,
As exiles go home in their dreaming,
But wake on the same distant shore.

'Twas madness and folly, I see it,
I turn from the paths I have trod;
O, strengthen my footsteps so feeble, —
I'm coming through Jesus to God.
I know thou'lt receive me, Lord Jesus,
Though long I have wandered from thee;
O, take me, and keep me forever,
And thine all the glory shall be.

Parkersburgh, Va.

The pulpit is dying of the proprieties.

LETTERS FROM MRS. PALMER.

BRIDGEND, South Wales, }
Feb. 1, 1862.

DEAR BROTHER GORHAM:— We are now, as you will see by our address, in Wales. Your welcome letter reached us about two weeks ago, when we were at Madely.

We labored at three different chapels on the Madely circuit, one week at each, making a period of twenty-one days, during which time eight hundred and ninety-five names were recorded as the recipients of the work.

The scenes we there witnessed were indeed glorious. Many received the baptism of fire. The names of those who receive the blessing of entire sanctification are not generally recorded. We are receiving letters from both Madely and Liverpool, informing us of the progress of the work since we left.

At Liverpool, where my last to you was dated, the work progressed with increasing power up to the time of our leaving. The names of eleven hundred and twenty-five were enrolled among the newly saved as subjects of the work at Richmond Hall, of the commencement of which I gave you some account in my last.

We lingered longer at Liverpool than we would have done, not being willing to leave the field till a helper might be secured of the right stamp, able to devote himself wholly to the work. For this we in faith entreated the Lord of the vineyard, and our minds were directed to one who was brought to Jesus while we were at Carlisle, who, from the time of his conversion, about twenty months ago, has given himself wholly up to the work of an evangelist. Our expectation has been more than met.

The number of converts has now increased to over two thousand, and the revival flame thus enkindled is spreading still more extensively in the different churches, so that not only the Wesleyans,

but the various branches of the Methodist family, each for themselves, are enjoying seasons of refreshing, and souls are being saved in every part of the town.

There were many scenes of remarkable interest connected with the Richmond Hall revival, which at the time of their occurrence were published, some in newspapers, and others in tract form. The Hall was indeed a Bethesda, — a house of mercy, — and many things occurred to assure us that in the eye of God and man it was so regarded.

Few instances were more marked than this: A man, having been aroused by the Spirit to see his undone condition out of Christ, went to his church minister, who, we were told, was a Puseyite. The clergyman sent him to the Hall. The man came, inquiring his way, and when the invitation to seekers was given, quickly made his way to the altar of prayer. He found mercy before the close of the service, and looking around, after the first burst of praise, exclaimed in amazement, "Who are you, and what are you?" — imagining, seemingly, that he had been ushered into a new world.

—
COWBRIDGE, South Wales, }
Feb. 11, 1862. }

Your letter has shared the fate of, alas! too many others that are begun, but not finished. Attending two meetings a day, and being necessarily answerable to more or less company, with an amount of correspondence here which I think would astonish you, leaves less time for our dear American friends than we could naturally wish, otherwise than as these natural affinities blend, we trust, with the will of God.

Have you ever noticed particularly what Paul says of his devoted friend, Timotheus? The good, affectionate Paul was himself a *whole burnt* sacrifice. Often have I thought that this means much more than many who love holiness apprehend. But Paul knew, for he was not only will-

ing, but could joy in being offered up a sacrifice on the service of the faith of others.

But he could find no other like-minded as was Timotheus, whose nature had been so purified, by the refining processes of grace, as to care *naturally* for the things of God, so as to have no separate interests. It was therefore that the heavenly-minded Paul was in danger of sorrowing over-much at the thought of parting with his twin-spirit brother.

But this is a sort of digression; yet I must say to the praise of infinite grace, that I am proving more fully the blessedness of being saved from unrenewed self in all its forms, and in living only and specially for Him who lived and died for me. When I first entered by the new and living way into the holiest, I experimentally apprehended it as a state of entire and absolute identification with the interests of Christ's kingdom. And I have ever since been confirming in my views on this subject, and feel that I can contemplate no interests apart from the Redeemer's kingdom, and its establishment in the hearts of the redeemed family.

We are now endeavoring to hasten homeward, by way of making our visits shorter at each place than heretofore, and this makes us feel in a more emphatic sense that we are but pilgrims and sojourners. During our little visit at Bridgend over one hundred sought and found the blessing of salvation. Cowbridge, where we now are, is a small town on the same circuit, where we remain but one week, and then go to Cardiff, about thirteen miles distant. Cardiff is one of the largest towns in Wales, where we hope to witness glorious gatherings to Zion.

We have been in this little town two evenings; between twenty and thirty have been forward as seekers at each service, and the chapel is densely crowded. English Wesleyanism has not been as much prospered in Wales as in many parts of England. The Calvinistic Metho-

dists form the most numerous body in the principality, and the influence of Calvinism in its more marked features is everywhere to be seen and felt.

The Wesleyans and the Methodists are wholly distinct, and do not affiliate, seemingly, more than Wesleyans and Presbyterians. The services of the Calvinistic Methodists are conducted in the Welsh language, while those in the Wesleyan chapels, with but few exceptions, are conducted in English. This will account for the fact that we, though in Wales, and surrounded by many who speak the Welsh language, do not find any difficulty in being understood, as the largest portion of the people understand both Welsh and English.

Ever yours in Jesus, P. P.

REVIVAL IN WALES.

CARDIFF, South Wales, }
Feb. 18, 1862. }

The work in Madely still goes on gloriously. It would call forth a higher share of praise from your ever-attuned heart could I send you a transcript of some letters we have received from M. since we left. My heart seems to linger over this, our late scene of labor, more than over ordinary places, from the remembrance of the sainted Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, with whose spirit I have so much loved to commune through their writings ever since my childhood.

Did I tell you that during nineteen days' labor there, eight hundred and ninety-five were brought to Jesus? I received a letter yesterday from a lady residing there whose parents were well acquainted with Mrs. Fletcher, and whose mother experienced religion at Mrs. Fletcher's meeting in what was called the vicarage barn. Miss Tooth, into whose hands Mrs. Fletcher's effects fell, and who was her most dearly-attached friend to the last, was the god-mother of this lady, from whom we have

just received an account of the progress of the work at Madely. She is mighty in faith, having received a fuller baptism of the Spirit during our stay there, and now she is going forth in this her night, and seems to be a wonder to herself and others. To use her own words, she says my mantle has fallen upon her since we left, but I would rather say that the mantle of the ascended Mrs. Fletcher seems to have fallen upon her. Her husband is like-minded; and, as they live about a mile from the chapel, and the increased work requires larger accommodations for meetings, they are about turning a house on their premises into a place where meetings may be held. I say this to show how truly the Fletcher spirit seems to have fallen upon them.

How this full baptism of the Spirit leads us to live *out of ourselves*, even as Christ, who lived not to please himself, but came in the form of a servant. This lady received the snow-white cloak of Mrs. Fletcher from her god-mother, Miss Tooth, and she presented it to me. When you put the matters together it seems a singular coincidence, does it not?

Thus solemn feelings have come over me, which, perhaps, few might apprehend, as I think of the sainted wearer, now among the white-robed company around the throne, and the peculiar work which I have been called to do.

I could as well doubt my existence as to doubt that the Head of the church has called us to England, and that he has thus far detained us here. In Dr. P—'s illness, which sent us to Liverpool, and which at the time would seem to have called us homeward, we trace the hand of the Lord in a very remarkable manner. But for seemingly adverse circumstances, we would not have gone to Liverpool.

God made it the occasion of saving hundreds of souls from spiritual death. The revival flame which broke out at the

time we commenced our labors there has not only resulted in over two thousand souls being saved at Richmond Hall, but the multitudes that came from the various evangelical churches and received the baptism of fire, returned to spread it among their own people; and we are in the reception of letters from various sources telling us of many coming to Jesus.

It is now Tuesday; just about this time, you and others are preparing for the meeting. Oh, how many will praise the Lord to all eternity for that Tuesday meeting! Do you not always then *pray* and *praise* for us? I hope you do.

We are now, as you see by the date, in Cardiff, one of the most important towns in Wales. The American consulate is here; we intend calling upon the consul shortly. Since we have been in Wales we have seen over two hundred won to Jesus. Within the past two evenings sixty have received pardon, many of whom were heads of families; several men and their wives were, within a few moments of each other, born into the kingdom.

We are laboring in one of the largest and most beautiful chapels in the Principality. Our people have few more imposing churches in America than the Wesleyans have here. We began on Sabbath, and as usual took the afternoon and evening services. Hundreds were present in the afternoon, when we spoke to believers of Jesus as a Saviour able to save to the uttermost, after which the communion-rail was crowded with those who earnestly sought and found the "*great salvation*."

In the evening the crowd was so dense as to preclude the possibility of getting persons forward to the altar, and recourse was had to a large vestry capable of holding about three hundred. So Dr. P—— and I separated, he taking charge of the meeting in the chapel, and I assisted the penitent in the vestry.

Many were saved; some received the witness of purity, and between twenty and thirty the blessing of pardon. It is estimated that there were about fifteen hundred in the chapel. We regard this as a most blessed beginning, and anticipate seeing hundreds saved as at Madely and elsewhere.

Oh, that the awakening Spirit might go throughout the world, and wake the slumbering virgins, so that sinners in Zion may, indeed, be afraid! How many professors, who have been raised to the zenith of Christian privilege, will be doomed to be thrust down to the lowest depths of perdition with those professors of Capernaum who have Abraham for their father! It has been said that death is an honest hour; but there is nothing awakening, or enlightening, or purifying in death. All that death does for the soul is to untie the cord that binds it to earth.

People doubtless die in the same light in which they live. Heaven is a *prepared place* for a *prepared* people. *Holiness, specific holiness*, is not only an absolute necessity if we would *die* right, but it is equally needful if we would live right; otherwise we cannot be answerable to the duties of our high and holy calling, and be found at last prepared to take our appointed place in that world where we are to live forever, where there are thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers.

Few thoughts in connection with the work the Lord has given us to do here occupy my mind more than the *disappointment* to which so many will be doomed on awaking in the light of eternity. I make it a point never to leave a place without relieving my mind on this subject. Were I not to do this, I fear the blood of souls would be found on my skirts. While I do not lose sight of the fact *that God is love*, I also remember that his name is "*Faithful and True*."

Let love be without dissimulation.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

TUESDAY MEETING.

54 Rivingston Street, N. Y.

THE prophet says, our strength shall be in quietness and rest; thus many find it here. After long and tedious struggles, through works, for deliverance from sin, they receive help from those who have learned the better way of faith, through which they are saved. Instantaneous faith in the ever-faithful promise of God brings deliverance to the weary soul. "Is that all?" is sometimes the astonished question. A minister who lately felt his need of the whole armor with which he should be clothed, and who has, in obedience to the scriptural condition, sold all, and found the pearl of perfect love, opened the meeting.

He declared his satisfaction and peace in his now simple trust in Christ; the long inward conflict has ceased; peace, the peace of God, reigns in his little kingdom. He thought woman peculiarly adapted to aid the ministry by her gentle influence and watchfulness. While he named over some of the many hindrances to the soul's enjoying a continual consciousness of the presence of God, many, no doubt, were led to see the necessity of being wholly saved. Among other things, he deplored the silence of the ministry with regard to the doctrines of holiness. At this point, one sitting near us seemed to feel the remark deeply, and half articulated, "Yes, yes, it is so;" her own condition bowed her soul with intense feeling in tears, and in the time of the closing supplications she said, "Yes; I do believe." Her faith saved her; and on rising, she wished to tell the glad news; but the time was too short. A dear, Scotch friend, who, on coming to the city, in 1861, came to the meeting, and, for the sake of this privilege, determined to remain in town through the winter,—now, on the eve

of her departure to her beloved native land, clearly witnessed to the cleansing blood of Christ, and the great benefits she had received in attendance in this place of blessing.

She said she had been looking around on the walls, at the mottoes, and when she returned would have her house thus dedicated to the Lord by a meeting, &c. Some of her sweetest remembrances of America are in connection with the Tuesday meeting. She felt it her duty to speak of the godliness of the minister's family in which she, and her relatives with her, had been inmates the past winter. It was to the praise of practical holiness.

Mrs. D. said our dear and reverend friend, Dr. Bangs, had given her a message, from his bed of feebleness and languishing, to the meeting. He could not be with us, but the Lord was sweetly with him, and had given him such a rich manifestation as he had never before enjoyed. It was all-glorious; he had not expected such a blessing while in the body. His room was filled with light, and his soul with a sweet consciousness of purity. No spot or wrinkle was there; his joy was full.

COMMUNION WITH GOD.—Were we acquainted with the way of intermixing holy thoughts and ejaculatory prayers to God in our ordinary engagements, it would keep the heart in a sweet temper all the day long, and have an excellent influence in all our ordinary actions and holy performances. This were to "walk with God" indeed, to go all the day long as in your Father's hand; whereas, without this, our praying, morning and evening, looks as but a formal visit, not delighting in that constant converse which yet is our happiness and honor, and makes all estates sweet. This would refresh us in the hardest labor, as they that carry the spices from Arabia are refreshed with the smell of them in their journey.

The Guide to Holiness.

MAY, 1862.

EFFECT OF THE WAR ON RELIGIOUS PERIODICALS.

THE war has borne heavily upon publishers of periodicals. There are very few papers, secular or religious, that have not been published, the last year, at a pecuniary loss. From the secular press we learn that while the demand has increased, the advertising, which with them is the real source of profit, has fallen off to an extent that has obliged many to suspend. Religious periodicals, most of which realize little or no income from advertising, have suffered sorely in the contraction of their circulation. An article in "The Methodist," devoted to this subject, shows, from official data, that in this enterprising denomination, which probably is in advance of all others in the circulation of religious literature, there are very few that have paid a profit; and that in these few instances the profit has been more than absorbed in the losses sustained by publications issued from the same source. The Guide has been thrown into the crucible as well as others. Not only has our circulation fallen off, but our receipts have diminished in a much larger proportion. Heavy losses, and other disheartening influences, have tended to make our way difficult; but a secret Providence has sustained us, and we yet live to do the work which God has assigned us.

It is a remarkable fact that the financial crisis of 1857, which reduced thousands to beggary, and created an amount of suffering to which we do not think the present year furnishes a parallel, had a favorable effect on religious periodicals by increasing their circulation. Our own Magazine received an impulse that year that it has never had before or since. Trouble then drove the people to God, and led them to desire spiritual aliment. Should not the present trials have the same influence upon us?

AMONG many interesting and encouraging communications received since our last issue, we find one which speaks of

THE GUIDE AMONG THE QUAKERS.—A Friend, into whose hands some back numbers have fallen, writes us that "Its practical, plain teachings of the way to holiness by simple facts, has brought such new life and light into his soul that he would that it were in every family in the United States. He wants to try and get up a club among the Quakers." Holiness knows no sect. We bid our brother God-speed in his efforts.

Turning over our package, we find one from

A SANCTIFIED CLASS LEADER.—Rejoicing in the fulness of a recently received baptism, he gives expression to his new experience. Oh, how delightful does religious duty become when the soul is all aglow with perfect love! With its impelling force, preaching, leading class, Sabbath-school teaching, indeed, every duty is not only made easy, but becomes purest enjoyment. Our brother speaks of being present when one received the blessing of sanctification. "The church was filled with the Spirit of God, of which all present seemed to partake, many crying for joy, and others shouting forth the praises of God." Well does he observe, "If the power of God is manifested to such a degree when one soul is sanctified, what might we not expect if the whole church enjoyed the blessing individually!" Try, beloved, the sweetness of what our brother calls "Heaven begun here below,—walking in company with God,—having help near in every time of trouble," and you will know with him, what appears a mystery to many, how to "rejoice in tribulation."

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.—"We love your Guide," writes another. "We hail its visits as those of a cherished, sympathizing friend, for such it truly is to us. It quickens our aspirations when dull and sluggish; it relieves our perplexities, strengthens our confidence, cheers and animates us when sad and despondent, and stirs the warmest feelings of Christian sympathy and love towards those whom we have never seen, but whose words are so blessed to our hearts. Blessings on the Guide, and all connected with it!" Such sympathy does our heart good.

ERRATA.—"To err is human;" and there are probably few branches of industry so open to mistakes as printing. Every precaution is taken to secure accuracy, but, in spite of us, blunders will sometimes occur. We deem it best, as a general thing, when such misfortunes occur, if the errors are trivial, to let them pass. Our last number we are sorry to say, however, contained a few so destructive of the sense as to constrain us to notice them. The typographical errors were noted at the time, but the "proof" on which they were made was by accident mislaid, and consequently the corrections were neglected. We call attention to a few of more or less importance.

On p. 124, 19th line from top of 2d column, for "the Aarons and the Hurs that stayed," etc., read "Aaron and Hur who stayed."

On p. 125, 11th line from the top of 1st column, for "excitements" read "excitants."

On the 25th line from the top of the same column, for "we know not the laws of God" read "we know not the language of Canaan."

This last correction is necessary in order that the sentence should be understood.

We are reminded of another blunder that occurred in the last volume (December No.), page

176, which we promised the author to correct, but it escaped us. The Promised Land, on which the verses were founded, was the Canaan of Perfect Love, not the Heavenly inheritance; hence, the foot-note at the bottom of the page was inappropriate.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

THE flock he loves to trace
With ever watchful eye, —
So Christ, our Shepherd, full of grace,
To us is ever nigh.

The sheep his kindness know,
When timid fear alarms, —
So we, affrighted, safely go
To our Redeemer's arms.

Their steps he gently leads
To pastures green and fair, —
And so the Saviour kindly feeds
The children of his care.

When stormy tempests blow,
He shields them from the cold, —
So, to escape from sin and woe,
We enter Jesus' fold.

Thy voice to hear we love;
Dear Shepherd, be our guide,
That we within thy fold above
Forever may abide.

HOW TO MAKE A SHILLING LUCKY.

"WHAT shall we do with the first shilling in order to make it lucky?" said a gentleman in South Africa to a black man who had been selling some fruit for him.

"Put it into the mission box, master," was Peter's reply: "that will be sure to make it lucky."

"That is right, Peter," said the gentleman; "and as the thought is yours, and a good one, too, I will give it to you to put in your box."

"O, thank you, master, thank you, missie," said Peter, and a smile of joy lit up his features. He ran immediately to his house, brought his mission box, saw the shilling dropped into it, and then put in a sixpence himself, which he had just earned for a trifling service performed.

Now, shall I tell you how this man gets so much money in his box every year? for he gets a very respectable sum, I assure you. And besides, he and his wife are among the yearly five-dollar subscribers to the Missionary Society. Well, this is the way. If he works over-hours, or does what he considers a day's work, he puts all the money thus earned into a mission box. And God has prospered Peter, and will continue to prosper him.

"GOD IS WIGHT HERE, WILLIE."

A FEW nights since, two little boys were lying together in their trundle-bed. Willie, the older of the two, who was only six years of age, awoke in the night very thirsty. Being told that he could jump up and get himself some water, he cried, saying that he was afraid. Upon this, his little brother, two years younger than himself, spoke encouragingly to him, and said, "God is wight here, Willie! God is wight here! You needn't be afraid, Willie!" So Willie jumped up, and went and got himself some water, and then came back to his little bed, all safe, and soon he and his little brother were fast asleep again.

Is any child who reads this ever afraid just because it is dark? The story is for you, little boy, and for you, little girl. Just think as Willie's little brother did, "God is right here." God loves little boys and girls, if they are good. He can see them just as well in the dark as when it is light. He watches over them when they are asleep. If you love God, little children, and every night, before you lie down in your bed, kneel and ask him to take care of you while you sleep, you never need feel afraid in the least. You are not afraid in the dark when you are in the arms of your father or mother. But God loves you more than your father or mother can love you if you are good. You need never be afraid unless you are naughty. Will you think of this, too, children, "God is right here," when you do or say anything that is naughty? He sees what you do, and hears what you say. Then you may be afraid; but never when you are good.

LITTLE WILLIE EATON.

And who is Willie Eaton? A sweet boy of eight summers, formerly a member of the Greenwood Sabbath School, of which the son of the senior editor is superintendent, — but lately transferred to that region of blessedness where none but the blood-washed are admitted, and where, with the angels, he constantly beholds the glory of the Father. Little Willie lost his mother about a year since, and a heavy blow it was to him. We have no doubt that the Holy Spirit made it the occasion of impressing his mind with eternal realities, — for in his last hours he manifested a degree of spiritual influence which surprised those who ministered to him. To his school-teacher, who was often by his bedside during his sickness, he said, on one occasion, "Will you forgive me for all my naughty behavior at school, and will you ask Jesus Christ to forgive me? I want you to tell all the scholars at school to pray for me; will you, teacher?" Here was the godly sorrow that worketh repentance unto life, of which the apostle speaks. He was sorry for his misconduct because he saw how wrong it was, and that it had grieved his teacher, and, above all, his dear Redeemer. But he became assured that he was forgiven, for he after-

wards said, "Teacher, I shall be an angel to-morrow. Angels are always happy, neither do they have any trouble, do they?" And then, as though the glorious vision was being revealed to him, he exclaimed, "O, see those angels! mother, mother!" cried he, stretching out both of his hands, as if to embrace her: "O, how happy I shall be with my angel mother in heaven." "Father," said he, as his only remaining parent stood by his bedside, "I have seen the angels, and they say you can be an angel, too. O, how happy I shall be when, with father and mother, I get to heaven. There will be no sickness there." He then expressed a wish that they should sing his "sweet pretty song," which was supposed to be the hymn,

"I want to be an angel."

As his weeping father stood by his bedside, he repeated the following lines, by Tennyson, which had been read by his class in school just before his confinement, and which were rendered more touching and appropriate from the fact that by his death his father will be bereaved of all his children but one, a daughter, to whom Willie was ardently attached, and who, at the time, was just recovering from a fit of sickness. The words, substituting father for mother, were these:—

"I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now;
You'll kiss me, my own father, upon my cheeks
and brow;
Nay, — nay, — you must not weep, nor let your
grief be wild;
You should not fret for me, father; you have
another child.

"If I can, I'll come again, father, from out my
resting-place;
Though you'll not see me, father, I shall look
upon your face;
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken
what you say,
And be often, often with you, when you think
I'm far away."

Thus passed away little Willie Eaton. Would the readers of the Children's Corner become partakers of the same precious peace and triumphant joy? They need not wait for it till a dying hour; but let them remember that the first steps in securing it are sorrow for, and confession of, our sins, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and that where these are taken, the Bible says, "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." We hope that all who read this story about Willie will not forget

to pray that this severe blow may be sanctified to his father,—that, as Willie expressed it, he may, with mother and son, "become an angel in heaven."

BOOK NOTICES.

THE STAR OF THE EAST; A Collection of Hymns and Tunes, suitable for all occasions of Social Worship and Sabbath Schools. By ASA HULL. Boston: Russell & Patee.

This is an excellent collection, containing the most popular old tunes in use, together with a good proportion of the more recent. The music, entitled "SHALL WE MEET," in the present number, is taken from this work. Mr. Hull is the author of several popular melodies, many of which have been great favorites at camp-meetings and other seasons of revival.

The American Tract Society have recently issued the following from their prolific press:—

THE CROSS BEARER; A Vision.

An excellent volume, presenting short, pithy extracts, in poetry and prose, from some of the most spiritual writers, such as Fenelon, Thomas à Kempis, Bunyan, Owen, Baxter, Upham, and others. They are arranged under the following heads, each of which is illustrated by a suitable engraving on wood, viz: The Model Cross Bearer, The Cross Presented, The Cross Selected, The Cross Lightened, The Cross Worshipped, The Cross a Shame, The Cross a Boast, The Cross carried in Self-will, The Cross borne after Christ, The Cross Wearisome, The Cross Alleviated, The Cross and the Crown;—the whole constituting just the book for the closet.

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A most important theme, and a well-written book. It is thrown into easy chapters, each embracing some phase of the Christian mother's duty, and presented in an attractive form. Every mother should read it.

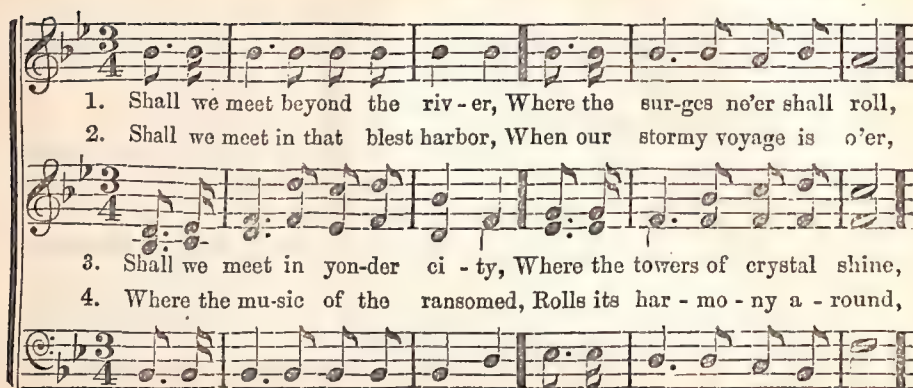
THE WINTER SCHOOL; Or, The Boys' Campaign against one of their Worst Enemies. By MRS. H. E. BROWN.

This is a pretty juvenile, written by the same author as the last, finely illustrated, and exhibiting, in a well-told story, the evils and sin of using tobacco. It should be introduced into every Sabbath-school library, and would make a good gift book for boys.

SHALL WE MEET? 8s & 7s.

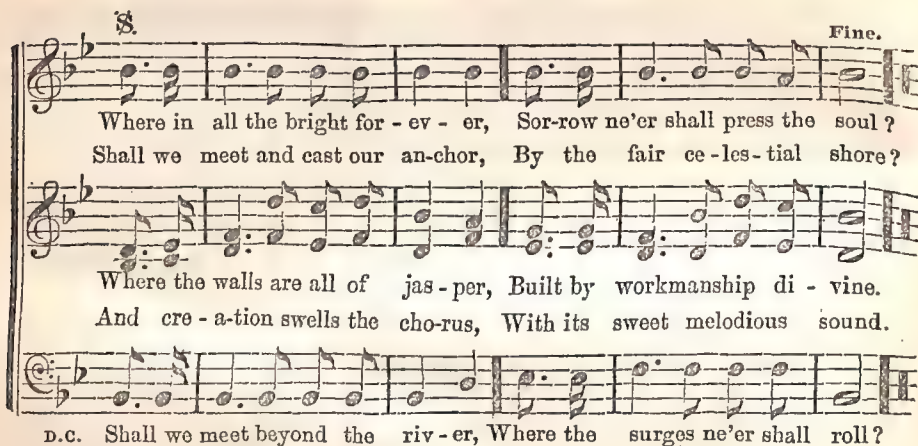
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Oct. 24, 1860.



1. Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges ne'er shall roll,
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our stormy voyage is o'er,

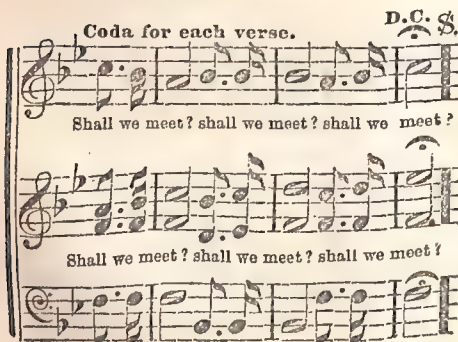
3. Shall we meet in yon-der ci - ty, Where the towers of crystal shine,
4. Where the mu-sic of the ransomed, Rolls its har - mo - ny a - round,



Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast our an-chor, By the fair ce - les - tial shore?

Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by workmanship di - vine.
And cre - a - tion swells the cho-rus, With its sweet melodious sound.

d.c. Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the surges ne'er shall roll?



Coda for each verse. D.C. §.

Shall we meet? shall we meet? shall we meet?

Shall we meet? shall we meet? shall we meet?

5
Shall we meet with many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?
Shall we meet? &c.

6
Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne?
Shall we meet? &c.

BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

SECOND PAPER.

THE CONDITIONS OF BEING BAPTIZED.

1. *An apprehension of its necessity.*

THIS is exceedingly important, to seek it with the earnestness and importunity necessary for securing it. The primitive church could do nothing without it. Though they met together day after day, there was no special interest or power in their meeting. They met only to separate; no sinner felt any desire to look in upon them. They were not prepared to direct inquirers. But when they were baptized what an interest thrilled through the city. The people came in throngs, marvelling at what they saw and heard. The church is now ready to point the inquiring multitudes to the Saviour. There is life and power in every movement of the baptized church, and thousands are converted in a day. The vitalizing power is the Holy Ghost. Both hearer and speaker are under its influence. The presence of the Spirit gives interest to each, and efficiency to all. Here is the secret of power in the primitive church; and do we not need it as much as they? What can we do without it for a dying world? There is no power in our means or in our numbers in effecting the work aside from this agency. The whole world is now open to evangelical labors, and what does the church need so much as the baptism of the Spirit? What so desirable to the ministry as the fulfilment of the promise of the Father? This would give them a power and efficiency such as they never possessed. We should have more than pentecostal scenes acted over. A nation would be born in a day, and salvation would roll over the earth. Without it the world must die, and generations must pass away unwarned and unsaved.

2. *You need to believe, that you may have it.*

We fear that there is but little faith in this blessing. Some confound it with the gift of miracles, and imagine it belonged exclusively to the primitive church. But the disciples performed miracles without it. They did not need it for that purpose. It was rather to give them power and a reality in their minds to the truth of God; just what is needed in our day to give efficiency to the Word.

Others think that it belongs to an elect few, and that they alone can have it. Some are ready to inquire at once, "May not one be saved without it?" They want just religion enough to be saved, and sometimes you would think they make a pretty close calculation, too, when they inquire again, "Cannot one commit this and that sin, and yet be saved?" The true Christian will rather inquire, "How much of God may I have?"

3. *You must hunger and thirst for it.*

You must have a burning thirst, a pinching hunger for it, such as a starving man would feel for bread; he will break through anything to get it. You will say, Give me poverty, reproach, persecution, loss of friends or of reputation, but deny me not this one gift; all things but loss for this knowledge of Christ.

4. *You must be willing to make any sacrifice to obtain it.*

Nothing must come in competition with it. Every sin must be forsaken, and every idol dethroned. You must shrink from no cross, and avoid no duty. The language of the heart must be, "Thy will, not mine, be done." In your plans and pursuits there must be an entire renunciation of self and of self-will. Here is the difficulty often; many want a voice in disposing of themselves and theirs. They have a will about matters. They cannot say in truth, "Thy will be done." To have this baptism, this self-will must be crucified, and every self-interest laid upon

the altar, so that God may come in and reign without a rival. I knew one longing for this higher life, but she was afraid God would make her a teacher. That she could not be, and so she could not have the blessing. There she remained for days, longing for the blessing, and yet dictating terms. At length she said, "I will teach," and the Lord came in and filled her soul.

5. *You must be unselfish in desiring and seeking it.*

You must not desire it chiefly for your own enjoyment, or for your own satisfaction, that you may be assured of your own salvation. You cannot expect it while seeking it to save *your* life. In such a case you shall lose it. To receive it you must seek it in the spirit of self-denial, for the glory of God and the welfare of souls. You must desire it to render yourself useful and efficient in the kingdom of Christ; to spread abroad the knowledge of his grace. Other souls are as precious as your own, and you need this unction in making you wise to win them to Christ. Then, again, how can you reflect the glory of God without being filled with his Spirit?

6. *You must make an actual and universal consecration to God.*

There must be no reserve. Your entire being must be laid upon the altar, to be the Lord's so long as you live—everything committed to God, even "the keeping of your soul unto God as unto a faithful Creator." It was in doing this that Mrs. Edwards received such a wonderful manifestation of divine glory to her soul. Her strength was scarcely able to sustain the view. We cannot have this baptism without this spirit of entire consecration. The least reserve of interest or of will must prevent the blessing. In doing this it should be remembered we give nothing to God but what is his already. We simply acknowledge the truth that we are not *our own*, bought with a price.

7. *You must wait only upon God with faith and submission.*

The evidence may not immediately follow the act of entire consecration in the manner expected. Indeed, there may be no sensible change in the feelings nor in the degree of assurance. God designs that we should trust him though we cannot see. "Blessed is he that hath not seen and yet believed." God expects us to have full confidence in every word he utters, and that no unfavorable appearance shall shake our faith. Here we rest, depending upon him to effect it in his own way and in his own time. The promise shall be fulfilled, "according to thy faith be it unto thee." Can any one doubt, when God is so ready to give his Spirit, — more willing to give the Holy Spirit than earthly parents to give good gifts to their children? What, then, but unbelief can prevent us receiving his fulness and power imparted to us by the Holy Ghost?

THE BELOVED SON.

"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased,"
Matt. iii. 17.

It is the Father's voice that cries,
'Mid the deep silence of the skies,
"This, this is my beloved Son;
In him I joy, in him alone.

"In him my equal see revealed,
In him all righteousness fulfilled,
In him, the Lamb, the victim see,
Bound, bleeding, dying on the tree.

"And can you fail to love again?
Far fairer he than sons of men!
His very name is fragrance poured,
Immanuel, Jesus, Saviour, Lord!

"He died, and in his dying proved
How much, how faithfully he loved;
At my right hand his glories shine;
Is my beloved, sinner, *thine?*"

Oh, full of glory, full of grace,
Redeemer of a ruined race,
Beloved of the Father, come,
Make in these sinful hearts a home!

Beloved of the Father, thou,
To whom the saints and angels bow,
Immanuel, Jesus, Saviour, come,
Make in these sinful hearts thy home!

ON THE CULTIVATION OF ACQUAINTANCE WITH GOD.

A SÉRMON.

"Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord: his going forth is prepared as the morning, and he shall come unto us as the rain; as the latter and former rain unto the earth."—HOSEA vi. 3.

THE desire to know is a universal instinct of man. This is well; for he comes into being the most ignorant and helpless of the things that have animal life. The stork knoweth his appointed time. The ant lays up her store in the summer, and the young bee builds his first cell as accurately as his grandfather can build his, after three summers of practice. Many of the lower animals have an instinctive knowledge of "latitude and departure," and they all know —

"To shun their poison and to choose their food."

But man begins existence feeble and ignorant, to a marvel and a mockery. Beyond the feeble wail by which he announces that he has entered upon life, and a few meaningless and only half voluntary motions of the hands and feet, he gives no signs of sense, nor scarcely any of life. His probation of infantile helplessness is protracted without a parallel. The little people of the farmyard and the sty frisk gaily about at a day or two old; while the little hero of the nursery triumphs over his first walk across the room at twelve months old or more.

But the grand compensation is found in his desire to know. Long before he can walk, the little philosopher creeps about the floor, upon his tours of exploration and experiment. He learns the laws of gravitation by the bumps and bruises he gets in tumbling over, and in pulling over the furniture upon his head. He clutches eagerly every new object, and hastens to test its qualities by sight, and touch, and

taste. Shining things attract him specially, and he is eager to catch the candle-blaze, and learn whether it feels as pretty as it looks. So, on he goes, learning a score of new things every day, and developing new faculties, such as speech, reason, memory, music, and invention; till, in three or four years' time, he has outstripped all his little out-door competitors, and possesses accomplishments to which no possible training can ever bring any of them. This infantile progress is a result of the intense thirst to know which God has planted in mind.

Now, we speak of some persons as having very "inquiring minds;" but I think it will be found that, among persons of equal common sense, each man has about the same amount of curiosity, or inquisitiveness. True, men discover great divergence in the directions in which they push their inquiries, and in the character of their investigations; but there is, commonly, no great difference between the strength of the desire to know possessed by a very wise, studious, thoughtful man, and the strength of the same desire in a man whom we call "thoughtless." The difference between the two men lies not much — perhaps not at all — in the intensity of their respective appetites for knowledge, but mainly, if not wholly, in their different paths of observation, and the contrasted character of the things they study.

As a result of the truth I have just now been insisting on, I think you will find that, of any two men of equal age and capacity, however different may be their reputations for knowledge respectively, one knows just about as much as the other; I mean, he knows about as many things *by count* as the other. The difference between the two men is the result of the difference in the relative character and significance of the truths with which they have stored their memories. *Thus, every man's character is moulded by the character of the things he seeks to know.*

When I was a school-boy, I fell in with an old sailor, who told me he had been a sailor all his life and had been round the globe. I was delighted to have come across so knowing a man, and immediately set myself to be a learner at his feet. I began by asking the old man which way he went round the globe, and he said, "We went by the way of Hope, and we came by the way of the Horn." I found that he did not know the object for which the voyage was made, nor whether the progress of his ship was eastward or westward, nor, indeed, where "Hope and Horn" were, upon the map of the world. He knew nothing of the systems of government of the various countries he had visited, nor of the intelligence or morals of the people, nor of their staple productions, or currency, or lines of commercial intercourse. What, then, had the old man gleaned up in his circumnavigation? Why, he could give the minor incidents of many a storm; he could tell "fish stories" by the hour; he had stored his memory with the "yarns" told before the mast; and he could tell of discontent and insubordination and coercion on ship-board, and of revelries on shore; and so, the old sailor was never out of topics of vast interest and marvel, connected with his voyage round the world. I question much whether an intelligent explorer, who might have made the voyage with him, would have stored his memory with a greater number of facts than the man before the mast had gathered up; and yet the latter had only grown degraded with the many lines of longitude he had crossed. It is not the *extent* of our investigations, but their *character*, which moulds and decides our own.

This, as I understand it, is the truth that underlies the text, "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord." God would have man lift up himself from low inquiries, and pass on, through every gradation of the climax, till he reach the infinite excellence, and in the cultivation

of a divine acquaintance find his own nature plied with a force irresistibly exalting.

I. WHAT IS IMPLIED IN FOLLOWING ON TO KNOW THE LORD?

I understand such Scriptures as the following to make the knowledge of God tantamount to salvation: "And this is life, eternal, that they might *know thee*, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." "Christ shall be revealed from heaven, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that *know not God*, and obey not the Gospel." In accounting for the murderous persecutions to which his disciples should be subjected, the Saviour says, "~~But~~ all these things will they do unto you for my name's sake, because *they know not him that sent me*." So, then, to know God is to be saved, and to know not God is to be in sin. But what is it to know God? Jesus answered that question when he said, "No man knoweth the Father but the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal him." We can only know God, then, through the gracious revelations of his Son in our hearts.

"The world by wisdom knew not God." No man finds God by scientific or literary investigations. "Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him."

He knows God, and he only, who has received the revelation of him in his heart, through Jesus Christ. That is the Scriptural view, and the reason of it is obvious. God has a personal existence, and scientific investigations make no man acquainted with any person, but only with principles. To talk of studying the frame-work of creation, or the course of providence, till you come, by such means, to know God, is as vain as it would be to talk of studying the Constitution and

laws of the United States till you would come to know Abraham Lincoln. You know a man when you have been in his presence and received an introduction to him — when he has spoken to you, and you have spoken to him; and this, I beg to say, is the precise analogy of what the Scriptures present as the attainment of the knowledge of God. "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace."

But the text talks of following on to know the Lord. It is not enough to make the acquaintance of a friend; the acquaintance must be *cultivated*, or it will die out. It is with the knowledge of the Lord as with any other acquaintance. The intimacy must be maintained, or there will come, first, coldness, and then indifference, and then, perhaps, positive alienation.

Twenty years ago, a lady of our acquaintance had a friend, — a very intimate friend. Several times a week the two were together. The intimacy was so marked and so well known that no one of the neighbors ever thought of inviting one of them to any entertainment without inviting the other. Almost every day they interchanged billet-doux. They scarcely had any secrets between them, but habitually poured out their hearts to each other in the freest manner, and, in a word, they lived in each other's affections, and became mutually necessary to each other's happiness. But there came a change. By the domestic removal of one of them, a wide distance was put between them. The separation gave them much pain, and they still remember the sorrow of that parting hour, and the loneliness which, for many successive days, oppressed their spirits. They sought to compensate the absence by correspondence, and every week or two the friendly, loving letters came and went.

But, ere long, domestic cares multiplied and absorbed their attention, other friendships came in to divide their love, and their communications fell off from weekly

to monthly, and quarterly, and yearly; and now it is several years since last they received or wrote a letter to keep alive the dying flame.

Thus it is in the religious life. It is not enough that once we knew the Lord; we must follow on to know him; we must cultivate the sacred acquaintance by seeking to please our heavenly Father, by frequent and protracted interviews with him, by the freest unbosoming of ourselves to him, by the diligent study of his word, and devout meditation upon his character. This is walking with God; and the fellowship has a power irresistibly elevating upon the man who thus follows on to know the Lord.

II. WHAT ARE THE RESULTS OF THUS FOLLOWING ON TO KNOW THE LORD?

1. The text says, — "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord." Know what? Know that his going forth is prepared as the morning? Undoubtedly; but that is not what the text says. The conjunction "that" is not there, and the meaning is left indefinitely broad. "*Then shall we know.*" The implication seems to be that he who seeks communion with God, walks in the light, and is, on that account, in a position favorable to the development of his understanding, and to the proper exercise of all his mental faculties. Pious men live near the Fountain of all truth, and therefore receive truth early, naturally, easily and with accuracy. They are saved from the side-currents and unhappy biasings that come of unholy prejudice and unsanctified desire. They dwell above the fogs and clouds of sense and passion that blur the vision of the soul. Pious men are thoughtful, meditative men, and therefore know. They are temperate, and can study. They value moments, and have leisure. They abhor intellectual garbage, and read good authors. They are the children of the day, and can see to read.

Much prayer makes the soul self-possessed, and gives it a measure of the infinite tranquillity of God, and it is easy enough to see how all these facts concur to give it a wide horizon and accuracy of vision.

Years ago, while struggling amidst the embarrassments of poverty to acquire an education, I habitually found the illustration of this truth in my own experience. Obligated to toil on, partly in study, and partly in teaching, and partly in menial duties, through sixteen hours of the twenty-four, I often proved how good it was to rise in the morning, and bathe my soul in the blessed light for a season, before entering on my multifarious and distracting duties, and to hurry away from my hasty dinner for a season of devotion at midday. I found that the soul which has opened all its windows to the light of heaven, and calmed its restless passions in communion with God, has attained a wonderful preparation for the reception of truth, and at the same time acquired a facility for passing on through the consecutive duties of the day with calmness and dispatch.

But to mention a few particulars. "Then shall we know" God, by an ever-deepening experience of his love, and a ripening acquaintance with his methods, both in providence and grace. "Then shall we know" ourselves, for the humility and honesty implied in the aspiration of the soul to know God favor self-acquaintance, and we always move out into the light as we approach him; besides, the divine nature is the key of our own, since God made man in his own image. Moreover, he that thoroughly understands himself has the lamp by which to read the workings of human nature in other men.

We shall know, too, the devices of Satan; his plans, his baits, his wiles, his power, and the methods by which he is overcome through the blood of the Lamb.

We shall know the deep, spiritual meaning of the Word of God. Holy

living, earnest praying, and the diligent searching of the Scriptures, are but methods of following on to know the Lord, and they never fail to bring the believer into a minute acquaintance with both the letter and spirit of the blessed Bible; while the promised Comforter takes the things that are Christ's, and shows them unto him.

2. Another blessed result of following on to know the Lord is, that to all who do so "his going forth is prepared as the morning." God's going forth is "his method of proceeding; the march of providential or gracious events in fulfilment of his order. Every man who thus follows on to know the Lord will find his own life a perpetual morning. Darkness yields to dawn, and dawn merges into day, and day brightens and glows into noon. But there, exactly at meridian, the figure stops; there is no afternoon in the religion of a man who follows on to know the Lord, for each of his fast-succeeding noons is but the dawn of a brighter day to come. "The righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger." "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

I understand the phrase, "His going forth is prepared as the morning," to imply that just as all the preparations are made by which the sun, now gone down, is to come up and gild the earth with the glory of another morning, so the divine plan is all laid to secure the instruction, the comfort, the progress, and the deliverance, in every hour of darkness and temptation, of all who are followers of God, as dear children. But let us not forget that the hinge of the promises of this text is the "if," — "If we follow on to know the Lord." No Christian will ever be overcome by his trials or temptations who still follows on to know the Lord. God lays small burdens on beginners in grace, but, as time passes, trials

will increase. If we will follow on to know the Lord, our strength shall increase to meet them; but if not, the danger is that we shall be overcome, and either by imperceptible degrees sink away into spiritual sloth and formalism and death, or, in an evil hour, make shipwreck of faith.

True, God will temper the storm to the shorn lamb, but whoever heard of a lamb twenty years old? Yet there are men and women in the church, in great numbers, whose life exhibits all the signs of spiritual infancy to-day, though they are old enough to be teachers and fathers. If we would have our life exhibit the beautiful declaration, "His going forth is prepared as the morning," we must not allow our experience to be confined to the preliminaries and first principles of the spiritual life, but must "follow on to know the Lord."

3. Another happy result of thus following on is given in these words,—"And he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth." Palestine is subject to long droughts, and occasionally to famines growing out of them; hence, to the people to whom the prophet addressed the language, the figure must have been full of refreshing significance.

Even in this country, how we wait, and look, and sigh, and pray for rain in the time of drought. The flowers lose their odors and faint; the corn turns yellow and sickly; the streams shrink away in their channels; the pastures grow crisp under the burning sun; and the lowing herds wander abroad in vain for food, and seem to turn their reproachful looks on man, as if charging him with their sorrows. Ah, then it is that man feels his utter dependence on God, and begins to see how steady must be the stream of benefaction from heaven that shall suffice to keep the earth alive. Even the earth itself, at such a time, becomes cracked and seamed in every

direction, under the burning sun, as if opening a thousand mouths toward the heavens to confess the drought and pray for rain. Men look upon their fields and sigh, and then turn wistfully to the heavens in quest of some gracious harbinger of rain. Rain, rain! O, when will it rain?

When at length the hot sun is veiled with clouds and the teeming heavens begin to send their refreshing showers upon the earth, how revived and gladdened are all things. How pure and sweet the rain hath made the air. How quickly the fields put on their green. How the drooping flowers lift up their heads again, and pour their tribute of sweet odors on the air. How the birds chirp and warble, and fill the fields and woods with their happy notes, and how approaching famine turns away before the brightening prospect of the coming harvest.

"And he shall come to us as the rain." The church has her seasons of drought, when decay and desolation appear on every side; and for a time, the faith of those who would see the prosperity of Zion is put to the test: but if there be a following on to know the Lord among the members, he shall come as the rain.

I have seen it many times. Dissensions among brethren have arisen. Deaths, removals, and blackslidings have brought the church low, her enemies have multiplied, and her friends have been scattered, till it seemed as though nothing but ruin was before her. But, lo! a few souls among her membership are all this time following hard after God, and by and by the gracious rain begins to fall, and the difficulties and embarrassments of years are swept away by the gracious visitation; "for the parched ground became a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water; and in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, there was grass, with reeds and rushes."

"As the latter and former rain unto the earth." The former rain in Pales-

tine, is the rain which falls immediately after sowing-time, namely, in October and November; and the latter rain is that which falls in April and the early part of May, — a few weeks before harvest-time; for in that country all the crops were what we call winter crops, being sown in the fall and reaped in the spring, or early summer. The effect of the former rain is to promote the germination of the grain just sown, and cause it to take good root, and send forth a vigorous shoot. The effect of the latter rain, which comes just as the grain is "coming into the milk," as the farmers term it, is to make the juices of the stalk abundant, and so promote the filling of the berry and make it plump and rich and large.

Now the church needs both these rains. She needs the former rain to fall upon the hearts of the people, as the pastor sows the seed, and cause it to "catch" and take root in their hearts. The effect of the former rain is seen in the early processes of the work of grace, convictions and conversions. She needs the latter rain upon her membership for their general edification and enlargement, and especially for the entire sanctification of their natures by the power of the Holy Ghost, which alone can prepare them for the autumnal gathering.

CONCLUSION.

1. This subject reminds us of the utter inefficacy of all mere human expedients for securing church prosperity; for who but God can make the day succeed the night? Our human bonfires never make a day, nor can we terminate the dreadful drought with our garden-sprinklers. We must propitiate Heaven and secure God's great rain upon the thirsty fields, or all comes to desolation.

2. It reminds us of the method by which prosperity is secured, namely, by *urging the members to follow on to know the Lord*. I have found, whenever there is this earnest *following on* among the

members, there are few, if any, instances of backsliding, and the refreshing showers of grace divine fall copiously and often in converting and sanctifying power. A goodly number of honest, earnest souls in a church, living out their religion at home, and pressing hard after God everywhere, are worth more to the church, for the ends of her real prosperity, than all the schemers and wire-pullers the world ever saw. These, my brethren in the ministry, are the men and women whose intercourse with heaven brings the long-looked-for day and the blessed rain; and many a revival, for which you and I have received the credit at the time, will, by and by, be found to have resulted from the unobtrusive holy living and the mighty faith and prayer of some of God's little ones in our flocks.

3. Finally, there are no peradventures here. If the conditions are met, the gracious results will follow infallibly. If we follow on to know the Lord, knowledge shall dawn on our ignorance, and light arise in darkness, and showers of blessings come upon the thirsty lands.

THY WAY, NOT MINE.

THY way, not mine, O Lord, however dark it be:
Lead me by thine own hand, choose out the path
for me;

Smooth let it be or rough, it still will be the best,
Winding or straight, it matters not, it leadeth to
thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot; I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God, so shall I walk
aright;

The kingdom that I seek is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine, else I must surely stray;
Take thou my cup, and it with joy or sorrow fill:
As best to thee may seem, choose thou my good
or ill.

Choose thou for me my friends, my sickness or my
health;

Choose thou my cares for me, my poverty or
wealth;

Not mine, not mine the choice, in things or great
or small;

Be thou my guide, my strength, my wisdom, an
my all.

AN OLD-FASHIONED CONVERSION.

In the last century it was a novel thing to hear of the young inquirer. Juvenile piety was not expected, and, although children were well instructed in the Catechism and portions of Scripture, yet these were not explained with the clearness and attractiveness of our Sabbath-school instruction. When my mind became deeply impressed, at the age of fourteen, I was directed to my pastor, and, with fear and trembling, I entered his study. The deepest veneration was shed around his august presence, as, seated with his flowing white wig and ministerial garb, he rivalled our ideas of the Pope. How was I to approach him upon such a subject?

At last, my anxious fears for my soul's safety got the better of my timidity. I was told, in reply, "that if God had, in his wise sovereignty, marked me out for one of the elect, I should be saved. At any rate, I must own God as the righteous Judge, and be willing, if it were his will, that I should be consigned to despair forever."

"Never!" I exclaimed, "can I be willing that such a dreadful doom should be my lot! If I wait for submission to this, I shall never be a Christian!" I was alarmed at my own words, and hastily withdrew; and, for two years longer, suffered on in my hopeless state.

After great trouble and prayer, one day, my uncle, whose kind heart sympathized with my feelings, said to me, "Dear child, you have suffered a great deal, and I would not be unhappy any longer. I would not lose both worlds. If you are to be miserable forever, as you suppose, just go to work for Christ, and enjoy life, at least, while you have 't."

I stood a moment and caught the idea. "I will! I will!" I exclaimed. "I will

win everybody to Christ, even if I should be lost." It was the moment of victory.

The sinner was saved. I left the chamber instantly, free from my heavy load, and ran over the stairs, and, just as if they dropped from heaven, these lines breathed through my soul:—

"Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heavenly prize."

Oh, the sweet blessedness of that day! I said nothing, but, as I glided through my duties, Christ filled the soul, the atmosphere, the earth, the skies, the universe. The boundless idea wrapped and absorbed me with infinite delight. I could not conceal the glory from the family. They inquired "if I had a *hope*." I had not thought of such a thing. It was enough to look at this great light.

That Saviour, whom I then received, has proved faithful for forty years,—yea, even to the end.

Twenty years after leaving that sweet home, I visited it for the first time. There I had dropped the burden of sin, and I went up and down those stairs, again repeated those lines, so precious now that years had shown their value.

In looking over my mother's journal, I found this striking little description of her conversion, written by hands now mouldering in the dust. I was led to think there is no particular necessity of such a long, despairing state of conviction; and yet, how great the joy arising from such a sorrowful gloom! It is often said, "Such a person is convicted and converted almost in a day." But how necessary that one should have clear views of sin, and of the relations between a sinner and his Saviour. "The nearer a soul draws to God, the more humble will that soul lie before him. None so near God as the angels—none so humble as the angels."

It is better to live in a wilderness than with a contentious woman.

**"BY THE GRACE OF GOD I AM
WHAT I AM."**

TIME was when all my hopes and fears
Were centred on the visible;
When nothing but the joys of sense,
Transient and earth-born, had a home
Within the garden of my soul.
Alas! how ignorant was I
Of what true happiness consists.
A willing captive, blindly led,
Too blind to see the chain I wore
But Mercy sped her from above,
And, through the darkness of my soul,
Above the brightness of the sun,
There shone a light ineffable,
Revealing to my quickened sense
How *poor and vile* and *lost* was I!
Ah, me! how *lightly* then I prized
All that before had been my joy!
My heart wrote "vanity" on all
That met the eye. Then Mercy came
Again, and ope'd my eyes to see
The hidden glories; and within
There awakened to new life a thirst
Unquenchable, which nothing but
Those *living* joys could ever slake.
Then to my soul Mercy revealed
The living way whereby to gain
A blest inheritance among
Those who aspire to such rare joys.
A voice, thrilling with love divine,
Bade me draw *nigh*, and wash away
My guilty stains in his own blood!
Then on me placed the "wedding robe,"
His own, his *perfect righteousness*;
Then called me his, and gave me power
To claim *him* mine, *forever* mine!
O love divine! to stoop to such
As me! and, stooping, lift me up
To thee. Was ever love like thine?

MILAN, Ohio, April 2, 1862.

THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God."

ALTHOUGH the present ministration of the Spirit is glorious, yet its witness to the soul was enjoyed before the New Testament dispensation; for "Abel obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts." Enoch, also, had this testimony, "that he pleased God," while, from day to day, he expe-

rienced the conscious enjoyment of walking with God. David said, "Take not thy Holy Spirit from me." Then, is it a strange thing that we speak of the clear witness of the Holy Spirit in our forgiveness and acceptance under the present abundant dispensation of the Spirit, which is far beyond that enjoyed in the days of the greatest prophets, even John the Baptist? It is a very mistaken view of humility, so to look at ourselves, and away from Christ, as to live in a state of uncertainty, when we may know whether or not we are walking acceptably before the Lord. Uncertainty in the mind is painful, according to the character of the subject which exercises its thoughts and feelings. If some trifling matter is before it, and we are not tantalized by an idle curiosity, we can easily dismiss the care of knowing. But every sincere inquirer after salvation knows that his eternal all hangs upon his right understanding of divine truth; and from the moment the Holy Spirit begins a communication with his heart, he ardently desires to have the light clear and sufficient. When he has repented of his sins, and made a full surrender of his whole being as a reasonable offering and service to God, he cannot rest until his forgiveness and acceptance are sealed to him by the blessed Spirit. The more he reads the Scriptures, the more he finds that this spirit of adoption is his rightful inheritance, in Christ; for it was for this that he was exalted "to be a Prince and a Saviour; to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins." And "he hath given us of his Spirit." It is not the will of God that we should rest without the definite assurance that we are accepted in the Beloved. This intercommunion of the Holy Spirit is that which forms our union with Christ, and makes us one with him, and him one with us — thus answering his last prayer for his people. It is a voluntary humility, and will-worship, which would

lead us to deny this holy union as our right in Christ; while we concede to him all the glory of the conquest of our evil hearts. Not only may we enjoy this light and comfort of the Holy Spirit in the earliest stage of first love, but it is our privilege to walk in a state of constant fellowship with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ. This is the Scriptural evidence that we are the children of God, the Holy Spirit bearing witness with our spirits—that state of adoption wherein we cry, “Abba, Father.” Such holy consciousness of divine favor yields peace and joy to the soul, which, amid outward temptations, is enabled, through it, to hold fast the beginning of its confidence, and calmly await deliverance.

“OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN.”

*ART thou our Father, wondrous Lord,
Whose 'twas to speak creation's word;
Who rul'st the universe on high,
And fillest all immensity;
Eternal, changeless, great I Am,
From everlasting still the same?*

*Art thou our Father? Wondrous love
That thou, who rul'st enthroned above,
Shouldst think on this our fallen race,
With care for each respective case,
And, by kind mercies and free grace,
Draw us to seek thy loving face!*

*Art thou our Father? Ay, indeed,
When we of thee have felt our need,
And by adoption, through Christ's blood,
Can cry, “Our Father and our God,”
And hope for rest in heaven, our home,
When life's rough paths no more we roam.*

*Art thou our Father? Ne'er shall we
Strangers in heaven's bright mansions be,
But, one in pure and perfect love,
Forever dwell with saints above;
While on those glory-lighted skies
Sorrow's dark cloud no more shall rise.*

*Art thou our Father? Even here
Thy children thou art ever near;
Our trust in thee may safely rest,
Who doeth all things for the best.
Our Father, God, thy name is love,
O, fit us for a home above.*

CLIPPINGS FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

THE SLAIN AND SAVED.

Rev. T. L. Cuyler, of New York city, speaks of the very low state of vital religion, and the almost utter absence of converting power, and adds: “Perhaps it is not too much to say that during the last year more souls have gone into eternity, and fewer have gone into the church of Christ, than in any year our country has yet seen.”

THE POETRY OF WAR AND THE FACTS.

It can do us no good to shut our eyes to the reality that war at best is a terrible scourge. The contrast between the smooth phrases under which the exploits of battle are expressed, and the rough horrors which those phrases really signify, is well put in the following paragraphs:—

“Think only of the common hackneyed expressions which pass so lightly between the lips, when speaking of a great battle. We talk exultingly, and with a certain fire, of a ‘magnificent charge,’ or ‘a splendid charge;’ yet very few will think of the hideous particulars these two words stand for. The ‘splendid charge’ is a headlong rush of men on strong horses, urged to their fullest speed, riding down and overwhelming an opposing mass of men on foot. The reader's mind goes no further, being content with the information that the enemy's line was ‘broken’ and ‘gave way.’ It does not fill in the picture. To do so effectually, we must first think of an ordinary individual run down in the public street by a horseman moving at an easy pace. The result is usually fracture and violent contusion. We may strengthen the tones of the picture by setting this horseman at full gallop, and joining to him a company of flying horsemen. How will it be then

with the unhappy pedestrian? When the 'splendid charge' has done its work and passed by, there will be found a sight very much like the scene of a frightful railroad accident. There will be found the full complement of backs broken in two, or arms wholly drawn off, or men impaled upon their own bayonets, or legs smashed up like fire-wood, or heads sliced open like melons, or other heads crushed into soft jelly by iron hoofs of horses, or faces trampled out of all likeness to anything human. This is what skulks behind a 'splendid charge.' This is what follows, as a matter of course, when 'our fellows rode at them in style,' and 'cut them up famously.'

"Again, how often does the commander, writing home through official dispatches, dwell particularly on the gallant conduct of Captain Smith, who, finding that the enemy were 'annoying our right a little,' placed his gun into position, and 'held them in check.' Both expressions are in fair drawing-room phrases, to be mentioned cheerfully by ladies' lips. It is, as it were, a few flies buzzing about our 'right wing,' teasing and fretting 'our' men. And yet, properly translated, it means this: That stray men of the right wing are now and then leaping with a convulsive start into the air, as a Minie bullet flies with sharp sting through their hearts; that stray men, suddenly struck, are rolling on the ground; that a man here and there is dropping down with a shriek, his fire-lock tumbling from his hand, — in short, that there is a series of violent death-scenes being enacted up and down the long line." — *All the Year Round*.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

We have seen nothing from the scenes of war more touching and sad to the Christian heart, than a letter from a devoted woman in a hospital not far from the nation's capital. She is the only pious nurse in all that asylum of suffer-

ing — many of the others treating lightly the soul's salvation. She begs for prayer and comforts for the body of the wounded and the sick soldier. She writes: —

"The muffled drum and fife have just passed my window, and their comrades have carried to New York two beautiful young men, by whom I stood, and who in their dying hour clasped my hand and cried aloud for *mother*. One of them was delirious, and in his last moments uttered the most beautiful prayer I ever heard. I am witnessing scenes which at home would seem perfectly horrid; and why is it that I can stand, even in the stillness of the night, and close the dying eyes, look after the crazy man, and yet have no fears, and have entire control over myself? Is not the Lord in all this? Why is it that my patients are inquiring the way of eternal life? Has not God said, 'Ask and ye shall receive?' Will you ask the church to remember the dying soldier, as *he* offers prayers that are heart-rending?"

The following incidents connected with the battle at Fort Donelson are culled from various sources: —

THE FATHER AND SON.

I saw an old gray-haired man, mortally wounded, endeavoring to stop, with a strip of his coat, the life-tide flowing from the bosom of his son, a youth of twenty years.

The boy told the father it was useless; that he could not live; and, while the devoted parent was still striving feebly to save him who was, perhaps, his first-born, a shudder passed through the frame of the would-be preserver; his head fell upon the bosom of his youth, and his gray hairs were bathed in death with the expiring blood of his misguided son.

I saw the twain a half hour after, and youth and age were locked, lifeless, in one another's arms.

A MOTHER'S BIBLE AND LOCK OF HAIR.

A dark-haired young man, of apparently twenty-two or three, I found leaning against a tree, his breast pierced by a bayonet. He said he lived in Alabama; that he joined the rebel army in opposition to his parents' wishes; that his mother, when she found he would go into the army, had given him her blessing, a Bible, and a lock of her hair.

The Bible lay half opened upon the ground, and the hair, a dark lock tinged with gray, that had been between the leaves, was in his hand.

Tears were in his eyes, as he thought of the anxious mother, pausing, perhaps, amid her prayers, to listen to the long-expected footsteps of her son, who would never more return.

In the lock of hair, even more than in the sacred volume, religion was revealed to the dying young man; and I saw him lift the tress again and again to his lips, as his eyes looked dimly across the misty sea that bounds the shores of life and death, as if he saw his mother reaching out to him with the arms that had nursed him in his infancy, to die, alas! fighting against his country and her counsels, whose memory lived latest in his departing soul.

THE CATHOLIC SOLDIER.

A secession soldier, a member of the Tenth (Irish) Tennessee Regiment, I believe, was lying just inside of the fortifications. His glazing eyes gave assurance that life was embraced in minutes. He held a rosary and a crucifix in his hand, and his moving lips were doubtless offering a prayer. He had evidently endeavored to kneel, but was too weak to do so.

One of our soldiers saw and hurried to him, to assist him in his attitude of prayer; and while engaged in this kind office, a shot from the rebel cannon struck and killed them both.

PERFECT.

THE nicest point of all which relates to Christian perfection is that which you inquire of. Thus much is certain: they that love God with all their heart, and all men as themselves, are scripturally perfect. And surely such there are, otherwise the promises of God would be a mere mockery of human weakness. Hold fast this; but then remember, on the other hand, you have this treasure in an earthen vessel; you dwell in a poor, shattered house of clay, which presses down the immortal spirit. Hence, all our thoughts, words, and actions, are so imperfect, so far from coming up to the standard, — that law of love, which, but for the corruptibility of the body, your soul would answer in all instances, — that you may well say, till you go to Him you love, —

"Every moment, Lord, I need the merit of thy death."
WESLEY.

"MOTHER."

DOES the word soften your heart when you think of that feverish couch? Have you ever felt the touch of fingers that soothed you as hers did? Have you ever felt so smooth a pillow as the one she pressed gently from your burning head? Do you remember how she denied herself rest day after day, and night after night, her eyes bright with the feverish longing to give you ease and alleviate your suffering? Did that voice ever sound harsh to you then? and O! when your head laid on the bosom from which your own life had come, and you heard the quick throbs of her loving heart, and knew every one of those precious pulsations beat with love, and tenderness, and anxiety for you, did not your parched lips murmur, "Mother," with a strange, wild joy, while the cheek, seamed by the rough lines of care, was wet with tears?

"If I could only see my mother," was the yearning cry of the young sailor. Again and again was that cry repeated—"If I could only see my mother." The vessel rocked, and the waters, chased by a fresh wind, played a musical reveille against the side of the ship. The sailor, a second mate, quite youthful, lay in his narrow bed, his eye glazing, his limbs stiffening, his breath failing. It was not pleasant to die thus in this shaking, plunging ship; but he seemed not to mind his bodily discomfort,—his eye looked far away,—and ever and anon broke forth that grieving cry,—“If I could only see my mother!”

An old sailor sat by with a Bible in his hand, from which he had been reading. He bent above the young man, and asked him why he was so anxious to see the mother he had wilfully left.

"Oh! that's the reason," he cried, in anguish; "I nearly broke her heart, and I can't die in peace. She was a good mother to me,—oh, so good a mother! She bore everything from her wild boy; and once she said, 'My son, when you come to die, you will remember all this.' Oh, if I could only see my mother!"

He never saw his mother. He died with the yearning cry upon his lips, as many a man has died who slighted the mother who bore him. The waves roll over him, and his bones whiten at the bottom of the sea, and that dread cry has gone before God, there to be registered forever. — *Olive Branch.*

SPIRITUAL-mindedness, in the abstract, is no doubt free from all tinge of humanity; but when we view it among men it always partakes of the color of the vessel in which it is placed. And it acts variously, as the office it has to perform varies. Thus a silent and morose mind is made kindly and affable; a trifier, grave and serious. But, in both cases, the leading principle is love to Christ.

THE DAILY LIFE.

EVERY figure used to describe a Christian is essentially aggressive. It teaches us that no man is a Christian in order to enjoy a monopoly of blessing for himself. Being made a Christian, his very first function is to go forth and Christianize others. Some talk of proselytism as a sin, and denounce it even as a crime. Proselytism to a sect is most obnoxious; proselytism to the truths of the gospel is the duty of every man that knows them. Some persons play upon words, and do not distinguish things that differ. They make you suppose, by their remarks, that your first and primary duty, to bless others by having been blessed yourself, is a sin, a crime, a scandal. Every figure used to describe a Christian indicates his duty to Christianize. "Ye are the salt of the earth." What is the nature of salt? To give savor to the substance with which it is mixed or in contact, and to preserve that substance, if needs be, from corruption. An idea involved in salt is something transmissive of virtue; and if you, therefore, are the salt of the world, your part of the world will be touched by the savor of what you are, and so be benefited and blessed. Ye are the "light of the world." A lamp is lighted for diffusing light; and if it do not diffuse light, it is because it is not light. A man who is not a missionary is not a Christian; he that does not seek to promote what he has, feels in his conscience he has nothing worth promoting.

But in looking at the world let us not dissipate, by any excessive generalization, if I may use such an expression, our own daily duties. Your world is your shop, your warehouse, your counting-room; whatever place God, in his providence, has placed you in, that is to you, for all practical purposes, your world. We are not answerable for the sphere we are in; we are only responsible for letting our

light shine in it. If God has made you rich, powerful, illustrious, great, that is his sovereign act; over that you have no control. Your personal duty is to do well the work that is assigned you, in the sphere in which God, in his providence, has placed you; never to dream that what you want in order to do better is to get a larger sphere. Many people make excuses to themselves for not doing better in the little sphere in which they are, by saying, "Ah! if I were only in such a sphere, you would see how I would shine." Now, if you do not shine in a cellar, depend upon it you would not shine in a palace; if you do not shine in the shop, depend upon it you would not shine if you had the command of a fleet. Your duty as light is to irradiate the sphere you are in; and when you have done that well, God, who placed you there, and sees you are able to fill a higher, will say, "Come up higher."

Christianity is not a religion confined to consecrated tiles, and holy places, and holy days; but a religion that treads with as beautiful a foot life's lowliest floor, as it walks in grand procession in the noblest cathedral of Europe. Our religion is not a beautiful robe that we must lay carefully aside upon Sunday night, lest it should be rumpled by the rough wear and tear of the week-day; it is a religion that we are to carry with all the splendor of its first kindling into life's highest, and life's lowest, and life's universal places, knowing it is fit to sanctify all, and make us shine as the lights of the world in all. And if you cannot be, where God has placed you, sunlight, you may always be light. We do not expect that there will be all the splendor of a martyr's testimony behind the counter, but we do expect that there will always be the quiet every-day life of a Christian's character there and everywhere. And you know quite well, writing for many who are in trade and in business, that every day proposals are made, offers

come before you, plans are mooted, schemes are suggested, which constantly bring into demand or play your Christian character; you must either, when these proposals are made, put your Christianity away, and deal with them as tradesmen, or you must take your Christianity with you, and let it control, direct, give tone and force to everything you are, and everything you do. Therefore, the conclusion we come to is this,—that the man who is a Christian is not to cease to be a tradesman, a physician, a lawyer, a senator, a judge; but to be a Christian tradesman, a Christian lawyer, a Christian senator, a Christian judge. The monk and the suicide belong to the same category; for the one runs from society to escape its perils, and the other runs from society in order to escape its burdens; both fly from duty, the one to escape danger, the other suffering, and yet neither succeeds. We ought to be in the world, not of it. The ladies who go into a convent, if they be lights, thereby go and put their lights under a bushel; whereas, if true lights, instead of putting them under a bushel, they ought to let them shine, that the whole house may be better for it. When it is urged that men should go into monasteries, and women into convents, because they are so holy, so pure, that they would be contaminated by the world, they should recollect that if they be so holy and so pure, of all people upon earth the world has the greatest need of them. If all the good that is in the world were to leave it, the world would go to corruption and ruin. Just because, as they say, they are so holy, so good, and so pure; therefore, instead of deserting as cowards the banners of the force they belong to, they ought, as good soldiers of Christ, to remain in the world, conquering the world for Christ, and for his glory, and for his people.

Every man, whatever his character, a Christian or not, a light that burns or a

lamp that has been quenched, has everywhere and always a continuous influence upon all that are around him. Some think that by not professing to be Christians they escape the responsibility of their duties towards those that are around them; but this is impossible; for what man is, exercises as powerful an influence as anything man does or professes. There is, in the human body, voluntary action and involuntary action. When I move my hand, or my tongue, or my legs, that is voluntary; I can stop, or I can go on; but my heart and my lungs go on in spite of me; they are involuntary movements. So in the human character there are two influences: there is the voluntary influence, as when I go out and speak to a person in order to convince him, or appeal to a person in order to make him better. I am then exercising a designed and a voluntary influence upon that individual. But there is an involuntary influence in my character, my conduct, my temper, when I think no man sees me, though many may be seeing me; all these without my volition, and in spite of my volition, are shaping the character, and giving tone and temper, and it may be everlasting colors, to the souls of mankind. In other words, it is impossible to be in the world, and not in some shape to influence the world. What we say may not proceed from real conviction; but what we are is always before the world, the symbol or sign of what grace has made us, or what sin has left us. No child walks along a street without learning lessons. Every sign-board teaches, every random exclamation teaches, every fugitive look on the human countenance teaches. The fact is, we are constantly under teaching to the latest moment of our lives; and what we come into contact with is moulding and shaping our character, it may be forever. It is very difficult to persuade men that it is so, because they have the idea that there is only power where there is noise, bustle, ex-

citement. But it is really not so. All the forces in nature that are the most powerful are the most quiet. We speak of the rolling thunder as powerful; but gravitation, which makes no noise, has no speech, utters not a syllable, yet keeps orbs in their orbits, and the whole system in its harmony, binding every atom in one orb to the great central source of all attraction, is ten thousand times ten thousand more powerful. We say the red lightning is very powerful; so it is, when it rends the gnarled oak into splinters, or splits the solid battlements into fragments; but it is not half so powerful as that gentle light which comes so softly from the skies that we do not feel it; that travels at an inconceivable speed; strikes and yet is not felt, but exercises an influence so powerful that the sea is kept back by it, that the earth is clothed with verdure through its influence, and all nature beautified and blessed by its ceaseless action. The things that are most noisy are not the most powerful; things that make no noise, and make no pretension, may be really the most powerful. An eloquent speech will never have the effect of an eloquent life. The most conclusive logic that a preacher uses in the pulpit will never exercise the effect that the piety, the consistent piety of character, will exercise over all the world. And in many congregations, the preacher who may have few to hear him, and where, if we heard him, we should say that he has not the power of expressing clearly and intelligibly the great thoughts that he feels, may be comparatively dumb and ineffective in the pulpit, but in his walks amid his flock his beautiful and holy character may be spreading an influence around him, that will tell more upon the destinies of souls than if he had wielded all the thunders of Demosthenes, or pleaded with the persuasive eloquence that flowed from the lips of Cicero.

It is not what we intend to do that strikes the most; it is what we are. Our

blessed Lord spake, it is true, as never man spake; but it was rather the dignity, and yet the lowliness; the grandeur, and yet the humility; the holiness of heaven, and yet all the sympathies of earth, radiant from that spotless character, which left its deepest and most permanent impression upon mankind. Jesus made converts as much by what he was, as by what he said. You may be serving in a shop, behind a counter; you do not think you can be doing any moral good there; you are quite mistaken. The quietness with which you serve, the gentleness with which you reply, the simple, unpretending, and therefore appropriate remark that you make, all are telling. There is not a face that does not almost repeat itself. In the modern discovery of the daguerreotype, rays coming from an object paint that object on the sensitive surface which they touch. It seems as if character radiated from the human countenance painted itself on the characters of those it touches. What a man thinks, the very look of the countenance, the very thought that flashes through the eye, the very feeling that plays upon the lip, all are influencing others. There is not a mistress whose looks are not telling on a servant; there is not a master whose silent looks are not making somebody beneath him worse or better for it. It is impossible to go through the world without exercising influence; it is only possible to have that influence dipped in the fountain of light and life, and to have it so baptized and consecrated by a heavenly baptism, that wherever you are, you shall walk through the world an ambassador from God, a benefactor of all mankind. And what a solemn lesson is here for all teachers in schools, and parents acting in the presence of their children! The most susceptible creatures upon earth are children; and I do not believe that we give them credit for the intensity of their sensitive and susceptible nature. A child looks in your face and distinguishes

your meaning long before you have given utterance to it. A child watches your countenance, and picks out your temper, your taste, your sympathy, long before you have audibly expressed it. And very many parents look things and say things; and when they think the child has detected what they did not mean the child to know, often in a very bungling way, as indeed all attempts at deception must be, they try to do away with the mischief they have done by suddenly turning a corner in the conversation, and launching on another subject. Do you think that the child did not see that? He saw as clearly as you; and that act of yours has left upon that child a conviction of crookedness that may live in his memory, and fill up his character throughout the rest of his pilgrimage upon earth. To children we cannot be too direct, too straightforward; we cannot be too childlike in our intercourse with them, yet we must not be childish. Daily life is more powerful than Sunday life. The face, as a dial, cannot too purely, too truly reflect the innermost thoughts and imaginations of the heart. Be Christians, and your voluntary and involuntary influence will be Christian also. Be salt, and the savor will necessarily be good; be lights, and the influence that radiates from you will necessarily be light. What we want to be is not to look Christians, or to pretend Christians, or to profess Christians, but to be Christians. You need not then so carefully guard yourself; you need not be on the ceaseless watch what you do. Take an anagram; read it from the right or from the left, or from the top or from the bottom,—it reads the same thing. Take a Christian; look at him at one angle, or look at another angle, look at him in any light or in any direction, and he is a Christian still. The great secret of getting rid of a vast amount of trouble and inconvenience, is being a Christian; and when you are a Christian, your eye will be single, your body will be full of

light, and all influences, sanctified and blessed by the Holy Spirit of God, will be sanctifying, and will bless all that are connected with you.

How responsible a thing is daily life !

THE KINDNESS OF GOD OUR SAVIOUR.

THE sweet singer of Israel often makes mention of God's *kindness*, and sometimes speaks of "his *loving* kindness;" again, of "his *marvellous* kindness;" and yet again of "his *marvellous loving* kindness," and exclaims, "How *excellent* is thy loving kindness!" The soul that has by a living faith received Christ as his Saviour, his *Friend*, his *all*, and who abides in his love, experiences day by day this loving kindness, and understands full well that to a finite mind it is a fathomless depth.

Among men, favors are sometimes bestowed in such a manner that the receiver is pained by perceiving that they are prompted by other motives than true kindness or benevolence; but not so with our God. His kindness is not constrained, not an outside show manifested for effect, but is always *LOVING KINDNESS*, and truly *marvellous*. The Psalmist says, "I have not *concealed* thy loving kindness;" so every one who has learned that "his favor is life, and his loving kindness is *better* than life," should not, *will* not conceal it, but declare it in the congregation of his people, and seek earnestly to lead all to accept the free gift of his grace.

O, why should any wander blindly on, searching in vain to find satisfaction among the husks of earth, and reject such loving kindness; and why should not they especially who hope in his pardoning mercy, also enter into *his* rest, put their trust under the shadow of his wings, and continually prove how *excellent* is his loving kindness to the children of men.

THE CLOUD WITH A SILVER LINING.

EARTH never knew a happier creature than I was in childhood. My heart sang praises with the warbling birds, and longed with the flowers for some deep-meaning language with which to breathe forth to others the unutterable fulness of its joy; and when I listened to the voice that said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," my cup seemed running over with blessing.

When the spring-time of my life warmed into summer, I blushed to know that I was loved, and I returned that love with all the warm devotion of which the human heart is capable. The object of my affections occupied a place in my heart which ought to have been sacred to Jesus alone. He was pleasing in his looks and manners, a professional man, with a Christian character,—not very strongly marked,—but which would allow him, if we may so speak, to enjoy worldly pleasures and religion besides.

I was early laid upon the altar by Christian parents, baptized with their tears, and consecrated by their prayers; but perhaps was no more devoted than he.

The question with me now every time was not so much "Will this please God?" as "Will this please him?" I labored incessantly to render myself more agreeable to him. I read the books which entertained him; I sang the songs he loved to hear; I wore the colors which pleased his eye; I prayed at the hour of evening, when the sun was going down, because he promised to meet me then at the mercy-seat; I prayed for him; I thought of him kneeling far away and looking up to the same Author of blessing, until I was lost in reverie, and saw only him when I should have seen only God. My heart was divided, and as I yielded more and more to worldly influences, I realized painfully that I was losing the blessings of

Christ. I knew so well what the privilege of the believer is; I saw so plainly the narrow path; and often the question was asked to my soul, "Will you walk there?" Then I trembled; but I did not dare to answer. "This will never do," said the Spirit. "You cannot serve God and Mammon. You cannot love Jesus and the world; one must be given up. *Now is the hour of sacrifice!*" How God's truth burned in my soul! The awful interest of that hour was as if the soul's eternal destiny depended upon this decision.

Could I give up the pleasures of the world? He said there was no harm in a dance by one's fireside, and a pleasant game for pastime. Could I give up its wealth and pomp? He sought them, and reached forth eager hands to grasp its honors. Could I lay aside my costly apparel and useless adorning — *his gifts* — too? Oh, he loved to see me richly dressed, and beautiful with ornaments. He could not love me if I were a plain, unassuming girl, whose only business on earth it should be to cry "*Behold the Lamb!*"

Could I give him up too, — the cherished idol of my heart? Give up those bright hopes for future years, which were almost as dear to me as heaven? Not that I meant to break any vows. No; but then I felt if I were to give up all for Jesus, he would not want me; for "what communion hath light with darkness?" On the other hand I saw no room for half-heartedness; no room for compromise with the world. *Jesus must have all.* Was he not worthy? Eternal life! was it not worth the loss of all things else? But how could I make the sacrifice?

Three days more, and I expected to see him. I would talk with him and tell him how I felt. Perhaps he would go with me. It would be easy to leave all and follow Jesus if he went with me. Riches, honor, and the loss of every friend beside, would be nothing, if he were spared to me.

So I waived the matter, daring not to give up every hope of heaven, clinging still to the dearest hope of earth.

I did not know that it would be dark so soon if I did not walk in the light. I did not think my feelings would change before three days should pass, so that I would feel but little interest comparatively in that most momentous question; but when I sat and smiled and chatted, or looked upon him in happy silence, I had very little disposition to ask him what were his views of holiness, and beg of him to lead with me a life of entire devotion to God. Neither did I tell him how my mind had been wrought upon. He took me home with him, that I might become acquainted with his parents and sisters, and see the spot which we hoped to call "home," some day.

A few days passed pleasantly with friends and in visiting places of interest in the city. Oh, how I felt the need of the blood of Christ to keep me!

The Sabbath came, — one of those warm, sunny days of summer, when hardly a breath of wind moves over the dusty grass, and the sunshine burns the leaves and scorches the earth. A cool breath came once in a while through the open windows from the dense shade of trees, and on the whole, that little parlor seemed pleasanter than the house of God; so we did not go to church. And when we wearied of sitting there, we took our way to the river and sat upon the bank beneath the shade trees, where we could see the water moving swiftly and almost silently, and the hills and beautiful scenery which lay in the distance, —

"And watched the white clouds come and go,
And birds upon the azure seas."

On that holy day, when we are not to think our own thoughts, or speak our own words, we talked of the past and present, and planned for the future. We went to the beautiful rise of ground where our home was to be; and he showed me how

he calculated to lay out the walks and gardens.

What thoughts came with that Sabbath evening! Thoughts of the blood that cleanseth. Thoughts of salvation's full cup which a few days before I had almost taken to my lips; and when he questioned why I wept, I told him it was because I was no better Christian,—if indeed I was one at all. Then he spoke words of assurance, and read from a book words which were calculated to strengthen one's confidence. I knew the promises were *only* to the faithful,—to those who deny themselves for Jesus' sake, and therefore *not to me*; but I dried my tears because he wished me to.

Busy needles were plied amid the merry song of sisters, and the time came when the last quilt was finished and folded, and the bridal garments in readiness. Can I ever forget my father's look, as he playfully lifted the band-box cover, then turned away, grieved to see that his daughter was being wholly swallowed up in the vanities of the world?

Another day, and yet another, and I should be a happy bride. How like a pleasant dream our life shall pass, I thought, unruffled by windy storm or tempest, flowing sweetly onward in the bright sunshine of love! But God's "thoughts are not our thoughts, nor are his ways our ways," and what time I thought to be the happiest of all my life, I was kneeling in the dark closet, with my head upon my trunk, crying, "*Oh, my God! Oh, my God!*" I stepped into deep waters, and *found no bottom*. When the angel of sleep kissed my sisters, I wet my pillow with hot tears, and longed for the morning; and if perchance I slept an hour, when I woke the sense of loss came home upon me so as if it would crush me. *Was some one dead?* or, what is the matter?

How the warm sunshine of those autumn days mocked me! and when the late rains beat down into the cheerless

earth, how I wanted to lie in its dampness and *be at rest!* Yet I did not really feel prepared to die.

Would that I had given up my idols for Jesus' sake, then I should have lived in his embrace, above the tempest.

I made a great grave, and threw in every hope,—*the last one*,—every anticipated joy, every fond remembrance, and covered it over, and then commenced to live again, for God and suffering humanity. I gave myself to God,—body, soul, and spirit, and all my soul's and body's powers; and thus seeking the kingdom of God and his righteousness was verified to me the promise, "All other things shall be added unto you."

One who is every way most worthy calls me "his own," and we are *one in Jesus*. A little laughing boy throws out his hands to me, and says "Mamma!" and we have given him to the Lord. We are all the Lord's, and are happy in this consciousness.

"O, Jesus, it is all of thee,—

The joy that springs from being loved;

The faith that lives in one embrace,

And looks forever on thy face."

Gentle reader, seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and leave the rest with him. *All will be well*. Can you not trust him who numbers the hairs of your head? God calls you to a life of holiness and purity. Oh, be not wedded to the world! It will weave and weave its slender threads about you till it drags you down to the gates of death.

But is there not power in prayer? and may I not lead the one I love to Christ? You may; but why need you wait? God hears prayer *now*, and by your influence, example, and prayers, he may be won to Jesus *now*, if ever. Then shall your cup of joy be full, and you shall help each other on the way, "for those that are one in the faith fight double-handed against evil."

God helps those who help themselves.

JESUS MY GUIDE.

Down to the vale where the sweet ferns sleep,
And scented pines their lonely watch keep,
Softly and slowly dark shadows creep

In the twilight's hallowed hour.

Press toward the hill-top; the sunset light
Loitereth yet on the craggy height;
Only the valley, entranced by night,
Yields to his magic power.

Eagerly climb we the hill's steep side,
Crushing the moss where the gray rocks hide;
While the setting sun, with loving pride,
Bathes earth's fair scenes in glory.

Onward, still on, o'er the roughening way
(A brother's hand for my "staff and stay"),
Rest we, at last, where the lingering day
Crowneth the summit hoary.

With deepest peace was that hour fraught,
As those clasped hands to memory brought
A lesson sweet, by the Scriptures taught,
Of Christ, our "Elder Brother."

I felt the pressure of his dear hand;
And, while by my side he seemed to stand,
An echo came from the angel-band,—
"This Guide is like none other.

"His feet have trodden life's road alone,
Though mortals call it a 'path unknown';
His right hand ever upholds his own;

Each one in love he guideth.

He is their Keeper, their Strength, their Stay;
His name is Truth, himself the Way;
He watcheth his fold by night and day;

Each 'neath his shadow hideth."

My glad soul joined in the sweet refrain
(Praise, praise to the Lamb who once was slain),
And the prayer upborne on that blessed strain

Was answered then from heaven,—

"Fear not; my promise of grace divine
Through all life's changes shall still be thine;
And, saved by Christ's love, thou shalt be mine
When crowns of light are given."

JESUS MY HOPE.

JESUS, thou my hope of heaven,
Thou on whom my faith relies,
For my sins thy blood was given,—
What a costly sacrifice!
Oh! thou art my choicest treasure,
Thou my only hope and guide,
Let it be my greatest pleasure
Ever in thee to abide.

Thou wilt bring me home to glory,
There to join in heavenly lays,
And with angels bow before thee
In their songs of love and praise.

If 'tis blissful here to praise thee,
And to know thou lovest me,
When to glory thou shalt raise me,
What will then the rapture be?

Go and ask the saints in heaven,
Who are sweeping harps of gold,
And the answer will be given:
What thou ask'st can ne'er be told;
Thou must wait, like those before thee,
And enjoy thy present bliss,
Till thou art, with them, in glory,
Ere thou know'st what heaven is.

DUNKIRK, N. Y.

THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD.

THE Apostle Paul in speaking to the Corinthian church gives them this encouraging assurance: "God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord." The faithfulness of God to his Son, to the church, and to individuals, is a subject worthy of special consideration. In each of these departments God has proved himself perfectly faithful and trustworthy, and will forever continue so.

In contemplating this subject, we can see that nothing is wanted to bring the whole church, at once, into the enjoyment of full salvation but trust in the faithfulness of God to carry into effect the power of the gospel on their hearts. Christ has promised to save to the uttermost, but they don't believe it. John says, "If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness;" but they don't believe this. If they cannot believe God he cannot save them, for it is his rule to save only on condition of our faith. The same apostle prays, in another place, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly, soul, body and spirit," and then adds, "God, who hath called you, is faithful, who also will do it." Here is a special promise of the faithfulness of God, applied to the entire sanctification of those whom God hath called.

O that all the church had as much confidence in the faithfulness of God as had the apostle! — we should not now hear so much about sinful believers and unsanctified Christians; we should not have Christians and unbelievers put in the same category in prayer, and have all that Christ had done for them ignored. Strange as it may seem to most Christians, this lack of confidence in the faithfulness of God to fulfil his promises is the very thing that keeps them back from the full participation of perfect love and perfect peace; and why it is so hard to make them see it is a mystery. If the discovery of this fact was of no consequence to them, we might account for it on the principle of indifference; but, as an experimental knowledge of it is, to them, of the first importance in order to their present peace and eternal well-being, it would seem they would believe almost without evidence; but such is not the fact.

Much is said in the Bible, and in theological writings, about the power of faith. Might not, with equal truth, the same be said of the power of unbelief? It closes the eye and stops the ear so that the beauties of holiness are concealed, and the individual, under its influence, refuses to listen to the voice of the charmer, charming never so wisely. O that God, by his Spirit, would remove the cloud, that the truth as it is in Jesus might be both seen and embraced.

UTILITY OF REVERSES.—Long afflictions will much set off the glories of heaven. The longer the storm, the sweeter the calm; the longer the winter nights, the sweeter the summer days. The new wine of Christ's kingdom is most sweet to those who have long been drinking gall and vinegar. The higher the mountain, the gladder we shall be when we get to the top of it. The longer our journey is, the sweeter will be our end; and the longer our passage is, the more desirable will the haven be.

SANCTIFICATION BY FAITH.

NO. II.

In the last number we examined what sanctification is: "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith," or fidelity, "meekness, temperance;" in other words, the development of the seed sown in regeneration; and we are now to consider how it is that we are sanctified by faith.

But, before so doing, there is a point of great importance, on which it will be well to touch.

The seed sown in regeneration is the direct result of divine power. It is called "a new creature," that is, a new creation; and, like every other work of God, is absolutely perfect. Therefore, John says of this new creation, — or "new man," as Paul calls it, or "hidden man of the heart," as Peter calls it, — that "whosoever is born of God sinneth not, for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." "Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world." "We know that whosoever is born of God sinneth not." The light which is let into the soul in its new birth is capable of enlargement from a spark into a flame, but not of being made more perfect. The new man has all his parts and organs, and needs nothing but growth. Instead of the improvement of that which man has naturally, there is the creation of that within him which God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, can pronounce very good.

But there does still remain in those who are regenerate, who have this perfect seed of the Divine life within them, that old and fleshly nature which they derived from Adam. It not only remains, but is not in any way improved. "The carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither, indeed, can be." When it comes into

contact with the mind of the Spirit, the new creation within, the necessary result is conflict. The two cannot mix. They keep each other in check. But neither can nature spoil grace, nor grace mend nature.

Sanctification is the growth of the new man in spite of the opposition of the old. It is, therefore, cradled in conflict, and does not cease fighting, till, with our mortal body, the body of sin, also, our corrupt nature, is dropped. And herein lies the mystery of the life of faith, which very young Christians sometimes find it so difficult to understand, how it is possible for a believer to say, as Paul says, in the same breath, "I am carnal, sold under sin," and "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." Both were true at the same moment. Paul looked at his sinful self, the mind of the flesh which he had derived from Adam, and said, "I am carnal, sold under sin." He looked at himself as a new creature in Christ Jesus, and was able to say, "I myself with the mind serve the law of God." "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

But we must not forget that this new life imparted to the believer is not so imparted as to be possessed separately from Christ. It really exists in the believer's heart; it is not like his righteousness of justification, reckoned to be his without his having any actual participation in it, except in the eye of God; but is a real thing in his own soul. Yet it is not there like a candle burning independently; but, like a sunbeam, dependent from moment to moment on the sun. We derive our holiness from Christ, and its growth depends upon communion with him. And this leads us at once into the point we have now to examine,—how faith is connected with our sanctification.

"We have access," Paul says, "by faith into this grace wherein we now stand." He could hardly have said a thing more alien to all men's natural thoughts, and more absolutely incompre-

hensible to many. For how do most men think about this matter? They fully admit the necessity of holiness, however much they may dislike it; but they look upon it as a state to be reached by mere effort. Anybody striving earnestly they count sure of attaining to it. And if, instead of disliking it, they are really desirous of being made holy themselves, and seeing others made holy, they say, "Strive, strive, strive—run, run, run—fight, fight, fight,—labor, labor, labor;" and, when they have so done, think they have done something, when they have not spoken a word which can teach the man how to strive lawfully—how so to run as to receive the prize—how to fight, not as one that beateth the air—how to labor, not as a starved and dying man, who cannot lift his hand to his head, but as a strong and well-fed husbandman, who eats the fruit of the ground before working on it. "Access" there must be to holiness; it is not a matter of course to be able to serve God. Even in earthly matters it is not uncommon to see the most strenuous energy thrown away, because not directed aright. What can be more laudable than a man doing his best to serve his country in case of invasion from a foreign foe? But how diligently has it been instilled into the minds of our young men, that if they wish to do so in the hour of danger, they must get admitted into a volunteer corps, and go through a regular training, or they will be worse than useless, able to do nothing but run away, or, perhaps, be hung by military law for fighting without being soldiers. The man out of uniform and the man in uniform may be equally strong, equally brave, equally resolute; but the one will be treated as a felon and do no good, the other may, with honor to himself, serve his country; the only difference between them being that the one has access into the ranks—has gone through the right gate. Even so there is no true fighting against sin, unless the man goes about it

in the right way. No mere effort, no amount of earnestness, will make the man holy who has not access into this grace.

This access is through Christ. Christ is the door to every blessing, the way into the church, the way to the Father, the way into heaven, and also the way into holiness. This is the reason why He is called our sanctification, because it is only through him that we can attain to holiness. Never must we think that, when justified by Christ's blood, we have received from Christ, in that gift, all he has to bestow. We have access through him, also, into that which is the longing desire of each believer's heart—inward grace. Indeed, passing through one door involves passing through the other. If Christ justifies us by his righteousness, he is sure, also, to sanctify us by his Spirit. It is he who is the door to both blessings, and when he gives access or entrance into the one, he does, also, into the other. There is no other way to holiness, except through Christ. So entirely hopeless is the attempt of those who think of coming to Christ through holiness. It is through Christ we come to holiness; partly because he has obtained the Spirit for us; partly because it is only to those who are not under the law, but under grace, that victory over sin is promised; partly because the main means of becoming like Christ are, beholding Christ's glory, and communion with Christ himself. And, therefore, so long as there is no relation established between Christ and the soul, so long as the soul is not united to Christ, has not found Christ to be indeed the way, it has not even entered upon the path of holiness, has not taken one step upon it, or begun to stand in grace.

No man can tell how important it is to make this point clear. Everything depends upon it, for it is possible even for God's children to waste their efforts after holiness by forgetting the dependence of the whole thing upon Christ. Many

make laborious attempts of promoting holiness in themselves or in others, which have no such result. It is not the temptation of the day to lacerate the body, or mortify it by absurd severities; but there are other ways in which persons try to do the same thing—they use lawful means, without respect to him through whom alone those means can prove effectual. They pray, without first obtaining access by Christ to the throne of grace. They read their Bibles without seeing in them "him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write." They make vows of amendment, instead of drawing strength from Christ himself. Is it any wonder that such fight uncertainly,—run, but get no nearer to the goal,—labor like those who put sand into a bag with holes? We must by Christ have access into holiness; and those who pass him by, and try to reach the same end by some other way, will find themselves disappointed at the last. And how does this endear the Saviour to his people, that by him they can obtain that which they so much desire! What longings does this stir up in many a heart after resemblance to him! How precious is the thought of holiness to him who has caught a glimpse of what it is, and hopes to reflect it! And to this, as well as to the blessings of pardon and justification, Christ is the way. It is by him we have access to it. Out of him, severed from him, as he himself says, we can do nothing. But in him, with him, by him, we can do all things.

FAITH and love are like a pair of compasses: faith, like one point, fastens on Christ as the centre; and love, like the other, goes the round in all the works of holiness and righteousness.

LOWLINESS is a sign of blessedness. He whom the Lord most weighs down with spiritual blessings, stoops the most meekly under the weight.

REVIVAL IN WALES.

CARDIFF, South Wales, }
 March 18, 1862. }

WE are now in the fifth week of labor, or thirty days since we commenced our services in Charles-Street Chapel, and the Lord has very graciously poured out his Spirit upon the people, quickening his own children, and causing them to feel that they have something to do in bringing this redeemed, revolted world back to its Redeemer. Zion has strength, if she would only put it on, so as to become terrible as an army with banners. To the degree we can get the church membership to arm themselves with the might of the Spirit, to that degree are her conquests. The secretary has recorded the names of between seven and eight hundred who have professed to find peace with God during these services. The past week we have been laboring in the London Square Chapel, or, as it is called, "The Dock Chapel." Many captains and mariners attended the services. One evening there were six American captains, all *true* Northern men, and you cannot conceive what a home-feeling it gave us as we were privileged to shake hands with them. One of them, Captain Percy, has taken a package of books, the little volume, "Sweet Mary," and "The Richmond Hall Hymn-book." Yesterday, at the noon-day prayer meeting, when I was about asking for verbal requests, or for thanksgiving, after having read quite a number of written requests for special cases, a gentleman stepped up to the desk and asked permission to speak, which was readily granted. He said he had a vow to perform, and then tears flowed freely for some moments so as to choke utterance. He then stated he had been a professor of religion for fifteen years; but if what he experienced last night in his cabin was religion, he had never known anything of it before.

He had left the meeting the night previous very much hardened, and condemned for not accepting the invitation to come to the altar and seek the Lord; but he promised the Lord he would come the next evening and confess him. He said the Lord met him more than half-way, and at one o'clock made him a new creature in Christ Jesus. He is the master of a vessel now in port, and he had brought four of his men to the noon-day meeting. As soon as the invitation was given, he brought four able-bodied seamen forward, who all found peace. The captain, in the evening meeting, said that he did not suppose he had slept fifteen minutes in the last twenty-four hours; for, since one o'clock, he had been too happy to sleep. Between thirty and forty are finding the Saviour each day. To God alone be all the glory! The Rev. Mr. V. has just called and said, that last evening, at the leader's meeting, he found that nearly all the persons had been housed, either with the Wesleyans or some other Evangelical body, and only three who did not give good evidence of a change of heart.

Both at Charles-Street and the Dock Chapel, the leading members came forward seeking holiness or the full baptism of the Holy Spirit; and whenever this is the case, the Lord gives great victories to his people.

THE GREAT EXAMPLE. — The purity and holiness of the life of Christ is a glorious pattern for the Christian's imitation. As he which hath called you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation.

There is a two-fold holiness in Christ, — the holiness of his nature, and the holiness of his practice; his holy being and his holy working. This obligeth all that profess interest in him to a two-fold holiness, — holiness of heart, and holiness of life.

THE PRODIGAL.

I.

WHY feedest thou on husks so coarse and rude?
I could not be content with angels' food.

II.

How camest thou companion to the swine?
I loathed the courts of heaven, the choir divine.

III.

Who bade thee crouch in hovel dark and drear?
I left a palace wide to sojourn here.

IV.

Harsh tyrant's slave who made thee, once so free?
A father's rule too heavy seemed to me.

V.

What sordid rags hang round thee on the breeze?
I laid immortal robes aside for these.

VI.

An exile through the world who bade thee roam?
None; but I wearied of a happy home.

VII.

Why must thou dwell in a desert be?
A garden seemed not fair enough to me.

VIII.

Why sue a beggar at the mean world's door?
To live on God's large bounty seemed so poor.

IX.

What has thy forehead so to earthward brought?
To lift it higher than the stars I thought.

WATCH AND PRAY.

WHEN does Satan get the advantage over me, and lead my heart away from God? When I neglect secret prayer. When do worldly thoughts and desires rule in my mind, and thus crowd out thoughts of God, and holiness, and heaven? When does temptation assail, and overcome, and darkness cover the mind, and despair fill the heart? When is family worship a mere formal ceremony? When am I impatient under opposition? When do I neglect duty and conform to the world around? When I lack a prayerful frame of mind — when I cease to watch and be sober. When is the Bible to me a sealed book? When I read it without prayer.

When is the word of God precious and sweet to my soul? When I read it praying. "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." When does light, and joy, and peace attend me? When do the heavens smile to me with gladness, and all the promises of God become to me yea and amen? When do I subdue self and gain an easy victory over besetting sins? When is my conversation free from guile, and my hopes and evidences bright, my head clear and my heart joyful and free? When can I diffuse a good and healthful influence around? When am I patient and compassionate towards those that oppose the truth, and when does success crown my efforts? When does my faith reach forward to the resurrection of the just with assurance of hope? When I watch and pray.

"Prayer is the incense of the soul,
The odor of the flower,
And rises as the waters roll
To God's controlling power!"

Prayer is the spirit speaking truth
To Thee, whose love divine
Steals gently down like dew to soothe,
Or like the sunbeams shine."

Be serious. Let your motto be, *Holiness to the Lord*. Avoid all lightness, jesting, and foolish talking.

THE BIBLE.—Out of it have come all pure moralities. Forth from it have sprung all sweet charities. It has been the motive-power of regeneration and reformation to millions of men. It has comforted the humble, consoled the mourning, sustained the suffering, and given trust and triumph to the dying. The wise old man has fallen asleep with it folded to his breast. The simple cottager has used it for his dying pillow; and even the innocent child has breathed his last happy sigh with his fingers between its promise-freighted leaves.—*Timothy Titcomb*.

The Guide to Holiness.

JUNE, 1862.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

THE present number closes the volume. It embraces a period that will constitute a memorable epoch in the history of our country. Thousands upon thousands in different sections of the land have been engaged in deadly conflict, and the number of the slain attest to the fierceness and earnestness with which it has been prosecuted. While we honestly believe that in this struggle the government has done its duty, and nothing but its duty, we cannot dispel a feeling of irrepressible sadness almost overwhelming. How many of the innocent have suffered with the guilty! Indeed, how few of those who originated and have kept alive this wicked rebellion have suffered at all! We hear the shouts of victory,—but at what a price have they been gained! Can a Christian heart dwell upon the details of such a struggle without pain? Think of the thousands hurried into their Maker's presence, with no saving knowledge of Christ, and under the influence of passions from which in our calmer moments we would recoil with dread. Think of the hatred and bitterness engendered, not only between combatants, but between the surviving friends of the slain, and the people represented by the armies which have made them desolate! Think of the homes laid waste, the families beggared, and the thousands that have abandoned themselves to a forgetfulness of God, and of his law, and what Christian heart can fail to feel?

Said a devout Christian, whom we visited a few days since, "I daily feel an increasing desire to get to heaven." The burdens of life, it is true, had pressed sorely on her; but who has not, during the troubles of the past year, felt, in a measure, at least, this sense of weariness? Thank God, there remaineth a rest for his people. But be not impatient, beloved. God will call you in due time. He has yet a work for you to do; the fiery ordeal is painful, but it will do us good. Have faith in God, and all will come out right. So we preach to ourselves; so would we preach to others. We have no other refuge than the secret place of the Most High. We hope and believe that the sun of peace will soon arise on our distracted country. But, come what may, the God of Jacob is our only and sufficient trust. Pray for peace, beloved; imbibe its spirit; infuse it in others, so far as it can be done without compromising principle, and labor to recover our Zion from the shock which has been given to its spirituality by the storm that has swept over the land

during the past year. Let those to whom victory is given, receive it with gratitude and humility, remembering, with David, that "they got not the land in possession by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them; but THEY right hand, and THINE arm, because thou, O God, hadst a favor unto them."—Ps. xlv. 3. And let the vanquished, in their reverses and misfortunes, see the finger of God, who, in each event of Providence, admonishes us of his will.

Our agents and friends, who have been ever ready at the beginning of each volume to promote the circulation of the Guide, have sorely felt, during the past year, the crippling influence of the war. We rejoice to see a better feeling among business men, and returning indications of more cheering prospects.

We hope our friends will take hold with a will, and roll us up a strong accession to our list. Let the work be immediately put in motion, that we may know as early as possible what number to print of the forthcoming volume.

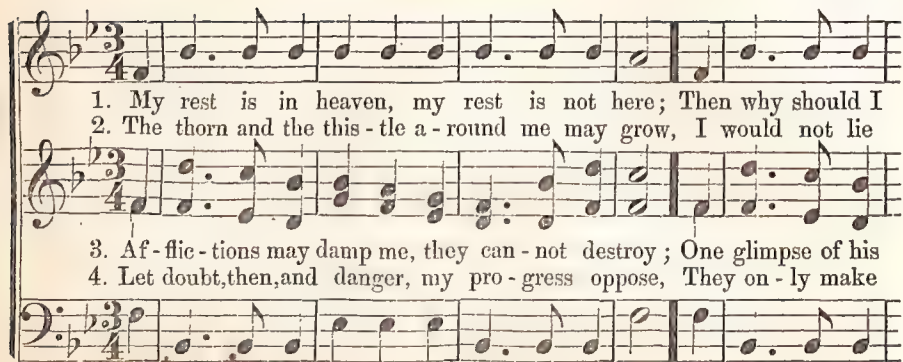
THE BRITISH PROVINCES.—Our beloved *confreere*, Rev. B. W. Gorham, is expecting to spend one or two months in visiting the churches in New Brunswick and vicinity. Though coming ostensibly for the purpose of circulating the Guide and our other publications on Holiness, he will be found ever ready, by preaching and personal effort, to spread the hallowed influence of sanctifying truth. From what we heard through others of his labors in St. John, Frederickton, Charlotte Town, and other places he visited last year, we judge that the present visit will be hailed with joy. He anticipates a visit to the Conference, in company with Rev. John McMurray, Chairman of the St. John District, where he hopes to form the acquaintance of the brethren.

SANCTIFICATION BY FAITH.—The second and last paper on this theme will be found in the present number. It is from the pen of Rev. S. Garratt, England, and was published in the King's Highway, a small monthly recently issued, of a similar character to our own. We judge from a perusal of the article that the author is not a Wesleyan, and that he does not heartily embrace the doctrine of the attainability of this high state of grace in this life. Still the articles are well written, elaborate, and contain many excellent things.

THE PILGRIM.—The music which we publish in the present number, under the above title, is from a forthcoming work, by Mr. A. Hull, entitled "Camp Meeting Melodist," which will be published about the first of July, and will be for sale at 108 Tremont Street, and other music stores. Mr. Hull has got out some very popular melodies.

THE PILGRIM.

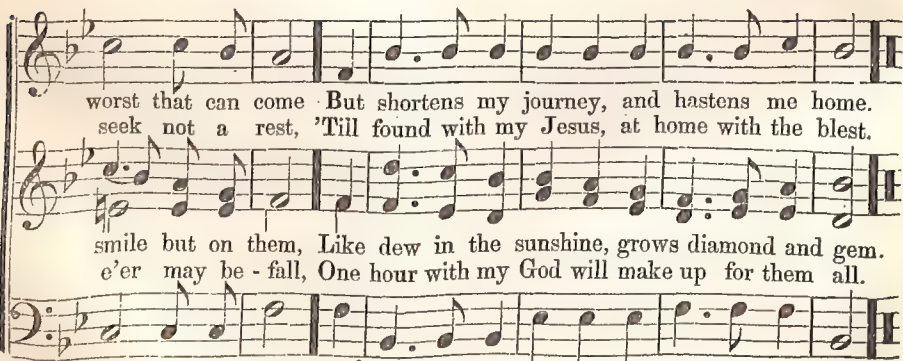
A. HULL.



1. My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here; Then why should I
 2. The thorn and the this - tle a - round me may grow, I would not lie
 3. Af - flic - tions may damp me, they can - not destroy; One glimpse of his
 4. Let doubt, then, and danger, my pro - gress oppose, They on - ly make



murmur when tri - als are near? Be hushed, my dark spi - rit; the
 down up - on ro - ses be - low; I ask not my por - tion, I
 love turns them all in - to joy; The bit - ter - est tears, if he
 heaven more sweet at the close; Come joy or come sorrow, what -



worst that can come But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.
 seek not a rest, 'Till found with my Jesus, at home with the blest.
 smile but on them, Like dew in the sunshine, grows diamond and gem.
 e'er may be - fall, One hour with my God will make up for them all.

THE

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

JULY, 1862.

THE LAW, AND THE MAN THAT LOVES IT.

A SERMON.

Great peace have they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them. — *Ps. cxix. 165.*

Of the several definitions of law I have seen, I like this best; "*Law is an order of sequence*," and this I don't like on one account; that is, it is not plain enough; it needs itself to be defined for common ears. Let me try to make it plain to all those little Sunday-school people in the galleries. A sequence is a result; something that happens because something else has happened. If I take this glass, which is nearly full of water, and turn it partly over, the water will begin to run out. The running out of the water is a *sequence* of my tipping the glass; that is, it occurs in *consequence* of it,—it is a *result* of it. If I hold a pebble in my fingers thus, and open my fingers, it will immediately move downward in a line, till it meet with something to stop it. If I should repeat the experiment a thousand times with as many pebbles, each pebble would move in the same direction, and with the same velocity as its fellows, or, I might say, it would *act* just like the others. Now, that is what is meant by an *order of sequence*; these successive things all occurring just alike, prove an established *order* in which

events occur, and by which one event follows another. The illustrations I have given you express the operations of the law of gravitation.

Now all things that God has made, from particle to plant, from insect to archangel, are under law. The laws of chemical affinity govern minerals; all vegetable substances are governed by fixed laws of germination, growth, and reproduction, and every planet that swings in the celestial spaces moves in exact obedience to law.

Coming to animals, we find them also governed by laws suited to their nature. These are the laws of instinct, by which, without the possession of reason, brutes are led to results marvellously like the achievements of wisdom, and experience, and forethought. All these forms of law, however, are only variant forms of government by mere unreasoning impulse or necessity.

But when we turn to rational creatures, we find government administered on an entirely different plan, namely, the publication of the will of God, with alternative rewards and penalties. Still, law is an order of sequence here as elsewhere; since every act is followed by the divine complacence or displeasure, and by its appropriate legal result.

Now, as order is maintained, and even existence preserved in the inferior ranks of being, only by the strict observance of law, so obedience is equally necessary to

happiness and life among rationals. Let us consider —

THE TERMS "THY LAW" — the law of God.

1. *Definition.* In the Bible the terms are used to signify

a. The Old Testament, in distinction from the New.

b. The Jewish covenant and ritual.

c. The Ten Commandments.

d. Principles of reason written in men's hearts.

e. That which governs us is sometimes called law; as, "I find another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members."

f. In an instance or two, the term "law" seems to be used to signify the gospel itself: "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus"; "Under the law to Christ."

g. In the text, the term seems to be used, in its broadest sense, to signify, "A rule directing and obliging a rational creature in moral and religious actions, or the whole doctrine of the word delivered by God to the church, — God's method of government, as unfolded in the Old and New Testaments.

2. *Characteristics of the Law of God.*

(1) It is *just* in its requisitions: it lays its burdens on every man according to his privileges and opportunities; it draws the line between right and wrong just where it intrinsically belongs; it condemns sin alike in high and low, rich and poor; and it adjusts its rewards and penalties accurately to character.

(2) It is exceeding *broad*. It lays its injunctions on the whole length of life; so that, from the dawn of moral conviction to the close of life, there is no moment of freedom from its authority; nor is there any class of actions, or even of affections, which its authority does not cover and pronounce upon. The act which terminates in the actor, if there be any such human actions; the act that finds the

limit of its power, for good or ill, in the family or social circle; and that other act, which blesses or curses a nation, are alike responsible to God's law for the measures of good or ill they create. It is exceeding broad, again, because it demands, not propriety of act alone, but that such propriety shall proceed from pure *motives*. Indeed, the motive is chiefly regarded in its estimate of every human act. "Man looketh on the outward appearance; but God looketh on the heart." — "As he thinketh in his heart, so is he." It approves *intended* acts and offerings of piety, and it condemns *intended* sin, as if, in each case, the intention had found expression in action.

(3) The law of God is *infallible* and *instantaneous* in its operation, so that there is no eluding its intended results. With human law, it is far otherwise. A house with the family in it has been burned up, — "supposed to be the work of an incendiary." Well, suppose that to be true; and then look at the difficulties in the way of the due course of law in the case. The first thing to be done is, to prove that it was the work of an incendiary, and that may be impossible. But suppose that to be done, then who is the criminal? and there is another difficulty. But waiving that, where is he? But supposing you ascertain that, the next thing is to overtake and catch him. This done, — and that, too, is often impossible, — the next thing is to prove the crime on him. Here, again, a thousand difficulties are in the way, any one of which may be fatal to the success of law in the case. But suppose them all to be overcome, then, if you can retain the culprit till the penalty can be inflicted, the law will have had its course in that case; but it will only be by escaping many narrow chances of failure.

How strongly, contrasted with all this uncertainty, is God's law in its operations! Not a minute elapses, after the commission of the sinful deed, before every one of the steps I have named have been un-

erringly taken, and the culprit is ready for the execution of the sentence due to his crime.

(4) It contains provisions for the pardon and purification, and so for the release and salvation of the offender.

The great problem in legislation has ever been, How, and how far, can clemency be shown to wrong doers, without weakening the authority of law, or giving license to crime? God's system of government gives a practical solution of this problem, such as no human legislation, by any possibility, can ever give. The culprit is infallibly ascertained and condemned; but the date of the penalty is not announced; and, in the mean time, pardon is freely offered to the guilty, on conditions which cannot be counterfeited, and which imply his hearty renunciation of sin, and approval of the government which has condemned him. Thus God's method contemplates, and in millions of cases achieves, the exaltation of the debased, the purification of the unholy, and the restoration of rebels to allegiance and citizenship, nay, to sonship and heirship with God, and to an immortal interest in the government they had sought to overthrow. A man, once guilty and condemned to die for his offences, but now penitent and submissive and believing; a pardoned man, rescued from death, adopted, exalted, purified, exhibits the highest results of law, and is at once a witness, a sublime trophy, and an apostle every where of the government.

II. WHAT IS IMPLIED IN LOVING GOD'S LAW?

1. There is implied a recognition of God; of God as a personal Being, the rightful owner and governor of all things.

2. There is implied a recognition, on my part, of the fact that God has made a law for my government and control; and that the Bible is that law, since there is no other book which presents any claim to be so considered.

3. Love for the law implies some ac-

quaintance with it, as it is impossible to entertain an affection for that of which I have no knowledge.

4. It implies a willingness to be governed by it; a love of the Bible, as a system of government for *me*. Many persons have a certain love for the Bible; a fondness for reading it as an interesting old book. They love its narratives, its biographies, its poetry; or they love to delve in its doctrines, and to indulge in polemical hair splittings. But the man who loves the Bible as a book to govern his own life, loves to search it as an expression of God's will concerning him, loves to lay down his heart and his life by the side of its straight lines, and, in a sense, to stand often in judgement at its high tribunal. The man who loves God's law with the proper strength of affection, would not if he could, pass out from its jurisdiction, but would cling to it as an invaluable directory and charter.

III. WHAT ARE THE RESULTS OF THUS LOVING GOD'S LAW?

1. "*Great peace have they.*"

a. Peace of mind forever accompanies good intentions. When a man's virtuous purposes begin to reel, he immediately finds his bosom invaded with a class of agitating and distracting emotions. There is war within. Conscience and inclination are at odds. All the convictions of the man, touching interest and safety, unite in solemn protest against the clamors of unholy desire and rampant passion. The rest of the soul is broken; nor can there be peace again till virtuous councils prevail, and the soul shall spurn away sinful thoughts, and gird herself with holy purposes for the straight path of duty.

On the other hand, however sinful a man's life may have been heretofore, he commonly realizes a sensible relief whenever he fully gets his own consent to reformation of life. There is much comfort in the reflection, "I am now trying to do right;" nor do I doubt but this sudden relief, which often comes to the heart up-

on its fully determining on a pious life, is sometimes mistaken for the joy of salvation.

I remember well an incident of my early ministry. I was one day walking to the church, in company with an intelligent young man, who, at the time, was a penitent seeker of salvation. Conversing freely of his state, and of the new life on which he was entering, he said: "There is one thing that has surprised me. Ever since I determined to seek religion, I have felt a strange inward satisfaction. I know I am not converted. I feel a sense of condemnation for my many sins; but the consciousness that I am now trying to do right, fills me with relief and courage, and almost with joy." I told him I fancied his feelings were much like those we might ascribe to the prodigal son, when begging his way back to his father's house. Perhaps he soliloquised thus, "I have squandered all. My character is ruined by sin. Sin has brought sorrow, and sorrow has made me old before my time. I feel the hunger gnaw. I am without funds, and in poverty and rags. 'Tis a long way to father's house; and I may never reach the dear old homestead again; or, reaching it, may be repulsed, as, alas! I too deeply deserve to be. But I am doing the best I can. I shall go home, or die in the effort. I shall go as far and as fast as I can; and, if I faint and fall in the way, my head shall fall toward my childhood's home, my father's house."

Amidst these half-despairing efforts made in the face of many chances of failure, under the pressure of the deepest want, and with many harrassing recollections of the sinful life he had led, it is easy to believe that the conscious integrity of his present purpose, and the prospect, dim as it may have been, of reaching home and living thenceforth a life of virtue and comfort, gave him a measure of courage and peace, much more resembling real happiness than any thing the dashing

young man had felt, when, years before, he strode or drove away from home with wealth and splendor, intent on a life of pleasure.

The man that loves God's law is the man who means to do right; and the man that means to do right has, in that fact, a degree of interior rest much to be coveted.

b. This loving of law is a phrase, which, properly considered, sets forth the highest style of character.

A man may obey law from the fear of penalty. He that does so is not a wrong doer; but he is only one remove from it. He renders obedience from the lowest of legitimate motives, and his character is goodness in its lowest type. When we know that a man is restrained from committing depredations or injuries upon us from the mere fear of the legal consequences of his misdeeds, we may not call him a bad man, but we feel that his virtue is feeble, and will not bear a strain.

Rising from this character, however, we soon come to another. It is the man who conforms to law, because he perceives that there are certain incidental advantages to be reaped by such conformity. He is punctual to his engagements, because he feels the cash value of time. He is temperate and industrious and economical, because he loves money, and, by these means, he may be wealthy. He is a prompt paymaster, for good credit is worth more than can be gained by delay of payment. He keeps the Sabbath, and goes to church; for he would be respected. And so on through the precepts.

Above this class of men stands another, who obey law from desire of reward. If their "respect unto the recompense of the reward" is not their sole motive, it is their highest. This class of Christians is far superior in character to either of the former. They meditate of heaven and love, and court its foretastes. They prize religious joys. They seek them, and find them. They sing much of heaven; they

pray about heaven, and they dearly love to hear sermons that dwell on the state of the glorified. Many of these attain to great excellence of character, and are patterns of a holy walk and conversation. They may say, with great literalness, "Our conversation is in heaven;" for thitherward their thoughts and conversation perpetually turn.

But above this class still stands the character contemplated in the text. His obedience to law results not merely nor mainly from any of the motives I have named, but from perfect sympathy with the government. This gives you the highest style of character,—a man walking with God, looking at sin and holiness from God's standpoint, and completely identified in spirit and interest with the divine government. Such a man can say, "The reproaches of them that reproached Thee fell on me;" for by grace he stands near to the Saviour, and rejoices and suffers with him.

Blessed be God! the love of Christ can wonderfully draw a man out of himself, and bring him to feel that he has no interests apart from his Saviour. These are the men who have staked all upon the gospel, and are ready to follow its fortunes in life or death; the invincibles of the Christian army, "who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth."

Now, the man who lives thus near to God, is a partaker of the divine nature; and so, in his measure, a partaker of the infinite tranquillity of God, so that, with special emphasis, it may be said he has *great peace*; for "Thou wilt keep him in *perfect peace* whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee."

2. The text further states, that nothing shall offend such a one, which may be interpreted to mean, "Nothing shall cause them to be sinfully angry; for, though there is a vehement indignation against sin, to which the Scriptures give the title "anger;" and though, in that sense, a good man may be angry, and is even

commanded to be angry, yet will such a man never sin in this. He will not be angry without proper cause. He will not be too angry. He will not be too soon angry. He will not be too long angry. He will not let anger degenerate into hatred. He will not let a righteous indignation against sin destroy his inward serenity; nor will he loose his hold on Christ to strive with Satan.

Or perhaps the clause should be interpreted to mean, "Nothing shall cause them to stumble, or to be turned out of the way." They have light to see the path; and they have strength and heart to walk in it. Grace fortifies the souls of such men, for they have waited on the Lord and renewed their strength; so that they mount up with wings as eagles; and eagles do not trip their toes and fall.

Thus is he blessed with peace and safety who loves God's law.

CONCLUSION.

The truth contained in the text is susceptible of an antithetical statement, as follows: "There is no peace nor safety to those who do not love God's law." The folly of shunning the restraints of God's law, for the purpose of promoting my own pleasure or advantage, is as great as its wickedness. Conceive, if you can, a sinner strong enough to blot the sun from his place, because some day he has found it uncomfortably hot at noon; or another sinner, who, to accommodate his own leaning old house, will shift the law of gravitation several degrees; or another, who, disdaining confinement in this corner of the universe, will wrench the earth from her orbit, to fly on in a tangent, among planets and suns and constellations, to be wrecked upon some distant world, with a crash that should startle creation, and break the equilibrium of the heavens, and send world staggering against world every where, till comets and planets, and satellites and suns, commingle and smoulder,—all life extinct,—a ruined uni-

verse,—I say, conceive this if you can, and you will attain some idea of the value of God's law, and of the ruin that must come of breaking it.

I beg you not to deceive yourself by fancying that God's moral laws are less important than his physical. The physical world was made for the moral, and is always, in God's order, subjected to it. To produce a physical disaster is far less injurious than to damage a human soul. Christ once put a world and a soul into the scales, and appealed to mankind to state the difference in their weight. Whatever laws are broken, let not the laws which bind souls in their orbits be trifled with, for by all the difference there is between souls and clods, shall the damage be found greater here than there.

TRIAL—NO TRIAL.

"Teach us, in every state,
To make Thy will our own;
And when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone."

It is said, "that Jesus wept that we might smile." Yet he left the legacy assured to us that in the world we shall have tribulation. There is a great variety of experience in the paths of sorrow and trial—some learn a quiet, humble submission in the perfect will of God—others fret and murmur for awhile, and lose much of their former sweetness.

Yet, we wonder that with a strong confidence in God, a deep gloom sometimes overcasts the mind while enduring the discipline.

Jesus suffered, being tempted; he was made perfect through suffering; he endured the suffering for the joy that was set before him.

Can we expect less in the several steps of regeneration and sanctification? "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten"—this is not joyous for the present, but it yields the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

Would any of us to-day part with that which we have attained while in the furnace? or would we again encumber our souls with the dross we left behind in the fire? No; as we look upon the treasures gained in that process of burning, we lift the voice of praise and thanksgiving that our Heavenly Refiner spared us not for our crying, but let us go through these temptations and strait places. Our faith has now an advanced stand upon the promises of God, it never could have had without this peculiar method which divine wisdom has pursued with us.

Our impatience has been lost in, "My times are in thy hand." It is quite natural, while in the trouble, to think we do not need it; and are so absorbed in present feelings that we look not at the past of our deficiency, or the future of our need of the strength we gain in this very conflict.

Thoughts have crept over the mind, questioning whether we may not possess such a holy quiet of soul that the keenest sorrow will not produce a ruffle of the feelings in the least degree—so that it is literally not a trouble? Many of God's dear children have no doubt pondered the same thing, and we leave it an open question, to be decided in experience, according to the word of God.

We once noticed the remark of a German woman in a class-meeting. She thought by our answer that some one had given us an unfavorable impression of her. We assured her it was not so. She then smiled, and laying her hand upon her heart, said: "I no felt it, if all right here." A quotation from a letter lately received from an invalid friend, who has known something of the rod and furnace, may throw some light upon these shades of experience.

Of God's guidance, she says: "When I think of how much we may know of this guiding, teaching, and dwelling in God, while in this world, it seems as if I know but little. Yet I am pressing on to know

all I may know of this fulness. May we not live so near to God, and receive of his fulness, so that we shall not hunger and thirst? If we dwell constantly in the presence of a loaded table, we can satisfy hunger;—may it not be so in spiritual things? Another thing has presented itself to my mind—how we may live without trials. By having so much grace as not to be tried with any thing that surrounds us. Whatever we may pass through, if we are not tried with it, *it is not a trial*. I have had faint glimpses of these things—have lived a length of time in these states, which makes me think it may be possible to be always kept there.”

It is a truth that some Christians only smile at what others are groaning under, because they have been so entirely subdued to the will of God, and the frequency of the discipline, that they run through a troop, and leap over a wall, in ordinary troubles.

A BURIED GEM FROM WESLEY.

OF Charles Wesley, as a Christian poet, it is now quite superfluous to speak. His superior abilities are almost universally acknowledged. The unrivalled fertility of his pen is not however by any means so generally understood. There is scarcely a sentiment in the sacred volume which his verse does not make available in the songs of Zion. But some of his best lyrics are little known, perhaps, indeed, almost wholly unknown in this country. The following paraphrase upon Job v. 6—8, though among his most valuable poetical compositions, has, I think, scarcely ever been published in America. I met with it some forty years since, in the Wesleyan Magazine, and being struck not only with its general merits, but with its special appropriateness in the hour of affliction, I treasured it up. I have sung it hundreds, if not thousands of times, by the bedside

of the sick, and always with good effect. It has been worth more to me as a Christian pastor than any other hymn in the English language. As I would wish to have other pastors aided in the same way, I take the liberty of furnishing a copy for the “Guide.” The metre is a very frequent one in Mr. Wesley’s poems, and he who wishes to sing the hymn will not be at a loss to find a tune. “Gorham,” as it used to be called, is the one I generally prefer.

Z. PADDOCK.

HONESDALE, PA., May 12, 1862.

When huge afflictions press me down,
And sorrows make my nature groan,
Where shall I find relief?
I'll bow myself before my God,
And humbly kiss the sacred rod,
Till he assuage my grief.

My numerous sins will I confess,
And own, in every sore distress,
The Lord is good and just;
For, by experience, I have found
Afflictions spring not from the ground,
Nor troubles from the dust.

Nor is the cause so hard to tell,
Since from the Lord we basely fell,
And left the source of bliss.
How can we hope for joys serene,
While sin, that monster, reigns within—
The parent of distress?

To Jesus, then, I'll make my moan—
Oh plead my cause before the throne;
Thou hast the Father's ear.
Since thou for me didst undertake,
My suit is gained; thy blood did make
Atonement at his bar.

TO DIE,

If Christians, is to be with God; and to live is to have God with us. In death is glory; in life, usefulness. One fits us for glory; the other introduces us into it. K.

THE SPIRIT IS WANTED,

Not to enlarge intellect, or sharpen wit, but to reduce to the ignorance and simplicity of childhood; to show us how little we know, and how little we improve what we do know. K.

EXPERIENCE OF REV. J. A. WOOD.

The following, though lengthy, will well repay a careful perusal. It is taken from the author's work, published by us within the past year, entitled "Perfect Love." The sale of an entire edition, during these war times, is no small proof of its merit. We now have a new edition in press, and we warmly commend it to those who feel interested in the subject on which it treats. It is just THE book.—Eds.

It pleased the Lord to call me in early life to seek pardon and converting grace. I believe at ten years of age I first tasted the joys of redeeming grace and a Saviour's love. I remember as early as then to have realized a sweet satisfaction and delight in prayer and effort to obey God.

At the age of thirteen I joined the church. Through the blessing and grace of God, I have found a home ever since in the church of my early choice.

During the first five or six years of my experience I was often perplexed and distressed with doubts in regard to the reality of my conversion; arising from the fact that I could not fix upon the precise time when the change was wrought. I would often see people powerfully converted, and hear them tell of the place and the moment when their chains fell off, and their souls went free. The tempter would then whisper in my ear, and say, "You cannot tell *when* you were converted, and you never had those *deep convictions* or those *striking exercises* in religious experience of which many speak."

From this source I had no little trouble, and at times, for several years, I found it exceedingly difficult to hold fast my confidence. After many and severe trials on this point, the Lord enabled me to settle the matter; and a thousand thanks to his blessed name that many years have passed since I have doubted for a moment the verity of my early conversion.

The Lord removed my doubts by showing me that to know the *precise time* of

my conversion was of but little importance; while the great question for me to settle was, Have I the *evidence* that I am *now converted*?

After I was led to see that to be able to know the precise time of my conversion concerned me but little, and that to know that I am now in a converted state was my great concern, the question was soon settled by apprehending the abundant evidence which God always gives of a state of salvation. I found it was one thing to have evidence of a justified, converted state, and quite another to apprehend and understand that evidence.

From this time to September 7, 1858, I maintained a general purpose to obey God, and received many spiritual refreshings from the presence of the Lord, suffering but few doubts in regard to my justification and membership in the family of God.

During this period I was often convicted of remaining corruption in my heart, and of my need of purity. I desired to be a decided Christian and a useful member of the church; but I was often conscious of deep-rooted inward evils, and tendencies in my heart unfriendly to godliness. I found my bosom foes troubled me more than all my foes from without. They struggled for the ascendancy. They marred my peace. They obscured my spiritual vision. They were the instruments of sore temptation. They interrupted my communion with God. They crippled my efforts to do good. They invariably sided with Satan. They occupied a place in my heart which I knew should be possessed by the Holy Spirit. They were the greatest obstacles to my growth in grace, and rendered my service to God but partial.

I was often more strongly convicted of my need of inward purity than I ever had been of my need of pardon.

God often showed me the importance and necessity of holiness as clear as a sunbeam. I seldom studied the Bible with-

out conviction of my fault in not coming up to the Scripture standard of salvation.

I often commenced seeking holiness, but at no time made any great progress; for as I read and prayed, some duty was seen to present itself which I was unwilling to perform, and so I relapsed into indifference.

I never read Mr. Wesley's "Plain Account," nor any of the standards of Methodism on the subject of holiness, nor the memoirs of Fletcher, Bramwell, Carvosso, Stoner, nor Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers, or Lady Maxwell, without deep conviction on the subject, and more or less effort for its attainment:

I now see I was often on the very point of grasping the prize, and then would sink back, suffer defeat, and another season of comparative indifference upon the subject. I was often led to see my need of purity while studying for the ministry with Rev. William Hill, of Cambridgeport, Vt.

Brother Hill was an able Presbyterian minister, and, for a number of years, was pastor of a Presbyterian church in Newburg, N. Y. He became convicted of his need of entire sanctification, and obtained the blessing at a meeting for the promotion of holiness, at Mrs. Palmer's in New York city. He lived it, professed it, and preached it, and for so doing was expelled from the Hudson River Presbytery, in April, 1844. Rev. Henry Belden was expelled at the same time for the same cause. They both united with the congregational church. Brother Belden is now pastor of a church in Brooklyn, N. Y. Brother Hill died in holy triumph at Bristol, Conn., July 31, 1851, in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

The society and influence of that holy man were a great blessing to me. I think more than one hundred times I have bowed with him in prayer in his study, and held sweet communion with God. Those seasons of devotion still linger in my memory as among the most precious hours of my early ministry.

By being convicted so often of my need of perfect love, and failing to obtain it; I, after a while (like many others, I fear), became a little skeptical in regard to the Wesleyan doctrine of entire sanctification, as a *distinct* blessing, subsequent to regeneration. I had no clear or definite ideas in regard to the blessing of perfect love, but came to think of it and teach it as only a deeper work of grace, or a little more religion. I taught, as many do, a gradual growth into holiness, or *modern gradualism*. I threw the whole matter into the world of indefiniteness and of vague generalities. I expected to grow into holiness somehow, somewhere, and at some time, but knew not how, nor where, nor when. I urged believers to seek a deeper work of grace, and to get more religion, but seldom said to them, "Be ye *holy*," "This is the will of God, even your *sanctification*," or, seek "*perfect love*."

I became somewhat prejudiced against even the Bible terms "*sanctification*," "*holiness*," "*perfection*," and disliked very much to hear persons use them in speaking of their experience. I was opposed to the profession of holiness as a distinct blessing from regeneration.

I became prejudiced against the special advocates of holiness; and at camp meetings and in other places, I felt disposed to discourage and oppose direct efforts for the promotion of holiness. If a pious brother exhorted the preachers to seek sanctification, or the members to put away worldliness, tobacco, and gaudy attire, and seek holiness, I was distressed in spirit, and disposed to find fault.

During a number of years, this was about my state of mind upon this subject. And let me here record, that, while hundreds of sinners were converted to God, in connection with my feeble ministry, I do not recollect a single case of a believer being entirely sanctified under my labors during the first nine years of my ministry, up to September 7, 1858.

Let me further add, during this time I was grieved, from year to year, by seeing what might astonish hell, and fill heaven with lamentation — company after company of young converts walking into backslidden, unsanctified churches, first to wonder, then for a while to be grieved, but finally to add another layer to the backslidden stratification.

In May, 1858, I was appointed to the Court Street Church, Binghamton. I went there much prejudiced against the professors of holiness in that church, and they were, doubtless, somewhat prejudiced against me, as they had cause to believe that I would oppose them on the subject of holiness. I soon found, in my pastoral visitations, that where those persons lived who professed the blessing of holiness, there I felt the most of divine influence and power. I realized a liberty in prayer, and an access to God in those families, which I did not elsewhere.

And let me remark, while I was prejudiced against holiness as a *distinct* blessing, and against its *special* advocates, I did desire and believe in a deep, thorough, vital piety, and was ready to sympathize with it wherever I found it. I had attended prayer and class meetings but few times before I saw clearly that there were those in that society whose experience and piety possessed a *richness, power, and depth* which I had not.

The more I became acquainted with them, the more I was convinced of that fact, and the more deeply I became convicted of my remaining depravity and need of being cleansed in the blood of Christ. I also became convinced that those professors of holiness were Wesleyan in their faith, experience, and practice, while I had drifted away somewhat from the Bible and Wesleyan theory of Christian perfection.

Through the entire summer of 1858 I was seeking holiness, but kept the whole matter to myself. During this time none of the professors of holiness said anything

to me on the subject, but, as I have learned since, were praying for me night and day. God only knows the severe struggles I had that long summer, during many hours of which I lay on my face in my study, begging for Jesus to cleanse my poor, unsanctified heart; and yet I felt unwilling to make a public avowal of my feelings, or to ask the prayers of God's people for my sanctification.

The Binghamton district camp meeting commenced that year the first day of September. About eighty of the members of my charge went with me to that meeting. During six days of the meeting, the sanctification of my soul was before my mind constantly, and yet I neither urged others to seek it, nor intimated to any one my convictions and struggles on the subject. The result was, six days of such deep humiliation, severe distress, and hard struggles as I never had endured before.

A number of the members present from my charge had once enjoyed the blessing, and had lost it. Some who professed to enjoy it were becoming silent upon the subject. With but very few exceptions, we, as a church, were practically staving off and ignoring the doctrine and duty of entire sanctification. The Lord was evidently displeased with us, and so shut us up that our prayer meetings, in our large society tent, literally ran out. The brethren and sisters became tried with themselves, and tried with each other. Some of them were even tempted to strike their tents and go home.

On the last evening of the meeting, a faithful member of the church came to me weeping, a few minutes before preaching, and said, "Brother Wood, there is no use in trying to dodge this question. You know your duty, and may as well commence seeking holiness first as last. If you will lead the way, and define your position as a seeker of entire sanctification, you will find that many of the members of your charge have a mind to do the

same." The Lord had so humbled my heart that I was willing to do almost anything to obtain relief. After a few moments' reflection I replied, "Immediately after preaching I will appoint a meeting in this tent on the subject of holiness, and will ask the prayers of the church for my own soul."

Glory be to God! the Rubicon was past. In an instant I felt a giving way in my heart, so sensible and powerful, that it appeared rather physical than spiritual. In a moment after I felt an indescribable sweetness permeating my entire being. It was a sweetness as real and as sensible to my soul as ever the sweetest honey was to my taste. I immediately walked up into the stand. The presiding elder requested me to exhort after his sermon. I replied, "I will, if the Lord will help." Just as he gave out his text, — Eccl. xii. 13, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter," &c., — the baptism of fire and power came upon me.

For me to describe what I then realized is utterly impossible. It was such as I need not attempt to describe to those who have felt and tasted it, and such as I cannot describe to the comprehension of those whose hearts have not realized it.

The most of which I was conscious was, that Jesus had me in his arms, and that the heaven of heavens was streaming through and through my soul in such beams of light, and overwhelming love and glory, as can never be uttered. *The half can never be told!*

It was like marching through the gates of the city to the bosom of Jesus, and taking a full draught from the river of life.

Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! I have cause to shout over the work of that precious hour.

It was a memorable era in the history of my probation, a glorious epoch in my religious experience — *never, NEVER* to be forgotten. Jesus there and then — all glory to his blessed name! — sweetly, completely, and most powerfully sanctified

my soul and body to himself. He *melting, cleansing, filling, and thrilling* my feeble, unworthy soul with holy sin-consuming power.

Glory be to God! Perfect love is the *richest, the sweetest, and the purest* love this side of Paradise. Angels have nothing better.

Well may the poet sing, —

"O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BISHOP FISHER. — Honors had no power to dazzle his devout and earnest spirit. When told of the Pope's intention of making him a cardinal, he replied, "If the red cap were lying at my feet, I would not stoop to pick it up."

When he was carried to execution, he held a New Testament in his hand, and, as his eyes fell upon the book, he prayed that he might open it at a passage suitable to his condition. His finger rested upon the 17th chapter of St. John, where our Saviour, lifting up his eyes to heaven, refers to the gift of eternal life which he has bestowed upon as many as had been given to him: "*And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent. I have glorified thee on the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do.*"

To mourn for a past sin is neither a rare nor a high attainment. The difficulty is to hate a sin before it is committed, to look upon it in the moment of strong temptation as we shall do when it is performed.

QUIET trust in God, if it cannot conquer *life*, conquers *death*. If it do not overcome *human* opposition now, it will certainly overcome *satanic*, in its last decisive fight, and will enter triumphantly into heaven.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

My heart is full of praise—

A gushing feeling that would find a vent
In simple language, such as might content
A weak child's thoughts to raise.

A new strange peace is mine —
A something on my spirit like to wings;
A sense of beauty that makes earthly things
Seem nearer the divine.

The spell my soul that bound
Has vanished with the sunrise of God's truth;
I feel the springing of a pure fresh youth
Within me and around.

I look up to the sky,
The same I loved when darker was my heart,
But with less joyous loving — and if tears start,
They but refresh mine eye.

'Tis all so sweetly bright;
Each radiant beam of sun and moon and star;
The wandering clouds like errant angels are
From realms of clearer light.

Earth is surpassing fair,
With blooming valley and with Eden bower;
Ambrosial nectar lies in every flower,
And perfumes all the air.

Within my soul I trace
The change that thus hath brightened every scene
To deeper life and beauty: Nature's mien
Wears but her olden grace.

Yet 'tis as if God's love
Had burnished every tint to lustrous light,
And clothed with loving awe his deeds of might;
In earth or heaven above.

The child in happy thought,
Roving at will through daisied meadows cool,
Released at last from some unfriendly rule,
Hath but my freedom caught.

And now my heart would raise,
For every Spring-hour, every harvest time,
For purple Autumn in her gorgeous prime, —
A song of lowly praise.

I thank thee, O my God
For every budding leaf and grassy spire;
And for untended lilies, that require
No care where man hath trod.

I thank thee for the vine
Whose native weakness to the strong oak clings;
For each meek lowly plant that upward springs
To please no eye but thine, —

And for the love-nursed rose
And smile-fed violet by my threshold stone,
For every sweet thing that I call my own
'Neath my brown eaves that blows.

For bee and butterfly
Flitting wherever sunbeams kiss the cup
Of a pure blossom — in a day to droop
The broken wing and die.

I thank thee for the rain
Pattering on summer leaves, for torrent shower,
With lightning's flash and thunder's stormy roar
Down hill, and dale, and plain.

I thank thee for the sound
Of Nature's voices; for the song of birds,
The hum of insects, and the voiceless words
Which silence whispers here.

I thank thee for the flush
Of morning rising from the orient sky,
And for the dying sunset's changing dye,
Fading to evening's hush.

I thank thee for the night
Silent and beautiful, and wet with dewy tears,
Or wild with darkness and the strength of tears —
Sorrow, and wreck, and blight.

I thank thee for the might
Of winter's sternest tempests; thou art where
Darkness, and storm, and blasts of deathful air
Keep rival with the night.

There's nothing, O my God!
In all the wonders thou so vast hast planned
But doth the praises of my heart command —
Star, air, or earthly sod.

I thank thee for a soul
Endowed with reason, and the power to see
Thyself in all things that encompass me —
Thy work and thy control.

But more, O God, I bless
Thy tender condescension which reveals
Thy secret to my soul: that wounding, heals
With loving tenderness.

I bless thee for the way
Through which thou lead'st me, though a wilder-
ness
Hedged up with thorns and brambles oft it is:
It is not so to day.

I bless thee for the smiles
Of human kindness on that pathway shed,
A rose-bloom here and there the thorn instead —
A rest 'mid dangers' wiles.

I bless thee for sweet thought, —
My mind's calm visitant in silent hours,
Unto my soul, what to my eye are flowers,
Unwooded, or haply sought.

I bless thee for a heart
By thee implanted in my natural breast,
A nestling place for love and hope to rest,
And kindly deeds to part.

I bless thee for thyself,—
Creator, Father, Giver, Friend and Guide,
Redeemer, Saviour, Love personified —
I bless thee for *Thyself*.

How can I praise thee more ?
'Tis thou must teach my weakness how to bless;
Thou must give songs of prayer and thankfulness,
And wisdom to adore.

I wait thy teachings here,
Till thou shalt summon me to join a choir
That asks no aid of earthly voice or lyre,
In an immortal sphere. E. L. E.

A MODEL REFORMATION.

SECOND PAPER.

We admire the honesty and earnestness with which the writer of the following article expresses the convictions of her mind on the importance of thoroughness in carrying on the work of God; but we cannot think with her that a reformation is therefore superficial because there is little or no violent opposition to it among the backslidden or the irreligious. There is such a thing as godly prudence in religious labor. Of the church, just after Pentecost, it is said they praised God, and had favor with all the people. We cannot believe that the genuineness or thoroughness of a work of grace is to be tested by the question of the amount of opposition which it awakened in the community during its progress.

We cannot condemn a professed work of grace because there is much opposition and persecution connected with it, nor can we believe that that fact alone is an endorsement of the work as genuine. The churches at Ephesus, and Philippi, and Thessalonica, and Corinth, were formed amidst terrible persecutions, whereas, at Joppa, and Cæsarea, and Samaria, and Antioch, and Rome, the work appears to have gone on quietly. — EDS.

BUT we doubt if there was ever a reformation without an opposition; and just in proportion to the depth and thoroughness of the reformation is the opposition of the enemy. This must necessarily be the case while Satan is the "enemy of all righteousness," and "the carnal mind is enmity against God." Hence, if there is one device of Satan which is deeper than another, or

one wile which he uses with greater success than another to bring about a superficial work throughout the church of God, it is the persuasion, which is becoming so current among God's people at the present time, that the days of persecution are gone by; that the world has become so enlightened and so religious that a thorough revival of God's work can be carried on without any opposition from the enemy. Hence, when God's *faithful* ministers raise the Bible standard of religion, which draws the line between formality and spirituality, light and darkness, truth and error, sin and holiness, we see *backsliders* and *formalists* are wonderfully disturbed, and at once raise an opposition to the truth. Now the repeated plain declarations of God's Word are, that Christ's followers will meet opposition, persecution, and contempt, until time shall end, and that such reproach and persecution are Bible marks of faithfulness and favor with God and likeness to Christ. "If they have persecuted me, they will persecute you also," says Jesus. "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye, for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you." — Peter iv. 14. "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my name's sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." Yet how often are all of these blessings turned into curses, and heaped on the head of God's faithful servants by those who hold the unscriptural notion that the days of persecution have gone by, and that God's burning, heart-searching truth can be preached so *discreetly* and *lovingly* that neither men nor devils will oppose it.

We often hear of revivals, where special notice is given of the *great peace and harmony* which reigned on all sides during the progress of the work, by which we are to understand that hundreds are convert-

ed, and taken out of the ranks of Satan, and large numbers wholly sanctified, and thus doubly fortified for an onset against the devil and his works, while he piously submits to have his kingdom thus shattered and demolished without so much as a single shot in self-defence. This silence of the enemy is usually spoken of in commendation of those who labor in the work; as though a messenger of Jesus Christ could teach and preach the whole gospel with less offence than Christ himself. We confess, when we hear of such wonderful things, we cannot help reasoning much as Mr. Wesley did when reading of the revivals of St. Patrick. "His success," says Mr. Wesley, "staggeres me most of all; no blood of the martyrs is here; no reproach, no scandal of the cross, no persecution to those that will live godly. Nothing is to be heard of from beginning to end, but kings, nobles, warriors, bowing down before him. Thousands are converted without any opposition — twelve thousand at one sermon. If these things were so, either there was then no devil in the world, or St. Patrick did not preach the gospel of Christ."

But we have not wondered at the silence of the enemy, when, a few months or a year or so after, we have visited the places where some of those peaceful revivals were held, and, in some places, we would find to our surprise, out of the many reported saved, but few could be found who even professed religion; and those few far from being examples of piety.

In other places we have found what was even worse — many who were trying to "*hold fast the profession*" of both justification and sanctification, but whose outward life and adorning flatly deny both. We have met many *professors of holiness*, so profusely adorned with plumes, artificial flowers, fancy head dresses, gold ear, and finger rings, gold wrist bands, and other worldly vanities (one article of which would have excluded an unconverted person from a Methodist love feast in

the early days of Methodism), that we have invariably taken such persons for sinners, and invited them to the altar to seek religion, until surprised with the reply, "I profess religion," or, "I am a church member."

But let us return to our *model revival*, and we shall see that these ancient reformers met with a powerful opposition throughout the whole work of building the wall and reforming the people; and the *thoroughness* of the work seems to have been the peculiar cause of the rage of their enemies. But it did not daunt or discourage them; by *faith and works* they surmounted every difficulty, and confounded and defeated the deep-laid schemes of their enemies. Now let us notice how they began that great work. We see they first revive the stones out of the rubbish, and prepare them to be laid in the wall anew. They then remove the rubbish itself, and lay the wall on a solid foundation. Now mark the following significant questions of their adversaries.

What do these feeble Jews? will they fortify themselves? will they sacrifice? will they make an end in a day? will they revive the stones out of the heaps of the rubbish which are burned?"

"Even that which they build, if a fox go up, he shall even break down their stone wall." — Neh. iv. 2, 3.

Ah, Sanballat and Tobiah supposed they were going to build that wall right over the *old stones and rubbish*, and no wonder they concluded a fox could break it down. And had they done so, it is not likely their foes would have raised the least opposition to their movements. But when they saw that the work was being done *thoroughly*, the rubbish removed, and each stone laid in its proper place, on a solid foundation, and "*The breaches to be stopped, then they were very wroth, and conspired all of them together to come and to fight against Jerusalem, and to hinder it.*"

And we doubt not when Satan sees a modern revival or a protracted meeting

commence, and he marshals his troops for the conflict, the question is asked in the infernal council, "*Will they remove the rubbish? will they fortify themselves? will they sacrifice? will they revive the stones out of the heaps of rubbish?*" But if the work is carried on exclusively among the unconverted, right over the rubbish of a backslidden worldly church, after the antinomian way of "*faith, faith! believe, believe!*" while the cross and gospel works, and gospel self-denial are kept out of sight, lest it impede the work by discouraging the seekers, and laying burdens on the weak which they are not able to bear; and if the church and converts are not taught to "SACRIFICE" their worldly idols and vanities, their worldly conformity and company, and consecrate themselves entirely; and, if the work of holiness is thought detrimental to the revival, and the church converts are not taught to "FORTIFY THEMSELVES," by "putting on the whole armor of God;" and if the "BREACHES" are NOT "STOPPED," by a thorough discipline in inward and outward holiness, which "puts off the old man" and "puts on the new man" fully, and turns the world and Satan out of the heart and out of the church, and keeps them out, — ah, when Satan sees a superficial work of this sort going on, he is not careful to oppose it; he seems to say with Tobiah, "*Even that which they build if a fox go up he shall even break down their stone wall.*"

BINGHAMTON, April, 1862.

LETTER OF MR. WESLEY.

TO MISS T——.

BRISTOL, September, 1764.

DEAR SISTER: — In the "Thoughts upon Christian Perfection," you have a clear and consistent account of it. I have been grieved at the danger I saw you in of stopping short of it. Certainly, you may attain that blessing soon. And I am

thoroughly persuaded, you did taste of it; though how you lost it I know not.

It will be eternally true, "if thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." Have the faith, and you have salvation. And this is the very thing you want.

When this is joined with a strong understanding, it is well; but it may exist with a very weak one. This is the case with Mrs. W——, whose understanding is extremely weak; and yet she has strong faith, and such as exceedingly profits me, though I take knowledge that the treasure is an earthen vessel. I see all that is of nature; but this does not hinder my rejoicing in that which is of grace. This is one branch of Christian simplicity. While reason, assisted from above, enables me to discern the precious from the vile, I make my full use of the former, without losing one moment in thinking upon the latter.

Perhaps reason, enlightened, makes me simple. If I knew less of human nature (forgive me for talking so much of myself), I should be more apt to stumble at the weaknesses of it; and if I have, by nature or by grace, some clearness of apprehension, it is owing to this, under God, that I never staggered at all at the reveries of George Bell. I saw instantly at the beginning, and from the beginning, what was right and what was wrong.

But I wish you were all love, and then you would not need to take any thought for the morrow.

J. WESLEY.

HUMILITY.

The more we know what it is, the less of it we find in ourselves. In possessing it, that which we seemed to have, disappears; and, in losing it, we often fancy we possess more.

"The more thy glories strike my sight
The lower still I lie;
Thus, while I sink, my joys arise
Immeasurably high."

K.

EXPERIENCE.

WHY should we not more freely communicate one with the other? Have we nothing more to write about than the news of the day? Yes, there is a theme which we may speak upon at all times,—the story of the cross, redemption, faith in Jesus, which makes the dead alive. Don't for a moment think that I am writing thus simply as pious talk. Oh, no. I am speaking because he is my God, your God, "our God." I know him to be my most precious Saviour, one who saves to the uttermost,—yea, all who trust in him. They who believe are saved, *now*,—present salvation,—accepted in the Beloved,—one with Christ,—Christ in us the hope of glory. I want to tell you a little of my *experience* of late. I have been such a stupid Christian, so slow of heart to believe, that I really wonder now, when I look back and see how very faint an apprehension I have had of the doctrine of faith *alone* in Jesus Christ, as the object of hope.

I have been twenty-four years learning of the "King's highway," and shall I tell you, my dear brother, I have found the way at last. By his grace I can say, the Lord is my light and my salvation; of whom shall I be afraid?

You have known more of God's grace than I have, so that what I shall communicate will not be new; yet I will venture to tell you, because I owe it to Him who has called me into this grace.

Do you ask me what constitutes the difference between my present and past experience? In a word, I have received Christ, as my Saviour, by *faith alone*, simple faith; in other words, my whole soul seems to have taken in the doctrine of justification by faith, in such reality that the fruit of faith—peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ—has been made a perfect reality to my own soul.

For instance, we read, "He that believeth on the Son, hath eternal life." I believe on the Son of God, therefore I have eternal life. Certainly, you say, but what is there new in this? Did you not always believe that you were saved by faith alone?

Yes; I did assent to this truth, and where I failed, I had faith and works so mixed up in my mind that my view was something like this: Do all you can, and then I, *Christ*, will make up any deficiency.

"Some call him a Saviour in word,
But mix their own works with his plan,
And hope he his help will afford,
When they have done all that they can."

Ah, yes; this is the hindrance in the way of our growth in grace; we do not submit to Christ, and take *him as our Saviour*. "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ." What a how simple, how precious! It is like ment poured forth. I am a lost and dying sinner,—ruined, helpless, with any ability to meet God's demands. "I and live." Here the gospel meets the soul in such a condition, with the glad tidings of great joy: "He that believeth on me is not condemned." How are we saved? By faith in Jesus! How are we freed from condemnation? Faith in Jesus.

Unmerited favor! through faith alone, we are united to Christ, and made one with him.

This is the discovery I have made, my dear brother. Now, I am no longer looking in upon my own heart; not trusting to certain conditions of the mind, or to emotional states. No, no. I look unto Jesus. *He is my Saviour*,—and is he not worthy of the name? What a salvation; what an honor he bestows upon us. We are his forever; and then his precious love with which he fills us. Then his promises,— "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." "Whom shall we fear?"

Union with Christ brings to us every blessing he has promised. Without faith it is impossible to please God; because, as long as we doubt in the least particular the word of God, we dishonor him.

Nothing so exalts the name of Jesus, as to give credit to that which he has spoken.

Why is any Christian in darkness? Because he does not see in Christ Jesus the true light.

"He that abideth in me shall not walk in darkness." Now, to abide in Christ is simply to believe his testimony, — the truth that he utters, — which makes us free in him, who have confidence therein. Is not the gospel way of saving a man a simple way? A child-like trust or belief in what the Lord has spoken fills the heart, and makes it abound in joy and thanksgiving. The Lord has made the condition; we have no choice; his will is to be ours; and when the soul takes hold on Jesus by faith, believing him worthy of this utmost confidence, then, and not till then, are the promises made good to us; then, then, is Christ made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. Having nothing, yet possessing all things; for, if we have Christ, we, indeed, have all things. And now, dear brother, does not this view of Christ accord with his word, and is it not precious for us to know it?

It is by faith we enter at this door. This was one of the lessons the apostles had to learn with so much difficulty. But they did learn that God purifies the heart by faith. The fact that it is by faith the soul is united to Christ may make us partly understand this. Union with Christ has two aspects. It looks God-ward: God sees the believer in Christ, and *can* see no sin in Him. And it looks Christ-ward — Christ *will* see no sin in his mystical body — will have no spot in his bride. And, because his people are united to him, he will purify them. "Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it, that he

might sanctify and cleanse it by the washing of water, by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." And that which unites the soul to Christ is faith. That which in another sphere justifies, is also the instrument by which He sanctifies. All the holy actions detailed in Heb. xi. were done by faith. Enoch walking with God — Abraham leaving his father's house at God's command — the endurance of martyrdom, and torture worse than death by feeble women, are there ascribed to faith. They drew their strength for these efforts by faith. And it is so still. Still, it is only by faith in Jesus that anything can be done which is really pleasing to God. The soul believing in Jesus has in him the strength which is needed. When Paul says, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," he shows the secret of the believer's holiness. His power consists in casting himself in conscious weakness upon Him. Oh! what might there is in that helplessness which compels a man to depend entirely on Jesus. Perhaps a young Christian finds himself engaged in some conflict with his own corrupt heart. He struggles long and violently, but is as often overcome. One look to Jesus for strength is worth all the efforts he can make in his own power. Strength comes in simple dependence. When he turns away from all his own fancied power, and gets his power altogether from the Saviour, then he has the victory.

Faith grasps the promises by which God works. These are God's instruments in sanctifying souls. "Whereby," it is said, "are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature." And it is only by faith that these promises can have any effect. The believed promise is full of sanctifying power. When you take some promise as yours, that

promise works in your heart. Did we more simply rest upon the promises, we should stand up more firmly; did we let them dwell more richly in our heart, we should find in them food making our souls grow. We must use the means of God's own appointment, if we would advance. Clinging to a promise, some word which God has spoken, is much more effectual in resisting temptation, or gaining an increase of grace, than the strongest efforts in our own power; and in this sense it is by faith we have access into this grace in which we stand.

Faith keeps up the intercourse between God and the soul. It is like a hand drawing grace from him in every time of need. And we are sanctified by faith, when stretching out this hand constantly to receive the power we need to do his will. That which we might labor in vain to do by any efforts of our own, may be done at once when we draw the strength out of infinite fulness. Then we link ourselves with Him who cannot disappoint us, and who is able to work all our works in us. I might toil in vain to lift a weight myself, which would be moved in an instant if I fastened it to a steam-engine. And in this case we are permitted by faith to join ourselves to infinite power. How long and weary was that night in which the disciples toiled in fishing and took nothing; but when they trusted in Jesus, then the labor was at an end. They gained more in five minutes than in five hours previously. It was so when they were rowing in a stormy sea, and tossed about for hours; but when He came, walking on the waves, and they committed themselves to Him, immediately the ship was at the land whither they went. Dependence upon Jesus brings with it strength. By this God purifies hearts. He communicates to them, by it, a strength which is not their own. And so it is often found, that while some we think to be full of power, prove weaker than water, there is many a despised Christian, having no in-

ward consciousness of strength, who is yet really strong. The fruits of holiness flourish in the heart. Things are done by that man, or that feeble woman it may be, which put to shame the efforts of other Christians; and the reason is this, that there is one who is strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might, and thus, by faith, has access into this grace — is sanctified by faith.

Lastly. This sanctification of faith is full of rejoicing hope. "Rejoicing in hope of the glory of God," is a part of it. See how it differs from man's own method of making himself holy, which has always an air of melancholy about it. Man's method denounces sin and threatens it; God's method shows how to triumph over it. Man's method throws doubt upon the sinner's justification, in order to lead him the more strenuously to seek to be sanctified; God's method draws from his being completely justified the pledge and assurance of his sanctification also. Man's method bids the believer question his safety, that he may be driven by fear to do right; God's method teaches him that in order to do right he must, above all things, never cast away his confidence. Man's method makes mortified men; God's method makes happy men, who "mortify the flesh with its affections and lusts." Man's method empties the heart of one unclean spirit, and sweeps and garnishes it for seven more; God's method fills the heart with grace, that grace may expel its sin, and reign. Man's method at best makes a hard-working bond-slave; God's method trains up children. Man's method coerces into unwilling obedience; God's method educates into willing surrender. Man's method leaves the soul in hopeless uncertainty; God's method makes it rejoice in hope of his glory. And while some are striving in the dark to mend their corrupt hearts, and patch up their broken resolutions, and work themselves into something better, those whom God is teaching, being first "justified by faith,"

and "having peace with him through our Lord Jesus Christ," by that same Saviour have access also unto holiness, by faith, receiving the first seed of new life, and daily supplies of grace, and "rejoicing in hope of the glory of God."

To one already justified it is the most important of all questions how to become holy. It is with this end in view that we have been saved. It was that he might deliver us from this present evil world that he gave himself for our sins; and the substance of what has preceded is this, — that the blessing is not to be obtained in unbelieving effort and self-trusting resolutions; that it is equally, though for different reasons, true that we cannot be our own sanctifiers, any more than our own justifiers; and that coming in faith to Jesus is the way to find grace and strength as really as pardon and righteousness. We must draw our strength from Jesus. On him alone can we depend for it. And he is most in the way to grow in holiness who is most conscious of being able to do nothing without Jesus.

Trust Him, dear brother, or dear sister, with this matter. Cling to his promise: "Sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace." And when you find the force of corruption within threatening to overwhelm you, instead of resting on your own power, or yielding to despair, throw yourself, by faith, on him to whom you owe it that you are not under condemnation. From the hour that he set you free from guilt he gave you warrant to trust him for deliverance from iniquity. His you are, and he will make you what his must be. The sanctifying Spirit he never withholds from the justified believer. Faith cannot stretch out the empty hand and draw it back unfilled. You shall, by faith, climb mountains of difficulty, tread Satan under foot, overcome the world, and be more than conqueror, till, at last, the God of peace shall "sanctify you wholly, and preserve your whole body,

soul, and spirit, blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."

[From the German of Krummacher.]

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

WHAT avails the blood of Christ? It avails what mountains of good works heaped up by us, what columns of the incense of prayer curling up from our lips toward heaven, and what streams of tears of penitence gushing from our eyelids never could avail. "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "Helps us to cleanse ourselves, perhaps?" No, cleanseth us. "Furnishes the motive and the obligation for us to cleanse ourselves?" No, it cleanseth us. "Cleanseth us from the desire to sin?" No, cleanseth us from sin itself. "Cleanseth us from the sin of inactivity in the work of personal improvement?" No, from all sin. "But did you say the blood does this?" Yes, the blood. "The doctrine of Christ you must mean?" No, his blood. "His example it is?" No, his blood, his blood. Oh what hostility the world still betrays toward this essential element of Christianity! Can anything be stated more plainly in language than the entire Word of God declares that our redemption from sin is by the blood of Christ? And yet what strenuous efforts are constantly made to set aside this plain, essential, wonderful, and most glorious truth, that the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin! — *Lutheran and Missionary.*

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.—A clergyman thus describes the difference between his experience in the past and the present: "Formerly," said he, "I committed my soul to God; now, I commit the *keeping* of my soul to him, and he *does* keep it."

TRIBULATION THE WAY TO THE KINGDOM.

The following, clipped from the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate, will find a response in many hearts in these days of trial.

THE Scriptures teach that the child of God must suffer persecution; and hence the Saviour taught his disciples on the mount not to think strange when men would persecute them and say all manner of evil about them, for righteousness' sake; but to rejoice, for their reward should be great in the kingdom of heaven. And Peter says: "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the *fiery trial* which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you; but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when his glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy. If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you; on their part he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified. But let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or as an evil doer, or as a busybody in other men's matters. Yet if any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed; but let him glorify God on this behalf." Then it is clear that they who live godly in Christ Jesus must expect persecutions; but nevertheless there is comfort for such as thus suffer, for Jesus said to his disciples, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world." And again it has been said that "all things work together for good to them that love God." This is as much as to say that he will ultimately make every obedient soul as happy as his nature is capable of being made, and that all the events and circumstances of this life, whether painful or pleasant, shall be so adjusted and overruled as to be made to contribute to this end. Although "many are the afflictions of the righteous," they can pray for di-

vine support in every trial: we may be very weak and feeble, but God is strong. He has promised to help; let us plead his promise; for he has said, "I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee." By waiting upon God, in the duty of prayer, we renew our strength, and mount up as on the wings of eagles above every pain, and all our troubles and sorrows; and, being thus strengthened, we have nothing to fear, for as our day is so is our strength. Paul had a thorn in the flesh, and he earnestly besought the Lord that it might be removed. But the Lord did not remove it; he gave him an equivalent; "My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness." There is one thing that we should remember in particular—that in all our tribulations we should pray for divine counsel; for the Bible says, "If any of you lack wisdom let him ask it of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." We never need the counsel of God so much as in the dark days, when clouds and thick darkness roll round us, and we know not which way to go or what to do; but when we cleave to God in all our ways, he directs our steps and keeps our lives. It is pleasing and full of consolation to be able to say with Asaph, "Thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory." No counsel is so safe as that of the Lord: "For the counsel of the Lord standeth forever,—the thoughts of his heart to all generations."

To make this subject still more clear, suffer me to direct your attention to a few examples as recorded in the Bible:—

ENOCH.

This eminent saint walked with God three hundred years, and God translated him that he should not see death; but before he was translated he had the testimony that he pleased God; "and he was

not, for God took him." His friends may have sought diligently for him, as the sons of the prophets sought Elisha on the mountains of Israel; but "he was not." His enemies may have sought him with envious and malicious designs against his person and character, "and he was not found, because God had translated him." The world, no doubt, had used this good man very ill; but the Lord took him out of their reach. Without seeing death, transported by the power of God, he enters the glory land, and leaves all his tribulations behind.

MOSES.

This man, when a child, was hid by his parents three months because of the king's commandment, and was found by Pharaoh's daughter, who adopted him as her own child; but when he became a man he refused to be called her son, and "to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God." He esteemed their sufferings more than all the treasures in Egypt, and the reproach of Christ above all earthly honor and power; "for he endured as seeing him who is invisible." How few, comparatively speaking, make the choice which Moses did! They prefer the treasures of Egypt before the tribulations of the Christian,—the honor of the world to the kingdom of Christ; and, as a consequence of this, they must suffer the penalty of violated laws; whilst those who choose to suffer tribulation, and esteem the reproach of Christ more than all things else, shall enjoy unending felicity in heaven.

ABRAHAM.

He was called to go into a country which he knew not, and he went out, not knowing whither he went; and "he sojourned in the land of promise as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob," the heirs "of the same promise; for he looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." "Abraham, when he was

tried, offered up his only-begotten son, of whom it was said that in Isaac shall thy seed be called." The trial of Abraham is a proof that the greatest favorites of heaven may be sorely tried, and that they must enter the kingdom through much tribulation. This world is not regarded by the Christian as a place of rest,—not as the pilgrim's home, but as a land of trial. Should not every grace and every virtue be proved? It is fit that all should be tried, for heaven will be more welcome after these afflictions. Emotions of gratitude will swell every bosom there for every severe affliction endured here. We cannot think but that Abraham had more comfort in Isaac than in all things else; but he must be given up. What a trial! What a cross! What a loss! I imagine all other things would have been trifling, compared to Isaac. Ah, we little know, when our affections are placed upon earthly comforts, the bitter pangs they may cause before all is over. Where we expect a sweet, a bitter may be found; and when we invite pleasure sorrow often comes. Jacob loved Joseph; but he was taken and sold into Egypt. David loved Absalom; but he became a rebel, and died in disgrace. How suddenly our fondest hopes are blighted, and the heart wrung with sorrow! Fix your affections on things above, for they are all enduring.

JOB.

The history given in the Bible informs us that the Sabeans had taken away his beasts and slain his servants with the edge of the sword; that the fire had fallen from heaven and burned up the sheep and the shepherds; that the Chaldeans had robbed him of his camels and murdered his domestics; that his sons and daughters had been killed in the house of their feasting, by the whirlwind; also that his body was covered "with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown;" and that his best friends, even his wife, tempted him to "curse God and die." But next come his three friends,

who were neighboring princes, accompanied by Elihu, on a visit of condolence, which was occasioned by the apparent judgments of God which had befallen him; and they argued, and strenuously maintained and insisted, that his unparalleled calamities and sufferings proved him to be a bad man. Job as strenuously insisted that he was altogether innocent, and that his afflictions were only intended to prove and improve his piety, and that when this should be accomplished he would come forth as gold purified from the furnace. But God finally decided the dispute in favor of his servant Job; and he required Job's three friends to offer sacrifice for their misdoings, and Job must pray for their forgiveness. Then Providence smiled upon him, and he was highly favored; greater prosperity and happiness was bestowed upon him than at the first.

Are you stripped of property, bereft of children, afflicted in your person, forsaken of friends, persecuted and insulted by those who profess to be your friends? Think of the patience, confidence, afflictions, conflicts, and troubles of Job, and of Job's living Redeemer, who brought him safely through all his troubles. Go and do thou likewise, and thou shalt be happy, and shalt stand on the mount of God at last, and sing with the redeemed. If good men have tribulation here, they also have joy in the blessed Redeemer, and shall see God in glory when the world and all the works thereof have passed away. Job said: "Oh, that my words were now written! Oh, that they were printed in a book! that they were graven with an iron pen and laid in the rock forever! For I know that my Redeemer liveth."

LAZARUS.

He had great tribulation. He was a beggar, and was reduced to a state of most abject poverty. He desired, no doubt, a speedy release from the world, and a happy exit to the land of rest; but his suf-

fering time was not yet ended. He must be carried to the rich man's gate, where he desired to be fed with the crumbs that fell from his table, that his feeble nature might be sustained. It was his lot to suffer a great many deprivations and acute sensations arising from the same. He was not only a beggar reduced to poverty and want, but he was greatly afflicted and full of sores. It is hard indeed when poverty and pain meet in the same person; but this suffering saint had no earthly comfort. His sores were exposed for the want of proper clothing to cover them; for you remember that it was said "the dogs came and licked his sores." What an object of pity! Enough, one would think, to soften the hardest heart, and bring to his aid all possible help. But death soon put an end to all his sufferings; for "it came to pass that the beggar died." He could not help himself; but his help was in God. Here his tribulation ended, and the angels of God wafted his spirit up to his home in heaven, where sighing and sorrow, pain and poverty, disease and death can never come. Let the righteous who are afflicted put their trust in God and be bold. Dark clouds of tribulation may loom up around you, but he who knows all your ways will deliver you out of all of your afflictions, and clothe you at last in a robe of spotless white.

THE MORE ELEVATED OUR POSITION,

The purer the atmosphere we breathe, the more extended is our view; and, should we fall, the more rapid and deep is the descent. If the light "be darkness, how great is that darkness!" K.

THE MEASURE OF OUR WISDOM

Is the whole word of God, with the "Spirit of Truth" as our "Teacher," to "guide unto all truth," upon the simple condition of faith in the promise, — an asking "in faith, nothing wavering." K.

LETTER FROM MRS. PALMER.

BRIDGEND, South Wales, }
February 13, 1862.

SOUTH WALES abounds in lovely views. Green hills and dales, and fast-flowing rivers, everywhere variegates the scene. Yesterday, we went to Sandown, and rode a few miles along the beautiful banks of the expansive Bristol Channel.

Wales has been compared to the charming Isle of Wight, only far more extensive. There are several old castles, built centuries ago, in this and the region round about, to whose hoary remains the ever-youthful green ivy tenaciously clings.

Our mother country has, in its agricultural portions, some arts in beautifying the way-sides and fields which America cannot so freely boast. The green-clad slopes on either side, as you pass along by the railroad, and the refreshing flower-gardens, and mimic grotto work at the stations, and the evergreen hawthorn hedges, dividing the fields into patch-work, reminds one of May in the midst of winter, though February is not half over.

But England has many more cloudy days than her youthful daughter, America. And England now is exceedingly grave, aye, more than grave,—she is sorrowful. In more aspects than one it may be said our mother country is in sackcloth. Though many weeks have passed since the Queen of England became a widow, she is still feeling her widowhood as though it were but yesterday.

The churches and chapels throughout the land are still hung in mourning. The ladies of England are everywhere clothed in sable, in sympathy with their queen. The gentlemen are wearing wide crape bands on their hats, such as betoken widowed hearts with us. There can be no mistake in regard to the true heart-sympathy of the people of England with

their beloved queen in this bereavement; neither can there be a doubt whether her royal majesty does not suffer, in this sudden bereavement, pangs of sorrow similar to those that any other sensitive, heart-stricken widow might feel. The widow and the fatherless feel alike, whether in court or cottage.

Said Newman Hall, in his sermon on the death of the prince, "Who could picture to himself the lonely queen, going forth the other day from Windsor Palace, which she refused to quit till the coffin-lid was finally closed over his remains; who could see her, with no state attendants, in widow's weeds, weeping as she went across the slopes of Windsor Park by a secluded path to the railway station,—the only journey during twenty years she had taken without his royal highness;—oh, who could picture to himself such a sight, and not mourn that death has entered our palaces?"

Prince Albert was unquestionably a man of sterling virtues, and during the last few months of his life he seems to have been manifestly preparing for his change.

The prince was born August 26, 1819, and was three months younger than the queen. The queen and the prince were first cousins. His father was brother to the late Duchess of Kent. October, 1839, was his first eventful visit to England; and on February 10th, of the same year, in the Chapel Royal of St. James, Queen Victoria repeated the words, "I, Victoria, take thee, Albert, to be my wedded husband; to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer or poorer; in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and obey, till death us do part."

Said Newman Hall, "With scarcely a cloud, the sun of prosperity shone upon the royal pair. During nearly twenty-two years the dark day seemed not to approach. Sons and daughters in goodly array sprang up around them. Sickness

was a stranger at court; until the beginning of the present year no serious bereavement befel the royal circle. Children's children began to appear.

"The prince consort was still young, and might expect to be the ornament of his country during another period equal to the whole age he had already attained. But in the midst of life and health, of strength and dignities, death entered into our palaces. Then was fulfilled the words of Amos the prophet, 'It shall come to pass in that day, saith the Lord God, that I will cause the sun to go down at noon, and I will darken the earth in the clear day, and I will turn your feasts into mourning, and all your songs into lamentation, and I will bring up sackcloth upon all loins, and baldness upon every head, and I will make it as the mourning of an only son, and the end thereof as a bitter day.'"

On several public occasions the departed prince avowed his reverence for God; and though it is to be feared that he was not experimentally pious till within the few last months of his life, yet in his public speeches he repeatedly and clearly testified his belief in Divine Revelation, and his wish for the spread of Christian principles.

In front of the Royal Exchange, London, there is an inscription, which has, doubtless, been read by thousands, without a thought of the one through whose instigation it was placed there. Observing in the plan of the architect a bare slab, the prince asked what use was to be made of it. Being informed it was not designed for anything special, he proposed that it should bear the inscription; "THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S, AND THE FULLNESS THEREOF."

Thus traders coming in from all parts of the world are reminded that the goods in which they traffic are all the product of an Almighty hand, and read a lesson calculated to inspire them with humility and gratitude.

In our travels we have twice met with Prince Albert and other members of the royal family. The prince was tall and good-looking; a man of middle age, with an intellectual, benevolent countenance. From what we read of former sovereigns, we have scarcely reason to think that England has, for many centuries, been blessed with a sovereign whose surroundings, personal character, and well-ordered household, has been as unexceptionable as that of the present sovereign.

The sudden bereavement that has befallen the royal family, and in which the whole British nation now participates, has made developments which show the conjoint letters V. and A., so familiar to the eye of most people here, betokened a union of loving hearts united in purpose to set a praiseworthy example to the people of England; if not in earnest heart-piety, of high morality and worldly rectitude.

On the landing of the staircase leading to the private apartments of the royal family in Windsor Castle, stands a beautifully-sculptured marble statue. An eminent artist at the head of the Protestant party in France executed it by the command and according to the instructions of Prince Albert. It represents the youthful and pious King Edward VI. In one hand he holds an open Bible, while the sceptre in the other points to this text on the open page: "Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign; and he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord."

This statue was placed on those stairs that the royal children, especially the Prince of Wales, might ever be reminded by the example of two good and youthful kings of the importance of doing what is right, not only in the eyes of courtiers and of the people, but in the sight of Him who searcheth the heart.

It is affirmed, and from a reliable source, that the last time the prince made an attempt to use his pen, was to soften the threatening dispatch sent to

Lord Lyons in relation to the Trent affair. This was after his illness had commenced, and was by the desire of the queen, and was a joint matter between the royal pair.

It was not long after the return of the royal family from their Scottish home, Balmoral, that the prince was taken ill. While there he heard a sermon from the text, "Prepare to meet thy God." The circumstances were peculiar. The officiating minister, having forgotten his sermon, suddenly selected this text, he having preached from it recently, and the subject on that account being familiar, was chosen. Her royal majesty and the prince listened with solemn attention, and afterward sent to the minister for the manuscript, which was returned with thanks, and a desire expressed that it might be published. This, it is said, was the last sermon the prince ever heard.

On one occasion, after the prince had spoken of his recovery as doubtful, one of his physicians, endeavoring to rally his spirits, spoke quite confidently of a favorable issue; to which the prince replied about thus: "No, I shall not recover; but I am not taken by surprise. If I had nothing but my earthly honors, I should be poor indeed. I trust I am prepared."

One among the most favorite hymns of Prince Albert, on his dying bed, was, —

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

The hymn throughout was often repeated by him and in his hearing by those who affectionately waited around his dying pillow. Princess Alice is said to be pious. It is reported that she repeated not only consoling words of Scripture and precious portions of hymns, but that she also knelt by her dying father's bed-side, and poured out her soul to God in affecting prayer without the aid of a book.

March 24th. My letter, as you will see, bears the date of over a month ago.

Our first two or three weeks in South Wales were spent in the neat and improving town of Bridgend, where we were permitted to enjoy the fellowship of friends much beloved in Jesus, and to witness Christians greatly quickened in the divine life, and over one hundred brought to Jesus.

The third week was spent at the little town of Cowbridge, where showers of blessings were also poured out upon God's heritage, and the altar nightly surrounded with seekers from near and remote distances. The number blessed, I believe, was about fifty. The last thirty-four days have been spent in Cardiff, the largest seaport town in South Wales. Here the Lord has poured out his Spirit upon his people in a powerful manner. Many have sought and obtained the blessing of purity, and about eight hundred have been gathered out of the world. We shall shortly leave for our next field of labor, twenty-four miles distant.

An interesting incident has just come to my knowledge, which I am sure will cause a thrill of joy to Christian hearts of every country. Who would not love to think of the sovereign of one of the most mighty nations of the earth as really God-fearing and at heart pious?

At a meeting of the army Scripture readers, the Rev. H. Huleatt narrated the following incident, which he received from one of the actors in the scene. The clergyman of Osborn — Isle of Wight, where the Queen of England has spent the most of her time since the death of the prince — had occasion to visit an aged parishioner. As he entered the room where the invalid was, he saw by the bedside a lady in deep mourning reading the Word of God. He was about to retire, when the lady exclaimed, — "Pray, remain; I would not wish the invalid to lose the comfort which a clergyman might afford."

The lady retired, and the clergyman found lying on the bed a book with texts

of Scripture adapted to the sick; and he found that out of that book portions of Scripture had been read by the lady in black. That lady was the Queen of England.

THE MEETING IN RIVINGTON STREET.

"The Tuesday Meeting," as it is called, established so many years ago, at the house of Dr. Palmer in New York, still continues to be the centre of a deep spiritual interest. Our correspondent sums up the exercises of two rainy days' meetings in her usual jottings as follows:—

THE number was small to-day, compared with the throng which usually crowd our rooms; but the Master was specially present, and those who through excessive esteem for others are silent at other times, embraced the opportunity to speak. Rev. I. R.—read the beautiful chapter, "I am the vine," with emphasis and life, interspersing it with suitable remarks. Mrs. L.—spoke of her enjoyment of the thirteenth of Hebrews: also of her faith in the promise, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be done unto you." The way of faith, and God working in us to purify and make us holy, was taught with great clearness and fullness.

One desired to know whether, in all adverse circumstances, the sanctified heart could promptly say, "Thy will be done." Several responded by saying that they had been enabled through grace to do so.

Three very young disciples, yet in their school-days, sweetly witnessed to the fact that they love the Lord with all the heart. One of them, we believe the youngest in the room, related the following experience:—

"I have been greatly blessed this afternoon; I have gained through Christ another victory. The past week has been one of great temptation. I saw so many imperfections in myself, that I was tempted to yield the blessing of sanctification, and

content myself with living as the mass of professing Christians do. I did not then know, as I afterward learned from Wesley's writings, that a deep sense of depravity was one of the fruits of this state of grace.

"During the time of this distress my Saviour was with me, and often spoke to me through the precious Word. Saturday morning, on opening my text-book, I found that the verse for the day was, 'Put on the whole armor of God;' the words of Wesley came immediately to my mind, 'Having put on the whole armor, it is but right that it should be tested,' and mine was tested that day. The conflict was so great that it seemed as if all my mental powers were engaged in it. I should have given up the strife, had I not remembered that Satan is a conquered foe, and if I perseveringly resisted, looking unto Jesus, I should conquer.

"On Monday morning, while steadfastly maintaining my determination, and saying, as I had all through the temptation, 'I will believe,' I began to realize that the adversary was fleeing: and while praying to God, Jesus manifested himself as conqueror, and from that time, throughout the morning, I could truly say,

'Not a cloud doth arise to darken my skies
Or hide for one moment my Lord from my eyes.'

"This morning the enemy again assaulted me with the suggestion, 'In two years you will lose all this; you need not think to always maintain your present state; how many resolutions have been made and as quickly broken; the future will be as the past.' To this I replied that I would endeavor to live by the moment, not by the year, trusting in Jesus for grace needed in each successive moment, and in that way would serve him all my life. This verse was a great benefit to me:—

'We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.'

"The chapter at the commencement of the meeting, fifteenth of John, is very precious to me, especially the words, 'Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, neither can ye except ye abide in me.' I know I cannot bear fruit of myself, but if I abide in the vine I shall. While singing that beautiful chorus, 'I do believe, I now believe,' the victory was complete. I do not now fear that in two or any number of years I will leave my Saviour. I give God all the glory."

We are almost ready to anticipate a rainy day — the number is so small comparatively, that they occupy the time each more fully than when many are present. A mate of a ship, who is always with us when in port, said that soon after he received the blessing of a clean heart he went to sea. The captain had caused him to think that the crew was pious, but he found they were all ungodly. He began to work among them in prayer meetings, reading the Bible, &c. They had not long crossed the line when five were converted. In S. America he had visited little bands of Christians in different places, and found Mrs. Palmer's "Way of Holiness" there, and souls who were awake to its vital truths. He detailed his labors with individuals, and showed how the pious sailor becomes a missionary.

Christ was honored in the grace bestowed upon those who in the spring-time of life have given their hearts wholly to the Lord — we trust they are lambs folded in the bosom of Jesus. Some arose for prayer, and several special cases were presented, for whom fervent prayer was offered.

We cannot forbear giving a testimony from India.

"Luckeempur, Oudh, March 24, 1862.

"The precious seasons I enjoyed in common with others, in the Tuesday gatherings, can never be too highly prized by

me. I was in a condition to appreciate and enjoy them in an eminent degree; not, mark you, that I lived in the highest sphere of Christian experience, but as one who, having tasted the sweet water of life's fountain, was ready and anxious to be introduced into greater depths, nearer the great fountain-head. I was in earnest pursuit after Benjamin's portion. While friends thought I was already ripening, I felt a longing of soul after higher attainments, unlike anything earthly. This was the result of having already obtained largely from God. For who is taught to be satisfied?

'Ah! who against thy charms is proof,
Ah! who that *loves* can love enough?'

"I bless God that he has not set bounds to our joys. He does not mark out a certain limit and say, 'Obtain this and be satisfied.' But, praise his name! there is no restriction, no boundary beyond!

"I must say, that when I first listened to the rich experience of many in your meetings, I felt like hiding my shame-stricken face forever. Their enjoyments appeared to be of so refined a character, so exquisite, and abundant withal; and the manner of communicating so lofty and pure, and yet so full of sweet simplicity, that I instinctively shrank from the task that my Heavenly Father laid upon me. A sense of littleness and leanness possessed me throughout, and I was prepared to sympathize with Jonah when he fled from God.

"I was soon led, however, to contemplate better things. I discerned one spirit pervading our hearts, and though a larger measure of grace was given to some, it was the same in nature, and proportionately fashioned our hearts alike.

"Herein is one of the brightest ornaments of our religion, and at once attests its divinity — that it fashions the heart from the moment we in utter self-renunciation cast ourselves into the merciful hand of God. Then, again, the nature of the wondrous change — 'tis not super-

ficial, not insensible ; but palpable, rational, and thorough. It appeals to our eyes, that whereas we were once blind now we see. It appeals to our ears ; for once we heard the sentence of condemnation and guilt ; we now hear the voice of pardon and full salvation.

"It appeals to our understanding — once all was darkness and ignorance, now light abounds. Not a faint transient light, but *light* in its very essence, penetrating every chamber of our being, and diffusing throughout a constant and increasing brightness. 'The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' I think it was the last time that I sat among you, that I enjoyed such rich views of God and Christ. Perhaps he graciously came nearer, and allowed me a glimpse of his excellent glory as he passed. Be this as it may, I was sweetly wrought upon, and never before embraced my Saviour's cross more firmly.

* See me, see me, once a rebel,
Vanquished at the cross I lie ;
Cross, to tame earth's proudest able, —
Who was e'er so proud as I ?
He convinced me, he subdued me ;
He chastised me, he renewed me.
The nails that nailed, the spear that slew him,
Transfixed my heart, and bound it to him !
* See me, see me, once a rebel,
Vanquished at his cross I lie !

"The blessed Lord gave me much victory that day." W. W. H.

"PULLING THEM OUT OF THE FIRE."

A YOUTHFUL pastor sat by the sick-bed of an aged Christian, from whose religious experience he had drawn many instructive and consoling lessons. He had been reading aloud, at her request, the Epistle of Jude. She remarked, "That twenty-third versé has a wonderful significance to me, for it reminds me of an exciting incident of my early

life, and its effect upon my religious character.

"I was just recovering from a severe sickness, and was still so weak as to be quite exhausted by the effort of walking across the room, when my father's house took fire, and was burned to the ground. The flames burst out at midnight. I was awake, and had been for some time listening to a faint crackling without understanding its terrible import. Suddenly the truth flashed upon me. I sprang from my bed, and, although so weak, succeeded in rousing the different members of the family, and they were soon all assembled, with the exception of one of the servant girls. Could it be that she had again fallen asleep ? I rushed to her room, and found her in a profound slumber, while the glare of light was so intense that I felt sure the roof was blazing over our heads. I shrieked her name ; she moved uneasily, and slumbered on. I struck her with all my force, but with little more effect ; a slight movement, a few muttered words of impatience, and she was again asleep. With the strength of despair I took hold of her, and, large and heavy though she was, dragged her to the floor. The fall awoke her, and she was saved. Not more than a moment after our escape, the roof fell in, and the room was wrapt in flames.

"Years after, this incident came before my mind as a rebuke for my indifference to the welfare of souls around me. I had made desperate, almost superhuman efforts to save that poor life, which, cherish it as we may, and prolonged to its utmost extent, is but as the fading flower ; but what had I done for souls ? They were slumbering in false security, while the fire that never shall be quenched was slowly gaining upon them, and would soon envelope them forever, and I had been at ease, or only put forth feeble efforts to save them. A deep sense of guilt settled down on my heart. I feared

that the blood of souls would be found on my garments. My distress of mind was such as to impair my health, until, in my anguish, I went to the Saviour, confessed my sin, and found how much he can forgive, and how ready he is to give grace and strength for the performance of duty. Through his assistance I endeavored to put forth as earnest efforts for the precious life of the soul as I had once done for that of the body."

All unconsciously to herself the aged woman had said the word in season which that pastor needed, for he, too, had faltered in his Master's service; the love of souls was fading out of his heart, and things temporal were taking that place in his thoughts which should have been occupied by the eternal; but He who often speaks through the still, small voice, made this simple story the means of rousing him from his slothfulness. He seemed from this day to have received a new baptism of the Spirit; and, through weariness and exhaustion, through trial and discouragement, he labored on until he had worn out his mortal frame, and was called to his rest. Often, when his efforts to rouse the attention of the impenitent seemed fruitless, he called to remembrance his friend's story, and would say to himself, "I must be more in earnest; I must take hold of sinners and drag them from eternal burning."

LOVE.—Love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel man, when all the rest had failed. Reason he parries; fear he answers blow for blow; future interests he meets with present pleasure; but love, that sun against whose melting beams winter cannot stand, that soft, subduing summer, which wrestles down the giant,—there is not one human being in a million whose clay heart is hardened against love.

WE ARE BY NATURE

Just what the law forbids us to be; and, to know ourselves, we have only to look into this mirror, and behold our "natural" state.

K.

AN ADDRESS TO A TRAVELLER.

My fellow-traveller to the grave,
Thou hast a soul to lose or save,—
A soul to live with God in heaven,
Or else to hell it must be driven,—
A soul that cost the precious blood
Of Christ, the only Son of God.
And wilt thou, traveller, dare to say
To thy Redeemer, "Go thy way?"
When he shall ask thee for thy heart,
Canst thou refuse with it to part?
Just turn thine eyes to Galvary,
And see the love he bears to thee;
Ah! what a sight dost thou behold!
"The half has never yet been told."
Upon the lifted cross thou'lt see
Thy Saviour in great agony.
Behold upon his head a crown,
Which causes blood to trickle down!
His pierced hands, his feet, his side,
For thee pour forth a crimson tide.
Oh, hear his agonizing cry!
"Eli lama sabachthani!"
'Tis finished," now he meekly said,
And gently bowed his dying head.
All Nature mourns at such a sight;—
The earth doth wear the garb of night;
The living men start back amazed,
While sleeping dead to life are raised.
The temple's vail is rent in twain,—
O hark! they cry, "'Tis Christ that's slain!"
Now all who will may enter in,
The great atonement's made for sin,
And, through the sacred One in Three,
Can pluck of life's ambrosial tree,
To eat and live forevermore,
With millions on yon peaceful shore.
Again, dear traveller, ere we part,
I beg of thee, give Christ thy heart.
'Tis thine to choose,—he don't compel,
But offers in thy heart to dwell.

RECIPE FOR MAKING TATTLERS.—

Take a handful of the vine called Run-about, the same quantity of the root called Nimble Tongue, a sprig of the herb called Backbite, at either before or after dog days, a spoonful of Don't-you-tell-it, six drachms of Malice, a few drops of Envy, — which can be purchased in any quantity at the shop of Miss Tabitha Teatable. Stir them well together, and simmer them for half-an-hour over the fire of Discontent, kindled with a little Jealousy; then strain it through a rag of Misconstruction, hang it upon a skein of Streetyarn, shake it occasionally for a few days, and it is ready for use. Let a few drops be taken before walking out, and the subject will be enabled to speak all manner of evil continually.

The Guide to Holiness.

JULY, 1862.

APOSTASY.

CAN there be any need of a note of warning on this point to those who have been made perfect in love? Not if they *abide* in Christ.

"Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm."

"We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide."

Nor is this all poetry. It is a confidence based on a surer word of promise. "My sheep hear my voice," says the good Shepherd, "and I know them, and they follow me; and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." But this does not imply that the sheep may not wander and stray at such a distance from the fold that the voice of Christ is no longer heard. The words give great encouragement to persevering faith, but were never designed to inspire Laodicean confidence. Safety is associated only with the closest proximity to Christ,—nay, not proximity, merely, but the most intimate *union*. This, then, is the great life-work of the holy Christian, to maintain with godly jealousy the bond of humble, loving, obedient faith. Let this once be broken, and our declension, though at first so gradual that we are hardly sensible of it, goes on progressing with the greater rapidity as we wander from the great centre of spiritual life. It is a fearful fact, also, that the depths to which we may sink are always proportioned to the heights to which we have been elevated. The angels, who kept not their first estate, being a higher order of intelligences, and having dwelt in clearer light, have sunk to a point infinitely below what man can reach,—and he, whose house (heart) has been swept and garnished, if brought again under demoniacal dominion, is sevenfold more the child of hell than before; or, as the Scripture expresses it, "The last state of that man is worse than the first." Dr. Clarke, in his comment on these words, says, "His soul, before influenced by the Spirit of God, dilated and expanded under its heavenly influences, becomes more capable of refinement in iniquity, as its powers are more capacious than formerly. Evil habits are formed and strengthened by relapses; and relapses are multiplied and become more incurable through new habits." Clarke on Matt. xii. 45. If these be the dangers to which we are exposed, warnings are

never out of place, nor can they be too frequently urged.

We introduce this subject to the attention of our readers, because we believe we are passing through a season of great peril. We conceive one of the ways in which Satan diverts the eye of the soul from Christ, is by stimulating the mind and affections of man to a point where they cease to be controlled by supreme love to Christ, or, in other words, to a point where the soul is jostled out of its perfect poise in God. Hence, times of great public excitement are seasons when the holy Christian needs to set a double watch over himself, though the subject of the excitement may be lawful and proper. Take as an illustration, most apposite to the times, the present war. Every principle of justice, as we think, seems to demand its vigorous prosecution. A palpable wrong is in the land, which can only be corrected by the violent measures of brutal force. While we sicken at the awful carnage, and with Christ weep at the desolations which a blinded people are bringing on themselves, we rejoice at every blow that brings us nearer to a final adjustment. Just to this point we can probably go without losing our balance; but let us overstep this boundary,—and the transition is natural and easy,—let us slide into the partisan and ambitious spirit by which the masses are moved, and call it patriotism or whatever you will, the heart cuts loose from its moorings, and becomes exposed to the violent assaults of the enemy. The same principle might be illustrated by our family affections, and the provision we are called to make for those dependent on us, both of them right in their place, and to a certain limit; but transcend that limit, and parental love even becomes idolatry, and the prudent care which a man must exercise for his own flesh merges into a spirit of avarice and lust for affluence.

We regard the present a period of peculiar danger, because we live amid influences which are almost overpowering. The highest sentiments are appealed to in justification of the present struggle. Patriotism, the maintenance of governmental authority, the suppression of slavery and its kindred evils, the deliverance from oppression of families who, in consequence of their loyalty, have been rendered homeless and penniless, and other things involved in this war, force it with irresistible interest on our minds. Take heed, beloved, that it does not absorb every holy element in your being. Your danger begins when Christ ceases to be the Alpha and Omega,—the beginning and the end. We care not how just the cause, how good in itself, the moment it supplants Christ, it becomes a snare, a source of evil to you. Your heart may be drawn out to it at first from pure zeal for God, for right; but unless you keep Christ paramount, it will become entangled in meshes from which you will find it difficult to recover. God knows we hate slavery, we hate rebellion, and we would do nothing to weaken opposition to it; but we would, on our

knees, if need be, beseech those who have been made partakers of the heavenly gift, and tasted of the word of life, and the power of the world to come, to hold every emotion under subervieny to the higher life.

The effect of our troubles on some minds is to draw them still nearer to Jesus. Every blast of the storm, every surge of popular commotion, leads them, like the vine, to cling closer to their living Head; but that it is having an opposite influence on others is too evident to be denied. We would not, however, act the part of a censor or judge. Our sole motive is to warn—not others only, but ourselves. With Paul, beloved, let us resolve to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ and him crucified, and pray that he may be

* * * “the sea of love,
Where all our pleasures roll;
The circle where our passions move,
And centre of our soul.”

THE PITTSBURGH CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

AMONG many excellent exchanges there are few we so highly prize as the one above named. It is characterized by a high tone of piety and a discriminating judgment; and take it altogether is a most excellent family paper. Price \$1.25 per annum. S. H. NESBITT, Editor, Pittsburgh, Pa.

RASH VOWS.—Our correspondent A. N. Z. is not the first that has suffered from rash and hasty vows. Satan takes advantage of human weaknesses, and the impulsive are always open to his assaults in this direction. Vows have the sanction of Scriptural example, both in the Old and New Testament; nor can there be any doubt that the human mind is sometimes moved in this direction by the Holy Ghost. We think we are safe in saying, however, that, when a vow presented to the mind involves anything that does not have the sanction of a “Thus saith the Lord,” or, in other words, of Bible authority, we should ponder it well before we adopt it. We do not say that the Holy Scripture may not move us to incorporate in a vow a matter of which no special mention is made in the Bible; but we do think that we should be fully persuaded of the mind of the Spirit before deciding the point. Wherever a vow involves anything that the Scriptures condemn, it should be instantly repelled as a suggestion from Satan. It was a hasty vow to resolve not to leave a certain place of prayer till a particular individual was converted, because it involves that over which the person making the vow had no control, i. e., the repentance and submission of the individual referred to. Vows to devote a certain portion of our time or money to the service of the Lord should be carefully considered before made; but, when made, the vow should be performed, unless providential circumstances—such as health, the demands of equity, &c., &c.—should render it impossible for us to do so. Vows are solemn engagements, especially so when made unto the Lord. “Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God.” A. N. Z. should not allow Satan to make this an occasion of stumbling to her. Our heavenly Father knows our weaknesses, and pities more than he blames, especially if we be drawn into error by a sincere though mistaken desire to please him. The past should be a beacon-light in governing our future, but never be allowed to destroy our confidence in God, or weaken our determination to do right.

BOOK NOTICES.

SPIRITUAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS BOOK, No.

1. William White & Co. 1862.

Such is the title of a small work neatly printed on tinted paper, to be followed, as we are informed, in an accompanying circular, by others, as the favor which it may meet from the public may indicate. We are, also, in the same circular, respectfully requested to recommend it if we deem it calculated to do good. Spiritualism we believe to be from beneath, and like everything else from that source, tending to evil, only evil, and that continually. Whether we have good ground for such an opinion, a few brief extracts from this little catechism will enable our readers to judge. Speaking of the Commandments, the author says:—

“Some of the commandments of Christ it would seem impossible to obey, particularly the one which says, ‘Take no thought for what ye shall eat, drink or wear.’ He taught men to govern by love rather than by resistance; to not take life from him that taketh life; to not steal liberty from him that steals money; but instead of doing that again which we punish others for doing, to govern men who do these evil deeds, by the influence of love and kindness.”

Again. After teaching the monstrous and absurd error that “Sincerity is truth,” and that consequently we should not oppose beliefs that differ from ours, the teacher is made to ask his scholar whether he would “blame or speak ungenerously of an infidel or an atheist,”—to which the scholar is instructed to reply, —

“No; for infidels and atheists, I think, are God’s children, the same as church members are. God made all his children, and takes care of them; he makes them to differ in their beliefs. God is good, and all that he has made is good.”

“Your feelings toward beliefs that differ from your own,” says the teacher, “are very kind and charitable. Have you any authority for accepting all beliefs as being right?” &c.

“Yes,” answers the scholar. “St. Paul says ‘Charity believeth all things,’ and of all the virtues ‘charity is the greatest.’ And I have the authority of my own persuasions, too, which are sincere.”

Our limits will not allow of further quotations. Enough have been given to show the Christian who has the curiosity to delve into Spiritualism, the end of the road which he has begun to travel! We now have in press a work by the Rev. William McDonald, giving a history and exposition of this mystery of iniquity, which all who have the least tendency in this direction should read; and the friends of Jesus should sow it broadcast wherever this blighting curse has found its way.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

A. HULL.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care

And bids me at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known :
 D. C. And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re - lief ;

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

1. Sweet hour of prayer !
 Sweet hour of prayer !
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne,
 Make all my wants and wishes known :
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief ;
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2.
 Sweet hour of prayer !
 Sweet hour of prayer !
 Thy wings shall my petition bear,
 To him whose truth and faithfulness,

Engage the waiting soul to bless ;
 And since he bids me seek his face,
 Believe his word and trust his grace,
 I'll cast on him my ev'ry care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3.
 Sweet hour of prayer !
 Sweet hour of prayer !
 May I thy consolation share ;
 'Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home, and take my flight :
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize ;
 And shout while passing through the air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer.

THE

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

AUGUST, 1862.

FILIAL PIETY.

A SERMON.

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." — *Exodus xx. 12.*

SEVERAL circumstances invest this command with peculiar emphasis. One of these is, that it is a member of the decalogue, and so entitles its observance to rank among the cardinal virtues. Another is, that it has a promise, in which God pledges a special benediction upon him who obeys it. The character of this benediction, too, is worthy of note. For the most part the covenanted blessings of God are of a spiritual nature, and are dispensed silently upon the heart, or are to be conferred in another state of being. But the blessings promised to filial dutifulness here, while they include all spiritual mercies, are to consist of those favors of a material and obvious character, which seem to indicate the divine purpose to bestow his gracious rewards in this case, publicly, before the families of the earth, and thus demonstrate before all men his special approval of our fidelity to him in the reverence we bestow upon those who gave us being.

Among the laws for the government of the ancient Hebrew people, is the following remarkable statute: "If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father or the

voice of his mother, and that, when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them; then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of his place; and they shall say unto the elders of his city, 'This our son is stubborn and rebellious; he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton and a drunkard;' and all the men of his city shall stone him with stones that he die. So shalt thou put away evil from among you, and all Israel shall hear and fear."

"Very severe," I hear you say; and so it was, as were also many other statutes of the same code. But it was marvelously adapted to its end. It vested unlimited control over their children in parents, and this was undoubtedly best for the imperfect state of society then existing.

It suspended the very life of every young man upon the testimony of his parents touching his dutifulness to them. As an expedient of government, it seems to have been highly successful; since there does not appear ever to have been an execution under its provisions, and from all we know of domestic life among the Hebrews, we infer a measure of filial piety greatly in advance of the nations about them.

A Jewish father and mother of the olden time, surrounded with their large family of deferential and obedient children of various ages, — for the ancients,

much wiser than the moderns herein, coveted large families,—present a striking contrast in history with some of our modern American families, where father and mother wear their lives out in indulging, and petting, and hoarding for one or two spoiled children.

But my address to-day is primarily to the youthful part of the congregation, and I wish to consider,—

I. WHAT IS IMPLIED IN THIS COMMAND.

1. Obedience to parental authority.

It is true that habits of obedience in a child must commonly result from the judicious exercise of parental authority at a period too early for the moral suasions of a sermon like the present; still, the suggestions I am about to offer will not be lost, I hope, even upon children of very tender years.

If, then, we would honor our parents, we must, first of all, *obey them*. They have a *right* to say what we shall do, and where we shall go. It is more than this, it is their *duty*. God *commands them* to control us, and they would be *guilty* if they were to refuse to do it. This arrangement is all *for our benefit*, since God, who made the law, knows that our parents love us tenderly, and desire our best good. He knows, too, that they are older than we, and know much better than we do what will be for our good; so that in commanding us to do as they direct he is only giving us the use of their ripper experience and better judgment, as if they were our own. If each one of these children who hear me this day knew just as much as father and mother know, then each one of you would see that it is *best for you* to do the very thing which your parents tell you to do.

Your obedience should be *uniform*, for if we only obey our parents when they tell us to do just what we desire to do, it is really no obedience at all.

It should be *prompt and unhesitating*.

It is very painful to our parents to be obliged to speak to us several times when they wish us to do anything for them or for ourselves; or, to have us stand and ask questions why we must do it, or why some one else cannot do it, or to hear us say that we cannot do it before we try. Perhaps we can do it. If our parents tell us to do anything, however hard, we ought to try with all our might before we say I can't, and if there be time we ought to keep trying. Boys cannot *skate* when first they try. Boys cannot *swim* when first they try. And how do they ever learn? Why, by trying to do what they can't do, till by and by they *can* do it. That is the way you learned to *talk*. That is the way you learned to *walk*. That is the way you learned to read and spell, and cipher, and parse. Therefore, when your parents tell you to do something that seems very difficult, try at once, try hard, and try again, and give your dear father or mother the pleasure to see how very much you desire to do as they say.

But we should obey *cheerfully* and *pleasantly* also. It is to be feared that many young persons inflict much suffering on their parents by the *manner* and *spirit* in which they comply with their wishes. They obey, but they seem to grudge whatever they do in compliance with their parents' wishes, and so, though they obey, yet they often inflict a sort of penalty upon their parents for the duties they have enjoined upon them.

Parents have sometimes been heard to say, "I had rather do it myself than to get Mary or Willie to do it." To obey our parents as if it were a very great pleasure to gratify their wishes is to fulfil the command of the text, and to confer a great pleasure on those to whom we are more indebted than to any other, God alone excepted.

2. The second thing implied in honoring our parents is *Reverence*.

There is a tendency to irreverence of

the aged, which develops itself among certain classes of young persons to a very painful extent, and the tendency does sometimes exhibit itself in want of respectful treatment to parents. Now, we should reverence our parents by the titles we give them, by the tone and phraseology we use in conversing with them, and by avoiding all mention of or allusion to their frailties, if they have them, in our intercourse with others.

Allow me here to speak to a specialty in the condition of many of our American youth. You have advantages which your parents never had. Your education and your social accomplishments are, possibly, quite superior to theirs.

Now, I do not ask you not to be conscious of the fact where it exists, but I do ask you never, in word, or look, or tone, or gesture, to express it. You are in some danger of doing it, but I beg of you be on your guard. Reflect, I beseech you, on the toil and care, and rigid economy practised by your parents, to make you what you are, and consider how much they must have loved you to induce them to practise all this self-denial in order to raise you above themselves. Do not fail, then, to present your higher attainments as a tribute of respect to them by every act of the most dutiful attention and regard.

3. Another item in the honor we owe our parents I will call *Coöperation*.

The great majority of families in the earth subsist by toil, either of brain or muscle; mostly the latter. In every house, and in every line of business, there are cares; and in every family sons and daughters, grown and growing up, can very easily oppress the feelings of their parents through mere thoughtlessness, by neglecting to volunteer any share in the domestic cares.

The young lady who seeks only her own gratification in dress, amusements, company, and excursions of pleasure, with no thought of her portion of the

cares at home, or of her mother's feeble health, or of the long lone hours she must spend during her daughter's absence, inflicts a wound upon her mother's feelings, none the less deep or painful because it is borne in silence.

There is, indeed, a beauty in the unselfish and loving attentions which young persons are sometimes seen to bestow upon their parents, which eclipses most other specimens of the morally beautiful; and I know nothing better adapted to win the admiration of good men, and the sympathy of angels and the smile of God, than the conduct of those children who voluntarily share with their poor parents the self-denial and toil incident to their lot.

A few years ago, in one of our cities, a widow was struggling and toiling on to feed and clothe her four children. The oldest of these was a boy nine years old. Though small of his age, he determined to assist his mother in her efforts. He went begging, not for money, nor for bread, but for work, and finally was able to get work, where he could earn something less than a dollar by working hard all the week. By great industry and diligence he was able to earn a little more, and a little more, and every penny was carried home with great delight to be put in the scanty treasury there. Returning home one evening after spending a sad day (for his mother had told him in the morning that all the food was gone), he saw in the moonlight something shining on the pavement before him. He picked it up, and when he saw it was a half dollar, he held it tight in his hand, and put his hand down in his pocket, and then ran, still holding it tenaciously as if afraid it would somehow escape, and when he reached home he hastened to give his mother what she so much needed, and what he only prized on her account. This is a specimen of the filial piety of that little boy, through all his early life. He afterwards became a very eminent

man, and a very noted and useful minister. So God will honor those who honor their father and mother.

II. WHY SHOULD WE HEED IT?

That God is the author of the injunction is reason enough for our taking heed to it, even if we could not see any reason for it ourselves. What he commands is always right, though from the littleness of our capacity to understand his ways, and the narrowness of our views touching the relations of things, we are not always able to see the reasonableness of all his injunctions. But we can see many reasons why we should obey the command "Honor thy father and thy mother."

1. Our parents are entitled to be thus honored by us in view of what they have done for us. Let us not forget what care, and pains, and toil, by night and by day, our young lives cost our dear parents; how they watched over us in sickness, how sincerely they rejoiced in our recovery; how they toiled for our support, and what heavy loads of care they volunteered to bear, that we might have leisure for study and improvement. Now, who but a very ungrateful and sinful youth could have a heart to repay all this sacrifice and painstaking with neglect, disobedience, and selfish stubbornness?

2. The real happiness of every young person is to a large degree staked on obedience to this command. There is, in fact, no real joy for either parent or child in that house where the spirit of insubordination prevails; where parents are not honored, and children are not obedient and respectful; whereas the earth scarcely presents a more lovely spectacle than a well-ordered house.

3. But the subjection of ourselves to discipline, the practice of obeying law, is a necessary qualification for the duties of life. There is really no hope for the success of a youth who goes forth wayward, untrained, and full of self-will, to take his part in life's great drama, to bear its ills

and oppressions, to accept and duly return its courtesies and to obey its laws. The coarse and lawless youth, that would not be restrained, that would not yield to the discipline of home, will find, when he goes abroad, that he is destitute of the elements of character which that discipline would have given him, and that in that destitution he is vitally wanting in all the elements of respectability and success in life. How common to see such persons, after a few ineffectual attempts to gain position, subside into the very lowest stratum of society, and spend their lives in mortification and defeat, if not in vice.

4. God in his providence often honors those who thus obey him in the honor they bestow on their parents. I was much impressed with this in reading the account of the last days of ex-President Polk. Quite late in life he experienced religion, it seems, and, though he knew he could not live many days, he desired to receive the sacraments and leave his name in the church of Christ on earth. His preference was that the Rev. Mr. M. should officiate. His mother much desired he should call her pastor, and receive the sacraments at his hands, and she urged her preferences upon her son, it is said, with earnestness and persistence. At length Mr. Polk said, "Mother, you know I never disobeyed you in my life, but I pray you let me have my choice this time." She yielded the point, of course, and the man who at fifty years of age could say, "I have never disobeyed my mother," went, in a few months after he had left one of the highest seats of earth, as we humbly trust, to his seat in paradise.

5. The text says, "That thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Is there not something remarkable in the fact that such a *kind* of promise should be appended to this particular command? What connection is there naturally between filial dutifulness and length of days? Do all

dutiful children live to be aged? Does every disobedient child die early? To these very pertinent queries I will give two answers. The first is, that the promise appears to relate, in a large measure, if not mainly, to the national life. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long *in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*" Now, there is a very natural relation and connection between the due observance of domestic order and the stability of the state. A population composed of persons who have formed their characters amid the wholesome restraints and trainings of a well-ordered household, has, in its own character, the elements of stability, and national greatness, and perpetuity.

Many philosophers have wondered at the longevity of the Chinese Empire; and perhaps the phenomenon of a nation pervaded by an ancient type of barbarism, and exhibiting externally very little military strength, yet living on, century after century, and age after age, till all its old compeers are dead, is only to be accounted for by the fact that in China, more than in any other land, filial piety abounds. Look forth upon the nations to-day, and do we not see them all illustrating this truth? Are not English homes the base of the English throne? Is not the lack of home-virtues the weakest point in French nationality? Did not the stern, old-fashioned domestic discipline of New England make her people great among the States? And, finally, would the present terrible rebellion have been able to gather head and find countenance and shelter under the wing of the government of any people under heaven who had been trained from childhood to reverence authority? When the present rebellion shall have been subdued, as I pray it may be, and the smoke and dust of the strife shall have blown away, so that men can look coolly back and explore the sources of the difficulty, I do not doubt it will be seen that low views of

the regard due to law, just such as come of a lawless childhood, constituted the great damaging fact in the character of American statesmen and of the American populace, by which treason was allowed to stalk unblushingly about the capital, and defaulters, and thieves, and robbers — known to be such — were tolerated in the high places of the government. I solemnly believe that laxness of domestic discipline, with the consequent low views of the obligation to obey law, was the thing, and really the *only* thing, that prevented the government from arresting the leading conspirators years ago, and making an example of them that should have strangled the rebellion at the birth. We dignify the slowness of the government to move by the title "moderation;" but among the nations of the earth I suspect we shall stand alone in the definition. By the common verdict of mankind I doubt not it will be pronounced the weakness that comes of a decayed public conscience. Slavery, doubtless, is the immediate and real cause of the civil war in America, but our low views of the duties and prerogatives of government are what have allowed the rebellion to attain maturity and proportion, and to threaten, as for a time it did threaten, the very life of the nation; and if the nation had been utterly ruined in the fratricidal strife, it would, I firmly believe, have been an illustration, on a grand scale, of penalty falling on empire for the breach of the command, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

But though the words of the text are applicable to the national life, they are also applicable to the individual life. In both applications they assert a great principle in God's providential administration, namely, that dutifulness to parents is a virtue conservative of national and of individual life. Look at the promise, then, in its application to persons,

and remember God's blessing is upon the dutiful child, and that it is said of wisdom, "length of days is in her left hand."

Consider, again, that the number of days a man continues to breathe is not the real measure of his life; — "That life is long which answers life's great end;" and then add the large number of lives that are sacrificed as the direct result of disobedience to parents. Looking over the chapter of accidents with which our papers teem, and gleaning out and preserving the lists for a year, what accumulated illustrations will you get of the truth of this remark. "Scalded" — "Died of eating green fruit" — "Burned to death" — "Drowned" — "Refused medicine" — "Would attend the ball when in poor health" — "Refused to wear adequate clothing" — "Fought and fell in a duel" — "Ran away and went to sea, or joined the army."

Thus we see the connection between obedience to the text and national stability and length of individual life.

In conclusion, allow me to say, parents have a special duty to perform in connection with this subject. It is a duty which God has laid on us that are parents that we should bring up a child in the way he should go — train up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. I fear some of us think we are at liberty to do as we please about governing our children; and so, as it is some trouble to curb and break their wills, we choose to let them have their own way to a large extent. Many persons yield up their judgment to a foolish and hurtful tenderness for their children, by which the latter are quite spoiled. Others say they have no talent for government, and thus excuse themselves from a duty the neglect of which may send the soul of a child to hell.

Christian parents! what are you thinking of in allowing your dear children to grow up in utter disregard of all authority? Do you not know that your con-

duct, in thus refusing to control and train them, is preparing them to violate the civil law, and to trample on God's in its turn? And do you not know that, should they become pious by the great mercy of God, and in spite of what you are doing to prevent it, they will find a chief obstacle to their successful prosecution of their holy calling in the force of those early habits of self-indulgence and insubordination which you are cherishing? I beg you to stop it from this hour. As you would not bring the curse of God upon your own soul and the souls of your children, break off from this sin by righteousness. Repent and bring forth works meet for repentance. The work of governing and disciplining our children should be begun early, and prosecuted with a steady hand and with much prayer. Our children know that it is our place, our duty, to govern them, whatever they may say, and however they may feel for the moment; and it is a rare thing for an ungoverned child not to despise the parents who have failed to do their duty in this thing.

Again, if we would have our children honor us, we must be honorable; — honorable in our general conduct with men, strict to our promise, punctual to our engagements, faithful in our friendships.

Especially ought we to be honorable in our treatment of our children themselves; never deceiving them by false promises or by false alarms; never tantalizing them; never speaking contemptuously to them nor of them.

Finally, if we would have our children honor their father and their mother, then father and mother must honor each other. A dignified and respectful carriage, on the part of parents toward each other, has much to do in securing for each of them the reverence of their children.

In this matter, as in every other, God's order is best for all parties, and for both worlds. A well-ordered Christian family approximates nearest to our best ideas of

heaven of any object the earth presents, and it is possible for each parent, and each child and youth who hears me this day, to do something to lift up, at least, one home in the land into a closer resemblance with its eternal antitype.

TRUE MEASURE OF VIRTUE — HOW GOD ESTIMATES IT.

THERE are many men that I look upon with respect, not because I think they are godly of character, not because I think them to be exemplars of virtue; I know they are nothing of the sort; but because I think that they put forth more moral heroism to do a little, than many others do to do a great deal. For you that are worth a million of dollars to have your house handsome, and your grounds all glowing with beauty, is not much, because you have so much to do it with. But there is that poor woman. Between chills and fever she does her daily washing. She is pale of face and attenuated of hand. She carries her burdens to and fro on a back weary from too much toil. But there is a restless love for the beautiful in her; and in the morning, while you yet sleep, long before the birds call her, she is up to give an hour or two to the cultivation of her little bed of flowers. She diminishes her sleep and rest, that she may have the reward of joy in beauty. And when you pass by her white cottage, and see the jasmine and honeysuckle climbing up about the windows and doors, do you say, "What is that, compared with Cushing's garden?" If you knew the woman, and knew what she had to work with, and knew how poor she was, would not you say, "I declare, that is a nobler sight than the stateliest garden that ever king had?" A crown can afford to have a garden, but when it comes from a poor woman's palm, you judge by what she has, and not by what she has not. It was thus that the Saviour judged, when he said that the poor widow

who gave but two mites gave more than all the rich folks did.

Now, you are like that poor woman. You are trying to plant for God. God is just and kind in judgment, and he says that if, according to the powers you have, you are endeavoring to serve him, he will take your few flowers, and give you remuneration, not according to what you have given to him, but according to the greatness of the heart to which you have given.

EFFECT OF TROUBLE IN THIS WORLD.

I HAVE noticed from my windows that when there is a storm outside, the whole harbor is covered with craft that have run in — ships, and brigs, and schooners, and sloops innumerable; and that the moment the storm has passed by, and the barometer has risen, out they glide, and go on their journey. God is the soul's harbor; and when the storms of trouble come upon the sea of life hundreds of men make for that harbor, and there find shelter and rest. And the legitimate effect of trouble in this world is to drive the soul toward God. There is many a Christian man that never would have been a Christian if it had not been for the trouble that he has gone through, and that has led him to put his trust in the sustaining power of God.

BEAUTIFUL LEGEND. — There is a beautiful legend illustrating the blessedness of performing our duty at whatever cost to our own inclinations. A beautiful vision of our Saviour had appeared to a monk, and in silent bliss he was gazing upon it. The hour arrived in which it was his duty to feed the poor of the convent. He lingered not in his cell to enjoy the vision, but left it to perform his humble duty. When he returned, he found the blessed vision still waiting for him, and uttering these words: "Hadst thou staid, I must have fled."

EXPERIENCE OF REV. J. A. WOOD.

(Continued from page 11.)

I HAD always been much prejudiced against persons losing their strength; consequently, as might be expected, when the Holy Ghost came upon me in the stand, surrounded by some thirty preachers, it was God's order to take control of both body and soul, and swallow me up in the great deep of his presence and power.

After about three hours, I regained sufficient strength to walk to the tent, and we commenced a meeting for the promotion of holiness. I told the brethren and sisters my purpose to ask their prayers as a seeker of holiness, and that Jesus had forstalled my design by accepting my soul the moment I consented to stand up for holiness, and was willing to be anything or do anything to obtain it.

And let me here say, that a willingness to humble myself, and take a decided stand for holiness, and face opposition to it in the church, and take the odium of being a professor of holiness in Binghamton, where that doctrine had been trailing in the dust for years, constituted the turning point with me. After I reached that point I seemed to have no special consciousness of believing, or submitting, or of making any effort; my whole being seemed simply and without effort to be borne away to Jesus.

Our meeting continued all night; and such a night I never experienced before. A large number of my leading members present commenced seeking holiness; and about every half hour during that whole night the glorious power of God came down from the upper ocean in streams as sweet as heaven. At times it was unspeakable and almost unendurable. It was *oppressingly* sweet — a *weight of glory*.

Every time the power of God came, one or more souls entered the land of Beulah, the Canaan of perfect love. Some shouted; some laughed; some wept; and a

large number lay prostrate from three to five hours, beyond the power of shouting or weeping. Hallelujah to the great God! those present will never forget that night of refining and sanctifying power.

What I received at the time Jesus sanctified my soul, was only a drop in the bucket compared to what it has since pleased him to impart. Since that hour, the deep and solid communion my soul has had with God, and the rich baptisms of love and power, have been "unspeakable and full of glory."

"O, matchless bliss of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravished soul a feast,
And makes me here a constant guest
With Jesus, priests, and kings."

At times I have had an overwhelming sense of the divine presence, and a sacred unction has pervaded my whole being. Especially this has been my experience while called to profess or defend this glorious salvation. O, how God has stood by and helped me in vindicating the doctrine and profession of holiness! I have often felt if there was but one man in the world to stand up for holiness, in God's name I would be that man.

The divine fragrance imparted to my soul, when the Saviour cleansed and filled it with pure love, I have never lost for one hour, and I trust and pray I never may. The thought of that hour brings ever an indescribable sweetness in my soul. I make a record of this to the glory of God. Glory, honor, and eternal praise be to his blessed name, forever and ever! His own arm hath brought salvation to my feeble, helpless soul. And I do love the Lord my God with all my heart, soul, and strength. Yet I am nothing, and Jesus is my all. Sweet portion! O the blessedness of this inward, spiritual kingdom! O the depths of solid peace my soul has felt! It has often been

"A sacred awe which dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love."

O, to know that God is mine; to feel that he dwells in my heart, rules my will, my affections, my desires; to know that he loves me ten thousand times better than I love him,—O, what solid bliss is this!

“My Jesus to know, and feel his blood flow,
’Tis life everlasting, ’tis heaven below.”

And now, after more than two years and a half, during which to scrutinize and test the work of that hour, I am constrained to say I *know* the blood of Jesus can cleanse from all sin. I say this with a profound sense of my feebleness and unworthiness; for,—

“’Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For O, my God, it found out me.”

O that I could describe the feelings of gratitude in my heart to God for past mercies, present favors, and future prospects.

Well may the poet exclaim,—

“O, how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravished heart!
But thou canst read it there.”

Some of the precious results of the cleansing power of Jesus in my soul have been,—

1. A sacred nearness to God my Saviour. The distance between God and my soul has appeared annihilated, and the glory and presence of divinity have often appeared like a flood of sunlight, surrounding, penetrating, and pervading my whole being. Glory be to God, that even the most unworthy may be “brought nigh by the blood of Christ.”

2. A sense of indescribable sweetness in Christ. The fact that he is “the rose of Sharon,” “the lily of the valley,” “the brightness of his (the Father’s) glory,” and “is altogether lovely,” has at times so penetrated my soul as to thrill and fill it with ecstatic rapture. O how glorious and lovely has the dear Saviour appeared to my soul, and how strong the attraction my heart has felt toward him!

Often his glory has shone upon my soul without a cloud.

3. A deep, realizing sense of the *reality* of spiritual things. Bible truth has appeared as transformed into solid reality. The doctrines of the gospel have become to me tangible facts, and my soul has triumphed in them as an eternal *verity*.

4. A surprising richness and fullness of meaning in the Scriptures, which I had not before realized. Many portions of the word, which I had hitherto but little understood, and taken but little interest in, now appeared full of meaning, and exceedingly precious to my soul. The following passages have been applied many times to my soul with great power: “And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may *abide with you forever*; even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; *but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.*” “If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and *we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.*” “Now ye are *clean* through the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye *abide in me.*” “But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.” “God is *love*; and he that *dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.* Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment; because as he is, *so are we in this world.* There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment. *He that feareth is not made perfect in love.*”

5. A complete satisfaction and resting in Christ. Since then there has been no favorable response from within to temptations from without. Before I often found

elements in my heart siding with the tempter, and felt that all was not right within. There appeared to be an aching void, or a place in my soul which grace had never reached. But since Jesus sent the refining fire through and through my poor heart, I have been sweetly assured that grace has permeated every faculty and fibre of my being, and scattered light, love, and saving power through every part. Hallelujah to God! I have found satisfaction, rest, and exultation in Christ.

6. A great increase in spiritual power. This I have realized in my closet devotions, in my pastoral duties, and especially in the ministrations of the blessed truth. Blessed be the Lord, I have learned by experience that men may receive the Holy Ghost in *measure* limited only by their *capacity* to receive and feeble *ability* to endure. God could easily bless men beyond the power of the body to endure and live, if he were disposed to take them to heaven in that way.

This increase of power has delivered me from all slavish fear of man, or of future evil. It has given me such a love to the Saviour and to his glorious gospel as to make all my duties sweet and delightful. Truly, "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

7. A clear and distinct witness of purity through the blood of Jesus. The testimony of the Holy Spirit, and of my own spirit, to the entire sanctification of my soul, has been more clear and convincing than any I ever had of my regeneration; although I had no doubts of that for years before the Lord extirpated inbred sin from my soul. "Meridian evidence puts doubt to flight."

Dear reader, how I wish I could tell you how clear and sweet the light of purity has shone through the very depths of my soul! How I wish I could tell you the complete satisfaction I have realized since I obtained this pearl of great price! If I could only tell you all about the full

and perfect love of Christ! But, O, it can never be told! Its fulness, its richness, and its sweetness can never be expressed! You can know it only by experience, and this is your solemn duty and most exalted privilege. Will you not seek it? Will you not begin now? A holy life is the happiest life, the easiest life, and the safest life you can live. O, be persuaded to settle the matter at once, and begin now to seek for purity, and never yield the struggle until you obtain the glorious victory!

It may cost you a severe struggle; but victory will be yours if you only persevere. When you have once become *fully decided* that you will never cease *consecrating, praying, and believing* until you have obtained the blessing, you will have surmounted your greatest difficulty, and it will not be long before the streams of pure love will flow through the depths of your soul.

AT THE LAST.

THE stream is calmest when it nears the tide;
The flowers are sweetest at the eventide;
The birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
Lies folded in the evening's robe of balm,
And weary man must ever love her best,
For morning calls to toil, but night brings rest.

She comes from heaven, and on her wings doth
bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.

All things are hushed before her, as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calm, a beauty, and a power,
That morning knows not, in the evening hour.

Until the evening we must weep and toil,
Plough life's stern furrows, dig the weedy soil,
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burthen of the day.

Oh, when our sun is setting, may we glide,
Like summer's evening, down the golden tide;
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight, round our sleeping clay.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

How to teach and how not to teach sanctification, are among the most important theological questions of the day. As taught in the beginning of the Wesleyan reformation, it exerted a potential influence in the church. It has since sunk into decay. Why? Many things, perhaps, have aided to paralyze its power. Among them, and certainly neither the latest born nor least potential, is controversy. In our newspaper and magazine reading of years we have seen but little on this subject not controversial. Its writers do not expound, teach, apply, enforce; they debate and often wrangle. Controversy, within certain limits, is necessary and productive of good. But on the doctrine of sanctification it has been carried too far. Discussions, reaching over years, sometimes between heated contestants, have brought the church to look on sanctification as a knotty theological question—an abstraction—a metaphysical subtilty. Nothing could be more unfortunate. And no remedy exists for the evil, but to take the doctrine of sanctification, for a time, entirely out of the region of controversy. Enforce it by teachings, explanations, illustrations, and unblemished lives, but quit arguing. This will help to recover the doctrine to the church in all its power and attractiveness.

An unhappy comparison of sanctification with justification and regeneration is another fruitful source of the disrepute into which this doctrine has fallen. We have letters before us, written for publication in the *Advocate*, that adventure on such comparisons. One distinguishes between "wholly sanctified" and "scripturally sanctified." Another thinks it is not the duty of all Christians to be "entirely sanctified." And a third asserts that justified and regenerated persons who die without it are lost eternally, unless there is a death purgatory. It is a small matter to say that these views are in irrecon-

cilable conflict—that they cannot all be true—that all are unguarded, and perhaps even rash. But the evil stops not here. The doctrine, exhibited in such contradictory lights, suffers. Our imperfections are made to affect the sublime teachings of the Word of God. We submit that it is dangerous to unduly magnify one Christian grace at the expense of another. The world is growing distrustful of theories and theologies built upon one idea. We injure the doctrine of sanctification by invidious comparisons. Let it remain where the Scriptures place it. Neither unduly exalt nor depress it.

The doctrine of sanctification is often most seriously injured in the lives of its friends. These are incompatible with their high professions. They fail to adorn the doctrine and teachings of Christ. Such lives are found here and there in the church, inflicting, by their inconsistency, fatal blows on the highest attainments of Christian experience. But this is not true of all. The lives of many have been as pure, beautiful, devout, as their professions were high. There never can be any want of testimony here while the biographies of Fletcher, Carvosso, Bramwell and Hester Ann Rogers remain in the church. "Faithful among many false," they bear steady testimony to the attainability of an uninterrupted and rapturous divine fellowship, making the life fruitful in every good word and work. But men are apt to forget every instance of fidelity in the presence of a single example of inconsistency. The flaws of Christians attract attention sooner than their most commendable traits. And their influence in community is evil, and that continually. Christians, therefore, professing the attainment of the highest religious experience should be jealous over the purity of their lives. They have it in their power to do vast injury to the doctrine of sanctification, or to commend it to the world by sanctions unchallenged and irresistible.—*Pittsburg Christian Adv.*

HOW A BANKRUPT PAID HIS DEBTS.

The following sketch is taken from a little pamphlet in which the author advertises to the world a very useful contrivance for raising carriage wheels. The idea of publishing an experience of sanctification in connection with such an advertisement, appeared to us, as it doubtless will to many, exceedingly novel. Knowing the author, however, as an earnest, devoted Christian, and believing him to be actuated by the sincere desire of glorifying God, we begged permission to copy this narrative into the Guide. The keen sense of obligation to pay every cent of indebtedness, and his immediate recourse to God and acknowledgment of the Divine aid in the invention itself, are points which will commend themselves to the true believer.

In this day of bankruptcy and distress, when so many are at their wits' ends to know what to do or whither to flee, this story of J. J. Pike, of Chelsea, the inventor of the Union Carriage Jack, will not be read without its interest and profit.

We commence the sketch where the author enters into his experience of the higher life:—

"IN August, 1843, he heard what is really the Christian's privilege, and once more sought and found Christ precious to his soul. The frequent means of grace, especially the class-meetings, proved a great blessing to him, as week after week his testimony was given in, and instruction and encouragement received to press onward in the way to heaven.

"Thus two months passed away, in which he was fully conscious that all past sins had been forgiven, and some progress was being made heavenward; yet it required a constant struggle to keep from falling into sin and condemnation.

"When he read, 'there is, therefore, now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus,' he felt that something more must be done ere he should be fitted to enter the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem.

"At this time the Memoir of Carvosso was handed him, with this injunction,— 'Read it; it may do thee good, as it doth the upright in heart.'

"He took the book, and prayed earnestly that it might prove a blessing to him.

"Having read a part of that precious work which referred to some who had long

been professors of religion, and by an act of the mind and will were at once brought into a state of purity, these reflections were pressed upon his mind:—

" 'If those statements were not true, Carvosso would never have written them.' 'God is no respecter of persons.' And 'having purified their hearts by faith,' he is willing to 'cleanse the heart of every one that believeth.' 'He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.' Now, if he can *purify* in the hour of death, he can do it five, ten, or twenty years before death. And 'he can preserve blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ,' unless the devil has the greater power.

"With these truths pressed upon the mind by the Spirit's influence, he bowed before the Lord, to ask the baptism of the Holy Spirit. So intent was the mind fixed upon this one object, that he lost sight of every other, and for the time being knew not where he was, but was fully conscious of what he was asking for. Jesus, the mediator, unveiled, his smiling face, and that soul, 'hungering and thirsting after righteousness,' was filled with the divine presence.

"One year passed, and though sometimes tried and tempted, yet most of the time he was resting on the bosom of Jesus, or basking in the ocean of 'God's eternal love.' Under such an influence, the soul became transparent, and Jesus reigned supreme. But, yielding to a man-pleasing spirit,—though not without misgiving,—the vision became obscure, the clear evidence lost.

"Oh, what a loss! *No one can form any idea of it*, but those who have been enabled to 'pray without ceasing,' and in everything give thanks, and have descended into an attitude of formal prayers and spasmodic praise. 'Restore unto me the joys of thy salvation,' was often the language of his soul; yet thirteen years elapsed ere he ceased to feel,—

" 'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.'

"Often did he pray that the Lord would remove everything which kept that perfect love from his heart 'which casteth out all fear,' and many resolves were made to be more faithful in one place, and more watchful in another, not perceiving that he was trying to be restored 'by the deeds of the law.'

"In the financial crisis of 1857, those prayers were answered; yet, 'in a way which he thought not of.' All was swept away, and thousands that belonged to others. To one who had prided himself in meeting his liabilities promptly, this was an awful hour, and he withdrew from mortal sight, and sought relief in groans and tears. Temptations the most powerful were presented to end this conflict, and never more behold his creditors in the flesh. But He who has said, 'I will never leave nor forsake thee,' was nigh at hand, and whispered, '*Why not pray?*' Earnest prayer was offered, and some relief obtained; then 'Why not make a *full consecration?*' was spoken to his soul.

"You have been praying the Lord to remove everything that kept you from enjoying his perfect love, and *he has done it.* Property is gone, reputation and friends are gone; now all you have to do, is to give up the *will.*' 'Yes! sure enough,' said he, '*my prayers are answered.** All is removed; and by thy grace helping, I *will* follow thee whithersoever thou goest.' No sooner was this purpose formed than all was calm and peaceful. Those raging billows of grief and anguish were changed to songs of praise and hallelujah to the Lamb. Not only was he *willing* that property should go, but rejoiced that it *was gone.*

"Whilst thus glorying in Christ his deliverer, these questions were put, as by an audible voice, 'What are you going to do with those creditors?'

"* We do not believe it *essential* that property should be sacrificed in order to *obtain or retain* the perfect love of God, except where *care and anxiety* prevent the yielding of the *will.*"

"In amazement he exclaimed, '*What shall I do with them?*' 'As ye would that others should do unto *you*, do ye even so to them,' was whispered to his conscience. 'Yes,' said he, '*that is good doctrine.*' 'But,' says the interrogator, 'what would you have others do to *you*? What *have* you required of them? Was it to pay twenty-five cents on a dollar, and cheat you out of the remainder?'

"No!" said he. I never requested *that* of any one; but rather that they should pay *all* as soon as possible.' He at once saw the will of God in regard to him, and exclaimed, '*I will pay all, though it take me my lifetime to accomplish it.*'

"An abiding peace was restored to the soul, which all of earth's treasures could never purchase, and a fixedness of purpose which often found utterance in the language of the poet:—

"Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It hath no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free."

"Faith was often tried to its utmost limit, and he constrained to cry out, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' Yet in the last extremity deliverance would come, and then the promise, 'My grace is sufficient for thee,' gave fresh courage to press onward to new victories.

"Success, in a measure, crowned his efforts, although evident at the expiration of three years that much more time would be required than at first anticipated. Whilst congratulating himself on what had been done, the all-wise Ruler saw fit that another test should be given,—another loss followed.

"He found, on examination, after this last affliction, that, judging from the past, thirty years more would be required to fulfil his allotted task, to 'owe no man anything.' Disheartening as it might well appear, yet there was a constant impression on the mind that deliverance *would* come. How, by whom, or in what manner, he

could not conjecture; but still it was unalterably fixed. Thus,

“ ‘Hoping against all human hope,
Self-desperate he believed.’ ”

“THE INVENTION.

“All at once an instrument, which he had used for many years, seemed to him very poorly adapted to the end designed. He strove to relieve his mind and facilitate his daily labor by inventing a machine appropriate to accomplish the work to which it was applied. Two weeks were spent in this study in arranging and rearranging, and many plans formed, ere the thought, which proved to be the *right one*, occurred to him. A drawing was immediately made and exhibited to friends, who saw its superiority, and urged him on to its completion. The perfect success of the machine, when put to a practical test, and the admiration of the people, confirmed his convictions that the divine hand was stretched out to deliver, and he ascribes all praise to him who has said, ‘Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.’ Account for it in any other manner, and all is mystery. That just at this crisis, after three years of the most rigid economy, then to find that thirty years more would be required; and in addition to this, friends ever saying, and devils reiterating the same, that ‘You *never can* accomplish it,’ and then to have deliverance come in such a manner,—how else can it be accounted for, except on the ground that an over-ruling Providence directed, in fulfilment of his promise, that in every emergency ‘He will provide a way of escape.’

“Those liabilities are not yet *all met*; but the thing appears sure, and faith is well-nigh changed to sight.

“ ‘Faith, *simple faith*, the promise sees,
And looks to *that* alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, it *shall* be done.’ ”

“Truly, is there anything too hard for the Almighty? He who prepared a sacrifice for Abraham; who sustained the Hebrews in the fiery furnace; who sent his angel to shut the lions’ mouths, that they should have no power over Daniel, can work wonders still, even with the weakest instrumentality, that his name may be glorified.”

THE ANCHOR WITHIN THE VEIL.

AMID the shadows and the fears
That overcloud this home of tears,
Amid my poverty and sin,
The tempest and the war within,
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

Drifting across a sunless sea,
Cold, heavy mist encurtaining me,
Toiling along life's broken road,
With snares around and foes abroad,
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

Mine is a day of fear and strife,
A needy soul, a needy life,
A needy world, a needy age;
Yet, in my perilous pilgrimage,
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

To Thee I come—ah! only Thou
Canst wipe the sweat from off this brow;
Thou, only Thou canst make me whole,
And soothe the fever of my soul;
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

On Thee I rest—Thy love and grace
Are my sole rock and resting-place;
In Thee my thirst and hunger sore,
Lord, let me quench for evermore.
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

'Tis earth, not heaven; 'tis night, not noon;
The sorrowless is coming soon;
But till the morn of love appears,
Which ends the travail and the tears,
I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

GOD SPEAKS IN HIS WORD.

"I will hear what God, the Lord, shall speak; for he will speak peace to his people and to his saints; but let them not turn again to folly." — *David.*

If we would profit by reading the word of God, we should come with that earnest desire to hear what *He* will say which the Psalmist had, abstracting the mind from all else, and listening attentively for that one purpose. As we take it up, such thoughts as these should occupy our minds: "Now I am about to commune with God, to consult him, and hear what he will say. I want my mind clear, my thoughts free, and nothing to turn my attention in the least, lest I lose or misconstrue a single word: for every word of God is of vast import. I want, too, 'the eyes of my understanding enlightened,' that I may see clearly the wondrous things he is about to teach me." Such should be our prayer.

"He will speak peace to his people, and to his saints." The state of mind arising from the consciousness of having become reconciled to God, and been made a "partaker of his holiness," of being one with him, a co-worker in saving souls, in promoting holiness on earth, is emphatically *peace* — the peace of God that passeth understanding. When the whole being is laid upon the altar, made a living sacrifice, God accepts. The tumultuous waves of passion are stilled, and peace flows through the soul like a river. This was among the last bequests of the Saviour to his followers: *peace, his peace, with tribulation* in the world, but at the same time the cheering assurance "*I have overcome the world;*" so we by faith in him receive power also to overcome. Oh, what *riches of grace in Christ Jesus! infinite, rich grace, free to all!*

"But let them not turn again to folly." It is clearly implied that in turning away peace is not spoken to the soul; that is

not in God's order, which is first purity, then peace. "In *keeping* the commands is great reward;" and as surely as God speaks peace to those who walk with and abide in him, so surely shall disquiet and unrest be spoken to those who turn away backward from the holy commandment; to those of whom it may be said, as of some when Christ was upon earth, "they went away and walked no more with him." The Saviour, methinks, speaks in my heart, "Will ye also go away?" My heart replies, "To whom, Lord, shall I go? *thou* hast the words of eternal life."

"Depart from thee? 'tis death, 'tis more,
'Tis *endless ruin* — deep despair."

EASY LIVING.

The following extract from a private letter to the senior editor speaks for itself. It reveals the secret of making a religious life comparatively easy. How light would life's burdens and temptations be, if, with the writer, we *dwelt* in God and enjoyed constantly his refreshing presence.

I SHALL not make any apology for addressing you. I can only say that it refreshes my soul to tell a dear brother or sister the experiences of my inner life; and it is very seldom I have an opportunity to converse with such on the theme dearest my heart. Our class meeting last evening was a precious season to my soul; I was indeed fed with heavenly manna; and you, who so well understand the operations of the Spirit, can tell me, by my feeble and imperfect expression of feelings then and what I may now say, whether I am altogether right. I am, as you know, of an exceedingly impulsive and enthusiastic nature, which has led me for the last twelve years to often doubt my state; though I never lost the evidence that I was a child of God. For the last two years my course has been steady; not always in the high state of enjoyment I have had for a few weeks past, though the Lord often permits me to be on Pisgah's top

and to catch glorious glimpses of the land beyond. I said last evening, Jesus was with me constantly; no matter where I am, I am conscious of his presence in my soul. As I walk the busy streets of the city or amidst the toils and temptations of my daily life, I turn to that dear Guide for aid. You cannot imagine, dear brother, how weak I am naturally, and yet with my life hid in Christ I am strong. The worldly cannot understand the life-giving impulse which enables me to bear the heaviest burdens. There are times when it seems as if I could not tarry longer here. It is not that I am unhappy or unwilling to suffer, if it be God's will; no,—

“Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.”

And oh! such seasons as I have at night; I always, or at least for more than a year past, fall asleep with these words in my heart, repeating them silently,—

“The Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?”

the last two particularly; and as I close my eyes, I think how glorious it would be to awake in the presence of this dear Shepherd. It is easy to live thus, dear brother. As a wife and mother I have many daily temptations and trials; and sometimes in the morning the day's labors and duties before me seem heavier than I can bear. I go to Jesus. He does not lessen the burdens, but he gives me grace and strength. I am naturally very quick-tempered; but I have long ago ceased to feel the least rising of it. My temptations are all from without. The hasty word, the impatient act, so frequent in former years, are all gone. They cannot occupy the same heart with Jesus. Am I not in the highway of holiness? Not me, poor sinner, unworthy the least notice, but Christ within me, purifying the temple, and stamping his image there. Oh! what forbearance and love!—what condescen-

sion to take such a sinner from the bondage of sin, and year after year mercifully bear with unfaithfulness; removing idols, digging around the apparently barren tree, and all that it may eventually bear fruit to his honor and glory. And shall I not bear fruit? Oh yes; my humblest efforts will be accepted of Him, who in faithfulness hath promised that not a cup of cold water shall be given in his name without its reward; while the nearer I live to God the more lowly and humble I feel myself to be.

HEART MUSIC.

Music, I love thy sacred power,
So fraught with joy, with calm delight;
Yes, harmony is sweet indeed,
When nature's voices all unite;—
More sweet than aught earth can impart,
Is heavenly music in the heart.

MUSIC is truly one of the choicest blessings the all-wise Father ever conferred on mortals. A something is connected with it which seems to soothe the angry passions, and whispers peace to the troubled heart.

Ever has the influence of music been acknowledged by the wise and good of all ages. Before Eden's discordant note was struck, the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. The sweet singer of Israel felt its magic power even in early youth, when away from the society of all save the cheering voice of his harp's soft melodies.

In after years, when death had almost claimed him as its victim, 'twas music with its captivating charms that stayed the hand of the destroyer. “And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took a harp, and played with his hands: so Saul was refreshed, and was well; and the evil spirit departed from him.” It has often been employed to express the most refined and delicate susceptibilities of the human heart.

How does the mind love to turn to the Saviour, and that last supper with his dis-

ciples, where they "sang a hymn" and then repaired to the Mount of Olives. What a holy calm must have filled their souls as that last hymn was being sung. Methinks angels bowed their heads—listened to those sweet sounds.

What can be compared with its sacred voice when heard in the sanctuary? If this were all that could prove attractive, would not its holy influence alone be sufficient to lead men to that sacred place, —

"Where lowly voices together blend,
And their mingled tones above ascend?"

Ay, there is heart-music, music too rich for expression, — harmony that must be enjoyed to be understood; peaceful lays played on the heart-strings, whose melting strains, as they reach and ring through the chambers of the enraptured soul, seem to stir the very depths of our being. Well may the heart grow "strangely happy" while enjoying the smile of the infinite Father. "His presence makes our paradise."

Yes, Jesus deigns within the heart to dwell
Of erring mortals, oft oppressed with care,
And sweetly whispers to the weary soul,
"Thy every burden I will gladly bear."

The Holy Spirit comes within to reign,
And bids the heart its every discord cease;
'Tis when it reigns without a rival there,
Then heavenly music chants of "perfect peace."

Sweet symphonies, akin to those above,
Throughout the temple of the soul resound,
When heavenly love harmonious rules within,
Delight and gladness echo all around.

But when the sacred lyre within is hushed,
A wilderness so lone this earth appears,
Till comes the sacred "Comforter" again,
To bless, and scatter all our gloomy fears.

There comes a voice from one of pleasure's throng,
'Tis naught but frenzy of the brain he says;
He feels not ever and anon these joys,
Nor breathes their sweet seraphic harmonies.

Oh! tell me not, the heart no music feels;
List to that heavenly charm, — that sweeter voice, —

Ay, now the soul delighted hears entranced, —
"Ye men and angels, evermore rejoice!"

THE GRADATIONS OF LOVE.

1. LOVE.

2. LOVE THYSELF.

3. LOVE THY NEIGHBOR *as* thyself.

4. LOVE SOCIETY *more* than thyself.

5. LOVE GOD MORE than *Self*, *Neighbor*, *Society*, and all things else.

1. LOVE. There is nothing like LOVE! And immensity echoes, nothing like LOVE! And eternity echoes, nothing like LOVE! Here, then, is one unquestioned and unquestionable truth.

LOVE is the excellence of all things! It is the perfection of all the unsmitten orbs in the universe — the beauty of their home-bloom and the glory of their distant splendor. It is the perfection of all their unfallen inhabitants — the charm of their persons and the honor of their institutions. A world of love is the best world. A being of love is the best being. The art of love is the best art. The science of love is the best science, the philosophy of love is the best philosophy. The poetry of love is the best poetry. The government of love is the best government. The religion of love is the best religion. There is no name higher than the name of Love. The Christian is the child of Love. The church is the home of Love. The Bible is the book of Love. With infinite reverence we would add — JESUS CHRIST IS JUSTIFYING LOVE; the HOLY SPIRIT IS SANCTIFYING LOVE; the FATHER IS GLORIFYING LOVE. In one word — "GOD IS LOVE." O how we love LOVE! We love to see Love! We love to hear Love! We love to feel Love! We love to think of Love! We love to talk of Love! We love to write of Love! We love to read of Love! Sometimes we wish for more health, and sometimes for more knowledge; but what we most want, and should most desire, and most seek, is — more LOVE! If our readers have indulged our sentimentalism thus far, we hope for their continued attention to a few remarks on the gradations of Love.

2. *Love THYSELF.* No one will *object* to this object of Love. All will admit that self-love is perfectly natural, easy and right. Every man will admit it, for himself; every woman for herself; every child for itself. And thus we have the pleasure of beginning with an exhortation which every one is willing, ready, and happy, to obey—*so* willing, *so* ready, *so* happy! Verily the lover of self is enchanted by a passion even more magical than that of Jacob for Rachel. "And Jacob served seven years for Rachael; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her." But self-love would make the lifetime of Methuselah shorter yet.

Still, how few of all love themselves *aright*. The great majority love *only*, or chiefly, the BODY. How they feed it, sleep it, dress it, show it, doctor it, travel it, exercise it, repose it! How they pet its senses, *smelling, tasting, hearing, seeing, feeling!* Others regard, with similar exclusiveness, the MIND. Most prize *tact*, cultivate *tactics*, and become great *tacticians*; many admire *talent*—*loan* talent to *learning*—and, adding interest to principal, grow *very talented*; while a few exult in *genius*, undervalue tact and talent, and pride themselves in their *instant accuracy* of *perception*, the *inexhaustible variety* of their *images* of *beauty* and *sublimity*, and their *analytical* and *generalizing* powers of *reason*. Others almost as wholly and wrongly attend to the HEART. Among these are *faithless* and *frigid moralists*, *sickly sentimentalists*, and *haughty* and *vengeful honorists*. Such hints must suffice.

Alas! these lovers of self are the subjects of self-delusion, self-indulgence, self-sufficiency, and in danger of self-destruction. Genuine self-love is good and glorious. It is not partial; but includes the whole nature, physical, intellectual, moral; and the whole interest, eternal as well as temporal. It devotes duly proportioned culture to each great con-

stituent. It implies self-knowledge; or self-understanding and self-appreciation of our origin, character, condition, duty, destiny. It is self, conscious of sin. It is self, repenting toward God. It is self, believing in Christ. It is self, submitting to the Spirit. It is self, obeying the Bible. In a word, it is self-denial for self-redemption. It labors to prepare the body for immortal glory and grace; to discipline the mind for the attainment of boundless wisdom and knowledge; and to cleanse and refresh the heart, even here, with the first gushings of the final fulness of perfect holiness and joy. He loves himself best who gives most "diligence to make (his) calling and election sure." This is true self-love; and, in this sense, no man can love himself too much.

3. *Love thy NEIGHBOR AS thyself.* Here we enter a region of difficulty. Nature starts up against us. Why? Why does the sky darken?—the mountain flame?—the valley shake?—the sea foam?—the wind rave? Why does man unite these tokens of displeasure in his own deportment? Be quiet. It is the still, small voice of God. Cover your faces with your mantles. Harken humbly. Consider calmly. And why not love thy neighbor *as thyself*? Is he not the *same* as *thyself*—in origin, character, duty, destiny? Shouldst thou not then love him, even in the *same way* and to the *same degree* in which thou hast exercised self-love? If necessary for thee to *repent*, is it not equally so for him?—to *believe*—so for him?—to *submit*—so for him?—to *obey*—so for him? If important for *thee* to be redeemed, is it not equally so for *him*? True, thou answerest, but I employed the means and secured the object myself; let my neighbor do the same himself. What! did no one *persuade* thee? No *one*—mother, father, sister, brother, wife, husband, friend, preacher? No *one*—by eye, voice, hand, book, example? Did no one

even *try*? What then? Keep the work going. Persuade thy neighbor; at any rate, try to persuade him. If thou lovest him to the same degree in which thou hast loved thyself, thou mayest be, *almost*, *almost quite*, sure of success. If thou dost long for his salvation as thou didst for thine own; and pray for it, as thou didst for thine own; and toil for it, as thou didst for thine own — how can he resist? But, it may be objected, such love would keep us always longing, praying, toiling. Exactly. But is not the end worth the cost? Certainly. Besides, what better can we do? Nay, what is there that equally deserves to be done? He must be wiser than the wisest who can tell. A moment's reflection causes profoundest convictions that such uninterrupted exertion of body and soul is incomparably dignified, joyous and useful.

But is love for our neighbor to be confined to spiritual things? No more than self-love. Yet, if it so act first, it will be the more likely to operate suitably in all other respects. Who could desire, seek, and witness his neighbor's deliverance from sin, and then, being one with him in justification, regeneration, adoption, and heirship, defraud him of his property, detract from his reputation, deprive him of his liberty, or in any way oppress him in his person or relations? Nay, who, under such circumstances, instead of rendering the least harm, would not offer all possible help? Who would not say in every appropriate case, — I can make money enough both for necessity and charity — let me assist him to do the same; I am honored with general respect — let me introduce him to even greater regard; I am free — let me do all in my power to make him free also; I am in health — let me cheer his sickness; or, whatever his wants, let my abundance sustain him.

This is the true tendency of the principle, and as admirable as natural. For the spiritual redemption of our neighbor being first secured, there will be every encour-

agement to afford him temporal relief. We may be generous, without fear of confirming vice and idleness. Every attention will be rewarded by instant co-operation and evident and grateful improvement. But, it may be objected, such a spirit would prompt us to unceasing efforts, not only for the conversion of the unconverted, but also for their prosperity; and so we should have nothing to do but spend our lives in homeing the homeless, clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, refreshing the thirsty, cherishing the sick, visiting the imprisoned, instructing the ignorant, refining the coarse, elevating the low, bringing the obscure to light, and, in a word, not only associating with the neglected and wretched, but doing everything in our power to exalt them to an equality with ourselves! Well, would you grieve to do that? Rather should you rejoice in your ability, and thank God for your success. "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye, through his poverty, might be rich." Surely his disciples should be

"More bent to raise the wretched than to rise."

O, if you *can* raise them lose not a moment! Up with them! high — higher — and higher yet! — the higher the better. How strange that there should be so much fear of doing too much good by loving our neighbor as ourselves! A rich man who relieves a poor family of some new and pressing but transient perplexity is esteemed benevolent; but if he should remove the causes of their common depression, and place them in a condition somewhat similar to his own, he would be regarded as eccentric or stigmatized as crazy. Yet who does not see that the luxuries of wealth and the pinchings of poverty are alike unchristian; and that there is a medium estate of comfort in which all may and ought to be essentially equal?

4. Love SOCIETY MORE than thyself.

Some time ago we stated these gradations to an old minister, and, lo! to this one he objected! We offered a word of reason, and a word of Scripture to sustain it, but still, he could not, and did not, agree to it! He is disposed to think over such matters for a long time; and, if he did not regard it as of no importance, he may have thought again of this, and perhaps differently. At any rate, we hold it, as we suppose the church universal and the universal world hold it, to be strictly correct. Did not our friend misunderstand it?

How would an arithmetical argument do in such a case—a sort of moral rule-of-three process?—If I am bound to love *one* neighbor as myself, how much must I love two, ten, a hundred, a thousand, or a million of neighbors?

But let us apply the law to the three great forms of society—the domestic, the civil, and the spiritual.

Here is a man at the head of a *family*. His wife looks upon him with affection as unwearied and pure as the light of the stars. His boys and girls are around him, equally sprightly and obedient. It is natural for him to love them as himself. Nay, is it not even *natural* for him to love them even *more* than himself? What would be thought of him, and said of him, and as rightly as severely, if it were seen that he could not prefer his family to himself? Is not the very supposition of such selfishness too repulsive to be dwelt upon? Would not even a heathen blush to detect himself in such a predicament? What, then, would be expected of a Christian? Surely the heart needs no argument. Natural love decides the question, and spiritual love confirms the decision.

Consider, then, the case of a *citizen*. His own interest, whether little as a matter of money, or great as one of life, comes into a sort of competition with that of the city or State in which he lives, or of the whole Union. What now? One must be preferred to the other. Which shall

it be? Which shall he love the more—himself, or the city?—himself, or the state?—himself, or the country? What childish questions are these! What is patriotism but the preference of the general good to that of an individual? It would be an endless task to cite practical examples of this spirit. Millions have perished for their country, and millions more, if need were, would do the same. The only grief, in this connection, is, that so many have died for the temporal welfare of their country, without having first given proper attention to their own eternal welfare; in comparison with which, the former, however great may have been the multitudes concerned, is nothing. But if sinners are so self-sacrificing, what should Christians be?

Look, then, at the *Church*, also. And what now? Shall not a Christian love the church more than himself? "Scarcely for a righteous man will one die," says the apostle, "yet, peradventure, for a good man some would even dare to die." Some would, and these would be noble examples. They would show the utmost extent of human love. "For greater love hath no man than this," says the Redeemer, "that a man lay down his life for his friends." But to this extent it is our duty to go, whenever proper circumstances demand it. Therefore the law, in the same connection—"This is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." If any one should be so cold-hearted or so faint-hearted as to refuse even this last and greatest sacrifice, the Blessed Book of Love, with all its examples of Love, the Lord of Love himself being at their head, would sore rebuke him; and the special apostle of Love would address him in this language: "Hereby perceive we the love of God (rather CHRIST), because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." This has been done—and is yet done—done almost daily. It is done in every Christian country on

earth — and in every missionary station among the heathen — and in the progress of a thousand journeys and voyages from one to the other. How many names have thus become sacred and immortal — as of Henry Martyn among men, and Harriet Newell among women. They die in the desert. They die on the deep. Beasts of prey howl over them, or cannibals tear their flesh. It is done in our country. It is done, doubtless, in every church in the country. Life may be sacrificed at home, as well as abroad; and by self-consuming zeal as well as by savage violence. Nay, while the life yet lasts, there are opportunities for other and indisputable demonstrations of greater love for the church than for self. What! are there not many among us, both of the laity and ministry, whose conduct proves to us that they love the church more than themselves? Why else do they suffer reproach, contempt, neglect, want, fear, and other grievances? Why else do they hold themselves aloof from the accumulated enjoyments, and varied and extensive means of usefulness, and comparative ease, honor and abundance, often tempting them in other spheres? Are they not giving daily evidence, by tears, and toils, and pains, that they love the church more than themselves? And it is right that it should be so. Shame to the man who would not gladly do it, and as long as necessary! The only evil is that *all* are not like them. If they were, how soon would our narrow precincts present one of the busiest, and happiest, and most flourishing regions in all the vineyard of the Lord! How merrily should we sing! How rapidly should we gather the ripe clusters! How pleasant would be our intervals of repose! And how sweet it would be to quaff the new wine! Then would our sorrows be forgotten! Then would our joys abound! But this is too light a turn. Yet the serious truth is obvious, and it makes one feel light to think of it. For if the zeal of all were equal to that of a few —

if self-interest were universally subservient to church-interest — if all energies were united in advancement of the common cause — how would the anxieties of the suffering be allayed! how would their labors be rewarded! and how would the church prosper! and how would the world be blest! To love more than ourselves, and to our latest breath, a church that loves its *servants as itself*, and loves *man-kind more than itself*, and loves *Christ far more than all*, and shows its love by its works, is a duty and a delight. But we should pray to be delivered from such affection for any church that lacks these virtues. O for light, warmth, motion, progress, power, success, salvation, and triumph!

5. *Love thy GOD more than SELF — NEIGHBOR — SOCIETY — and all things else.* Here, again, is an indisputable obligation. This is the first and great commandment — the supreme law of the world. All our faculties, throughout our existence, must be obedient to this requirement. “Thou shalt love the LORD thy God with *all thy HEART*, and with *all thy SOUL*, and with *all thy STRENGTH*, and with *all thy MIND*.” In other words, the love of God must subordinate to itself every *affection* of the heart, every *moment* of the life, every *fibre* of the form, and every *thought* of the mind! Such is the statute, and all possible reasons unite in urging its observance. All the attributes of the Divine character — moral, intellectual, and executive — enforce it; and so do all his *relations*, as Creator, Preserver, and Sovereign of the universe, and especially as our Redeemer; and so do the history of his *doings*, and the prophecy of his *designs*. These are infinitely attractive and impressive considerations. It were an endless task, or rather, if in a right spirit, an endless delight to exhibit them in a manner at all indicative of their true glory. We will only add, that he who loves God most, loves most himself, his neighbor, and society. Whatever else we may love, let

us be sure to *keep ourselves in the love of God*; ever ready, at his call, to work or rest, go on or stop, suffer or rejoice, live or die! His will be done, here and everywhere, now and forever!

"Through all eternity, to Thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!"

EVENING PRAYER.

I COME to Thee, to-night,
In my lone closet where no eyes can see,
And dare to crave an interview with thee,—
Father of love and light!

Softly the moonbeams shine
On the still branches of the shadowy trees,
While all sweet sounds of evening on the breeze
Steal through the slumbering vine.

Thou gavest the calm repose
That rests on all—the air, the bird, the flower,
The human spirit in its weary hour,
Now at the bright day's close.

'Tis nature's time for prayer;
The silent praises of the glorious sky,
The earth's glad orisons, profound and high,
To heaven their breathings bear.

With them my soul would bend
In humble reverence at thy holy throne,
Trusting the merits of thy Son alone
Thy sceptre to extend.

If I this day have striven
With thy blessed Spirit, or have bowed the knee
To aught of earth, in weak idolatry,
I pray to be forgiven.

If in my heart has been
An unforgiving thought, or word, or look,
Though deep the malice which I scarce could
brook,
Wash me from the dark sin.

If I have turned away
From grief or suffering which I might relieve,
Careless the cup of water e'en to give,
Forgive me, Lord, I pray.

And teach me how to feel
My sinful wanderings with a deeper smart,
And more of mercy and of grace impart,
My sinfulness to heal.

Father, my soul would be
Pure as the drops of eve's unsullied dew,
And as the stars whose nightly course is true,
So would I be to thee.

Not for myself alone
Would I these blessings of thy love implore,
But for each penitent the wide world o'er
Whom thou hast called thine own.

And for my heart's best friends,
Whose steadfast kindness o'er my painful years
Has watched to soothe afflictions, griefs, and tears,
My warmest prayer ascends.

Should o'er their path decline
The light of gladness, or of hope or health,
Be thou their solace, and their joy and wealth,
As they have long been mine.

And now, O Father, take
The heart I cast with humble faith on thee,
And cleanse its depths from each impurity,
For my Redeemer's sake.

PERPETUAL SUNSHINE.

BAYARD TAYLOR, in his impressions of continual polar light in the Arctic regions, remarks, that he was "tired of unending daylight—of such perpetual sunshine." There is such sunshine that is beautiful to enjoy. It springs from a lively, genial temper. How pleasant to meet the glad sparkle of the eye, or the pleasant smile of such! They speak of a mind contented, of a heart at rest. The heart renewed by divine grace is full of perpetual sunshine. Everything is recognized as the handiwork of the Creator; everything is received as a gift from our Heavenly Father. Every thought and aspiration is in unison with all that is pure and holy. Oh! the sunshine of such hearts is worth having. How it soothes the care-worn and weary ones, who are just ready to yield to despair; how cheering to those who have long struggled against adverse fortune, giving them strength, and inspiring them with fresh courage to endure life's conflict to the end.

Perpetual sunshine! may it ever be ours, and shed its beams into every heart that now lies in dark shadows.

DEVELOPMENT OF LOVE TO GOD :
ON WHAT IT DEPENDS.

It is not enough recognized that development of love depends very largely upon the manifestation in which we have been taught to behold God. The law of cause and effect is nowhere more stringent than here. If you have been taught to look at God in manifestations not calculated to produce the feeling of love, the experience will be deficient and void. If you have been taught to look at God in such manifestations as have a tendency to produce affection, then the experience will be ample and strong. Some views produce fear, veneration, dread, awe, reverence. Others produce intellection and admiration. Still others produce nearness, sympathy, trust, yearning, love. A conception of God as a simple spirit, governing, judging, sovereign, immutable, produces its legitimate and invariable fruit. God is first, chiefest, terrible in the greatness of his power; and, as the Judge and Ruler of men, he should inspire awe and trembling; but if that is the aspect in which you almost always look to God, you will experience the natural result. You will perpetually be tending to bow down and tremble before him.

The aspects of God that make him simply an attributal God, represented by analysis, and presented to the understanding so that the divine conception is taken in merely and purely as an idea, are not the aspects that are given in the Bible. He is always represented there as a person that is composite, and represented by what he says and does, and not as a person that is to be analyzed and represented by alphabetic, elementary attributes. If you have this awe-inspiring conception of God; if you have a theologized idea of God, you will have ideas and conceptions, but not much sensibility and feeling.

One thing further. If you conceive of God as a spirit, without form; if he is to you a vast brightness; if you contemplate him as an idea rather than as some substantial form and verity, the mind will take hold of that in some degree, but it will never tend to work affection. The more vast and the more vague the divine presentation is, the more does it inspire fear, and awe, and veneration. Sublimity implies more or less of uncertainty or ignorance; and just in the proportion in which you literalize the thoughts or conceptions of the mind, in that proportion the feeling of sublimity dies out. When you desire to have the mind filled with mysterious soul-quaking emotions, lift up the splendor of God, think of him ideally, and conceive of him only as a vast unformed being. But if you examine the necessity of love, you will find that it is to clasp. Love takes hold. Love never stands with folded hands afar off. It is the elementary condition of love that it twines, as a vine; that it reaches out, as a mother's hand; that it goes toward the object loved, as a child toward a parent. And in order to have the affection of love developed, there must always be definiteness of conception, something that the soul can take hold of and clasp. If you present to a man a view of God that cannot be brought near to him personally, he may admire, revere, and tremble before it; but if the heart is to love God, there must be such a presentation of him that the thoughts can take hold of it familiarly, though reverently.

Hence, I suppose, the mystery of the incarnation. God was brought into the human condition, that we might take hold of the thought of his nature — a thing that we can never do so long as we regard him as merely a spirit. I doubt whether any person can love spirit, conceived as spirit. In the first place, you cannot conceive it; and in the next place you could not love it, if you did. You might be conscious of having affections produced;

but they would not be those of love, and personal confidence, and trust. And when God appeared in the flesh, he translated himself, as a noble sentiment of poetry is translated from one language into other languages, that they who are acquainted with those languages may receive it through the vehicle through which they are accustomed to receive instruction. God, dwelling in heaven in his own proper conditions, was pleased to compress himself, or, as it is said, lay aside his glory. He suffered compression into the human condition, not because that was best for the purposes of divine government, but so that he could be presented to men as an object of their love in Jesus Christ.

And this leads me to say, as the sum of this head, that if you think of God as *God*, I doubt whether you will ever be greatly exercised with love toward him. But if it is your habit to think of your Maker as *Christ*, your mind will naturally fall into that condition in which God designed to make himself manifest to his creatures as an object of affection. Judging by those that come under my ministry from other teachings, I should say that there are hundreds and thousands that have been educated to fear God, where there is one that has been educated to love the Saviour. In listening to the prayers of men, I have noticed that very few pray to the Saviour. The conversation of Christians is such as to show that the number is small of those who have their life hid in Christ. In the intercourse that I have had with persons, as their pastor, dealing with their individual cases, the want that I have found more than any other has been the want of that definiteness of relation to the Lord Jesus Christ which is the only foundation on which you can build up a superstructure of understanding love. The first great difficulty, therefore, which I mention, as a hindrance to a Christian life, is that men are trying to love God instead of the Saviour.

Well, are they not the same? Just

the same — in this sense: that though they are different persons, they represent precisely the same attributes. But they are not one in the sense of having the same relation to your apprehension and faith. I may take the sentence, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and speak it to you in Hebrew, and it will be nothing to you. If I translate it into English, and speak it to you, it will be the same thing, only it will have a different relation to your understanding. The same thing which spoken in Hebrew falls void on your ear, when spoken in English lights up your soul with a meaning. God, in his relations to the universe as the Father, the Head, the Judge, doubtless stands addressed to all the spirit-world with a comprehensibleness that we know nothing of. But when God would come to us, he presents himself under the appearance of the Lord Jesus Christ; and instantly we say, "Brother, Friend, Redeemer." He is brought within the conditions in which our minds are accustomed to act, and there is definiteness and clarity of vision. If, then, you have been trying to love God as a spirit, stop and try to love Christ. Endeavor to fix your mind upon God as Christ. The portraiture of Christ is in the experience. We are to walk there, and behold him presented to us, not abstractly, but as he was seen in Jerusalem, talking, and loving, and weeping, and performing deeds of mercy. Then we shall get such an aspect of God that it will be easy to draw near to him in thought and in affection.

Some persons have been so taught as to be afraid to do this. Many persons have been taught in the Unitarian scruples, and they have said to me, "I dare not give to Christ that which seems to me to belong to the Father." I have sometimes said to them, "What you call Father, I call Christ. You take from the Lord Jesus Christ every single one of those elements that you call Father." Then, putting that name on them, you are not afraid to

worship them. But when another name is put upon precisely the same elements and attributes, which renders them more tangible and less difficult to be understood, then you are superstitious and scrupulous about worshipping them. Now, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Spirit, are such that no one can worship either of them without worshipping them all. Whatever goes to the Spirit goes to the Godhead; whatever goes to Christ goes to the Godhead; and whatever goes to the Father goes to the Godhead; and the only question is as to facility of access to the Godhead by one or another of the persons of the Holy Trinity. And I think experience shows that access to God is easiest through Christ. In Christ, therefore, our love of God should begin. Moreover, the Saviour is presented to us on the side of help, with relations to us personally, having come for the satisfaction of the law, and having made expiation for our sins. This is an added reason why we should love him in the first instance, rather than the Father.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

THE clock had just struck the midnight hour, when the chaplain was summoned to the cot of a wounded soldier. He had left him only an hour before with confident hopes of his speedy recovery; hopes which were shared by the surgeon and the wounded man himself. But a sudden change had taken place, and the surgeon had come to say that the man could live but an hour or two at most, and to beg the chaplain to make the fearful announcement to the dying man.

He was soon at his side, but, overpowered by his emotions, was utterly unable to deliver his message. The dying man, however, quickly read the solemn truth in the altered looks of the chaplain, his faltering voice and ambiguous words. He had not before entertained a doubt of his recovery.

He was expecting soon to see his mother, and with her kind nursing soon to be well. He was therefore entirely unprepared for the announcement, and at first it was overwhelming.

"I am to die, then; and—how long?"

As he had before expressed hope in Christ, the chaplain replied, "You have made your peace with God; let death come as soon as it will, he will carry you over the river."

"Yes, but this is so awfully sudden! awfully sudden!" His lips quivered; he looked up grievously—"And I shall not see my mother."

"Christ is better than a mother," murmured the chaplain.

"Yes." The word came in a whisper. His eyes were closed; the lips still wore that trembling grief, as if the chastisement were too sore, too hard to be borne; but as the minutes passed, and the soul lifted itself up stronger and more steadily upon the wings of prayer, the countenance grew calmer, the lip steadier; and when the eyes opened again, there was a light in their depths that could have come only from heaven.

"I thank you for your courage," he said, more feebly, taking the hand of the chaplain; "the bitterness is over now, and I feel willing to die. Tell my mother"—he paused, gave one sob, dry, and full of the last anguish of earth—"tell her how I longed to see her; but if God will permit me, I will be near her. Tell her to comfort all who loved me, to say that I thought of them all. Tell my father that I am glad he gave his consent, and that other fathers will mourn for other sons. Tell my minister, by word or letter, that I thought of him, and that I thank him for all his counsels. Tell him I find that Christ will not desert the passing soul, and that I wish him to give my testimony to the living, that nothing is of real worth but the religion of Jesus. And now, will you pray with me?"

With swelling emotion and tender tones

the chaplain besought God's grace and presence; then, restraining his sobs, he bowed down and pressed upon the beautiful brow, already chilled with the breath of the coming angel, twice, thrice, a fervent kiss. They might have been as tokens from the father and mother, as well as himself. So thought perhaps the dying soldier, for a heavenly smile touched his face with new beauty as he said, "Thank you; I won't trouble you any longer. You are wearied out; go to your rest."

"The Lord God be with you," was the firm response. "Amen," trembled from the fast whitening lips.

Another hour passed. The chaplain still moved uneasily around his room. There were hurried sounds overhead, and footsteps on the stairs. He opened his door, encountered the surgeon, who whispered one little word, "Gone." Christ's soldier had found the Captain of his salvation.

SPRING-TIME IN THE HEART.

NINE parts out of ten of your griefs are cured the moment you accept with cheerfulness the lot which God has appointed you in this life. Nine hundred and ninety-nine parts out of a thousand of human trouble are only rebellion; and the moment a soul says, "God, thy will be done," that moment its trouble is over, and the time of the singing of birds has come to it. Some of God's most heroic soldiers are bedridden ones. Look at that sweet child of eighteen, full of aspiration and hope, to whom has been denied, not loving father, not loving mother, not sisters and more than anxious brothers, but health. She has made a weary fight for years, and at last she says, "If God has planted me to grow as a nightshade here; if I am to be a flower in the forest, that knows no sun; if it is here that God wants me to show patience and zeal, then I am content with my lot; I accept it, and I will ask and

expect nothing more. Let this be my sphere of duty, and let my life be spent on the bed, the couch, the cot, if God wishes it. If sickness be God's will, even so. His will be done, not mine." The time of the singing of birds has come to such a heart. To such a heart spring has come, and summer is not far off. Such I have seen.

I HAVE MY TICKET.

I WAS lately passing the railway station at Worcester, when a young man entered the carriage where I was. As he sat down, I took out my ticket, and showed it to him, saying, —

"Young man, I have my ticket."

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I see you have it."

I then added, "I do not *hope* to have it. I have not now to ask for one, or to wish I had a ticket. I have it; that is a certainty. Just in like manner, I have salvation. I do not *hope* I may some day or other be saved; I have not to ask how to be saved; I *have* salvation. Through God's unspeakable mercy I am saved."

The young man looked at me with astonishment, and said, "Well, this is very strange; I could have got to Birmingham for about half the fare by the other line; but somehow I could not book that way. Something said I must come by this train, and I felt I must get into this carriage. Now I tell you there is a man works in the same shop with me, and he says the same thing you say. He says he 'has eternal life;' and, mind you, he not only says so, but everything he does shows he has. Bless you, he has no fear of death at all; and when he has any trouble, this having 'eternal life' makes him so quiet and happy, that I cannot help feeling that he has got something that I have not. And no matter how we chaff him, we cannot touch him; for he tells us he has found 'eternal life' by reading and believing the Bible. For myself, I must tell you I used

to read Tom Paine and Voltaire; but somehow, when I got reading at night, I said, 'Tom Paine, thou canst not give me eternal life;' and I felt so miserable I banged the book on the floor."

As he uttered this sentence, he suited the action to the word with great earnestness, and then putting his hand in his side-pocket, he brought out a beautiful edition of a pocket Bible, and said, "I have now got the book that makes known eternal life, but I cannot say that I have it. I want to feel that I have it."

I said to him in reply, "When the clerk laid your ticket on the window-board this morning, did you say, 'I must first feel that I have it, before I take it?' or did you first take it, and then feel that you had it?"

"Oh!" said he, "I now see how simple it is. I must first *receive* salvation, and then I shall feel that I have it."

LAUS DEO.

Everlasting praises
To the Father be!
Everlasting praises
To the Saviour be!
Everlasting praises
To the Spirit be!
Everlasting praises
To the blessed Trinity!

Everlasting praises
For the Father's love!
Everlasting praises
For the Saviour's love!
Everlasting praises
For the Spirit's love!
Everlasting praises
To the three, — one God of love!

LIVE FOR GOD.

Live, live for God,
And toil a world to save!
Live, live for God,
Nor heed the coming grave!
The time, the place, the way,
He knows them all;
Do well thy work to-day,
And wait his call.

HOLINESS AND THE MINISTRY.

DOCTOR CLARKE'S VIEWS.

We clip the following from "*The Irish Evangelist*," an excellent and very ably conducted paper, published monthly, by the Wesleyan Methodists of Ireland.

We like to contemplate a man in the light of his impromptu sayings and doings. They give us the key of his character. They seem to show his heart, as it were, in *dishabille*. In this view we are particularly pleased with this letter, because, very evidently, Dr. Clarke had no idea of the publication of it, written, as it was, in the confidence of a mutual friendship, to his young friend, Mr. Tackaberry, at the instance of the latter, who had asked his counsel on a course of reading for himself.

The spirit of the advice here given is well worthy of being pondered and acted upon by each of us in the ministry, whether old or young. — EDS.

THE following valuable letter was addressed by DR. CLARKE to the late Rev. FOSSEY TACKABERRY. Mr. Tackaberry went out to travel in 1823, and hence was in his fifth year when he received this letter. He prized it greatly, and often referred to it as having had a most powerful influence upon his mind and character. The original is now before us, and we have pleasure in copying it for our readers. It will be read with interest, not only because of its venerable author, of whom Ireland may well be proud, but on account of the amiable, gifted, and devoted minister to whom it was addressed. It was found most carefully preserved among Mr. Tackaberry's papers.

"PINNER, MIDDLESEX, Jan. 9, 1828.

"MY DEAR BROTHER: — You could scarcely apply to me in a time of less leisure, but I will not let your letter lie by one post without some notice. As to a *line of reading* I do not much like it; it is indefinite. In reference to myself in such a case, I would say, 'Adam, *what* are your *wants*? and *what* is your *work*?' Read those books that refer most pointedly to each. You are a *Methodist*; *holiness to the Lord* is your motto. Read what will best promote your personal godliness, — experimental Divinity — the lives of holy

men and women; of those especially who have been witnesses that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. You are also a *Methodist Preacher*; read, therefore, whatever will help you to understand the Scriptures, so that you may be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. Get thoroughly acquainted with the *History, Geography, and Chronology of the Bible*. Pardon me, for I speak as a fool. I think I have left little on these subjects to be desired after my notes are thoroughly consulted. This *you* have done. If you have not done it already, read over carefully *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*, as abridged by Mr. Wesley, and *David Brainerd's Journal*. These two books, under God, made me a preacher. Read carefully *Prideaux's Connected History of the Jews and Neighboring Nations*; any edition from 1724 downward. The preceding editions are deficient and less correct. Make yourself well acquainted with *The Early History of Methodism*, as found in Mr. Wesley's journals. Read his *Sermons*, his small tracts, Mr. Fletcher's works, and those of Walter Sellon, together with our *Magazine*.

"It is said, 'Labor to acquire a good style, and read so and so in order to acquire it;' I add, do so, and we shall have one more added to the number of our apes, who are already too numerous, and are like spoiled children, a disgrace to themselves and no honor to their parents. All that you should do in this case, or nearly all, is, to avoid *vulgarisms, queerinesses, quaintnesses, and colloquial phraseology* in general. Every sensible man has a style of his own. Attempts to *acquire a style* are attempts to cross nature and to imitate *some one* utterly unlike himself. We have here the imitators of Mr. Bunting, Mr. Watson, Mr. Benson, &c., all eminent men; but to me their *imitators* are supremely contemptible, as they are *neither themselves nor any one else*. Learn to speak *your own language purely; copy no-*

body; *affect* nothing. Speak your own language with purity, and your style will suit your feelings and your subject. Again, I say, avoid all imitations. Be FOSSEY TACKABERRY rather than *Gabriel*.

"But, oh, live near to God. Never sleep without a sense of his approbation. Preach the witness of the Spirit, and salvation from all sin. Labor to leave every congregation better than you found it. All is nothing if we live not in the life of God, and bring souls to the Lord Jesus.

"Ever, my dear brother, yours affectionately,
ADAM CLARKE."

AN INCIDENT.

"My God, my God, I put my trust in thee; my troubles increase, my soul is distressed. I am weary and in distress. All day long I call upon thee. Oh, be thou my helper in the needful time of trouble!

"Why art thou so far from me, O my Lord? Why hidest thou thy face? I am in poverty and affliction: be thou with me, O my God! Let me not be wholly forsaken of my Redeemer!"

Thus wrote Rev. George Crabbe. He had left an unpleasant home and a distasteful vocation, and had gone to London as a literary adventurer. Having no one to introduce him to notice, his writings proved a failure, and he was obliged to pawn his watch, and even his clothes, for bread. But, in these trying circumstances, he trusted in God. This was the turning point of his life. His wants were soon relieved by the patronage of an eminent man, and, when at last he left London, there was no nobleman, statesman, or scholar to whom his society was not agreeable.

The incident is encouraging. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass."

The Guide to Holiness.

AUGUST, 1862.

MY KINGDOM IS NOT OF THIS WORLD.

So said the Prince of Peace. His mission on earth was the establishment of a kingdom, the elements or characteristics of which are righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. To this work, in its promotion and illustration, the whole of life was given. No aspiration for distinction, no lust for power, no desire for personal aggrandizement—but, on the other hand, the rejection of a crown, the reproof of ambition, the election of poverty. That every Christian is required to abnegate himself in the same way, and to the same extent, is, perhaps, not so evident. The post of honor may be coveted for its usefulness, and, like a faithful steward, the Christian may hold and dispense the things of this world in common with his fellow-men. But still, with him even, the spiritual kingdom is to be the great object of pursuit. While, however, we may admit this much, and even more, of the private Christian, it seems to us that he who is “moved by the Holy Ghost to preach the gospel,” is, by his very vocation, placed under certain restrictions. His work is like that of his divine Master, and if he has been spiritually called to it, his heart will feel little or no sympathy with anything else. We do not believe that the Christian minister can view with indifference the struggle that is now in progress in our land; indeed, there are too many indications of the overrulings of Providence and the fulfilment of his *her purpose* than those seen by worldly men, not to awaken the deepest interest and most prayerful solicitude. But when he allows himself to be so far carried away by popular feeling as to leave his peaceful mission and buckle on a carnal weapon, and, instead of calling his fellow-men to repentance, hurries them to eternity by death-dealing blows, we cannot resist the conviction that he has forgotten his calling, and is serving some other than Him whose “kingdom is not of this world.” If our views are correct, the events of the past year plainly indicate either that many have mistaken their calling, or that a judicial blindness has fallen upon the ministers of Jesus. A reliable exchange informs us that nearly if not quite *one-third* of the Methodist clergy at the South have entered the ranks as *fighting men*, entire military companies being formed of them.

We are happy to say that the proportion from our Northern clergy is not so large, but the number is by no means small. The same spirit is manifest, though not in the same degree. It was painful to us to hear, at the last session of the New England Conference, such a course eulogized as

the acme of everything good and great. We will yield to none in love of country, but God forbid that it, or anything else, should absorb the higher love we owe to him who has called on us to be co-workers with him in the great work of human redemption. Beloved, if there were ever a time when the church and the Master needed faithful, holy ministers, it is the present. Let the sanctifying influence of a close communion with God characterize the “angels of the churches,” and check the asperities which the present “baptism of blood” tends to awaken.

THE LORD OMNIPOTENT REIGNETH.

WHAT a fund of comfort is stored up in these words. The LORD, *our* Lord and Father, reigneth. The omnipotent Lord, against whom no power can successfully contend, maintains dominion; and though Satan be let loose for a season, and every element be in commotion, every prop removed, not a blow shall fall, not a hair be injured, without his permission. Dearest reader, are you resting on the everlasting arms? You may know it by the sweet peace and serenity of which, if in this reposing state, you are the subject. The fear and anxiety so prevalent around us betoken a lack of faith. The eye is too much on things that are visible. Our vision should extend beyond the objects of sense. Gain a higher altitude. Endeavor to see God and nothing but God in all around you, and amid the vicissitudes of life nothing will be able to shake your foundation. Come victory or defeat, come poverty or riches, come sickness or health—all will be accepted as the lot of divine appointment. Why fret because of evil-doers? Why hang down thy head in despondency because matters do not move in accordance with your wishes or hopes? It is not for you to inaugurate events, but to watch their fulfilment and study their significance.

“What though thou rulest not?

Yet heaven and earth and hell

Proclaim,—God sitteth on the throne,

And ruleth all things well.”

AN EDITOR'S DIFFICULTIES.—A correspondent, referring to our late articles, writes, “I am glad to see that the Guide is coming out on the side of humanity.” Another, a subscriber of seventeen years' standing, writes, “In your last you mention in an editorial the all-exciting subject of war, regretting the misery it occasions, and at the same time complimenting the administration for its judicious policy. It is meet to speak well of our rulers, and we will, if they pay respect to constitutional contracts, entered into by the States for their mutual safety. Would it not be more consistent for the editor of the Guide to say as said *Christ* to Peter and Paul, ‘Put up thy sword?’”

We give the above extracts (mere samples of many we receive) to show how difficult, nay, impossible, it is for an editor to please all. We can no more think alike than we can look alike, but we *may* LOVE alike. O for that fervent charity that thinketh no evil! We never designed in our allusions to the war to discuss its political aspects—ours is purely a *religious* journal. To the first correspondent we beg leave to say that the Guide has never to our knowledge been other than true to humanity; and to the latter, that he who had *authority* to say to Peter "Put up thy sword" has commanded us, through his apostle, to "be subject to the higher powers, for he (the power) is the minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil." God knows how heartily we deprecate war. Our mission, however, is to *pray* for peace, not to dictate.

DR. AND MRS. PALMER.

WE have just received a copy of "Mona's Herald and Fargher's Isle of Man Advertiser," from which we clip the following:—

"REVIVAL SERVICES.

"During the past week several revival services and prayer meetings have been held in this town by Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, from America, accompanied by Mr. Pennell, of Liverpool, which have been attended by many gratifying results. The above parties arrived here from Liverpool on Tuesday evening, and the first meeting was held on Wednesday evening, in the Sailors' Bethel, North Quay, which was filled to overflowing, although a few hours' notice had only been given. On Thursday evening a meeting was held in St. James's Hall, Atholl Street, which was densely crowded, many having been unable to obtain admission. At mid-day on Friday a prayer meeting was held in the same room, and was well attended by persons of all religious persuasions. Similar services were continued on Saturday; and many were unable to obtain admission at the evening service. On Sunday, at three o'clock, the room was densely filled, while hundreds were compelled to return home from the eight o'clock evening service, for want of accommodation. The aisles and all the vacant spaces were crowded with parties who stood during the whole service. Similar services were repeated on Monday and yesterday, when they were intended to terminate; but a numerously-signed solicitation having been presented, urging upon Dr. and Mrs. Palmer the reconsideration of the subject, and expressing a conviction that there was much yet to be done in Douglas, they have consented to remain three days longer than it was their original intention, namely, until Friday evening. To say that their labors and teachings in divine things have been the means of enlightening and benefiting hundreds of persons in Douglas, would but convey a faint idea of these services, and of the power which has accompanied

them. That sinners have been awakened, backsliders reclaimed, mourners comforted, believers justified, and doubting and struggling souls sanctified and brought up into a higher state of grace and holiness, are self-evident facts manifest to all; and that hundreds of nominal Christians have been stirred up to the examination of their condition in reference to eternal things, we feel fully justified in stating, not only from our own observations, but from other sources—personal conversations with scores of our fellow-townsmen and women, of almost every grade in society, and every shade in religious opinion. We understand that Dr. and Mrs. Palmer were associated with the American revival at an early period, and have been laboring in England during the last two or three years; and go hence to Ireland, *via* Liverpool, on Saturday morning. We sincerely wish them God speed, and hope their labors may be crowned with great and abundant success."

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

A MOTHER'S PICTURE.

"THERE is Henry," said a bright-eyed little boy of about six years of age,—"there is Henry Sanders; let us go where he will not see us, for I don't want to play with him."

"Why not?" asked his playmate.

"Because he says wicked words."

"What words does he say?"

"O, they are very bad words, and my mother says we should not mention them after him, or even think them over, if we can think of something else."

I thought, surely this child has a good mother; the little boy's answer gave me this opinion of her. He honored her, that is, he made her appear good. If you should see a person's picture, you would judge at once whether the person was handsome or not. So this child, by his conduct, showed me a picture of his mother's character.

U. S. FRIGATE NIAGARA.

THE youthful readers of the Guide are probably familiar with the name of the Rev. C. S. Stewart, of the Niagara. He is the oldest chaplain in the U. S. Navy, a man of faith and prayer, whose heart is ever overflowing with love to Jesus. The writer of this article had often listened with delight to the words of instruction that fell from the lips of this venerable chaplain in the Fulton Street prayer meeting. But on one occasion Leila was deeply moved with an exhortation from Mr. Stewart, under the following circumstances, to which he briefly alluded just at the close of the meeting.

The frigate was ready for sea, her passengers, the Japanese, on board, and he had come to spend his last hour on shore in that consecrated spot where he had so often held sweet communion

with dear Christian friends, and enjoyed the presence of his Saviour. Then followed an earnest request for their prayers, with an allusion to the many answers they had already received to such requests.

After the assembly had dispersed, Mr. Stewart gave the following lines to Leila to convey to a praying circle in Brooklyn. They are now lying before her, a precious memento of his Christian faithfulness and his firm reliance on the fulfilment of the promise, "Ask, and it shall be given you."

"Pray for us — the frigate Niagara, her officers, crew, and passengers.

"C. S. STEWART, *U. S. Navy.*"

This request was communicated to the youth and children in all parts of the country through the pages of the *S. S. Banner*. And it is sweet to think that there were very many of these little ones of Jesus who united in offering fervent effectual prayer for the Niagara. Let the striking answers to these prayers encourage our youth to plead for a blessing not only on this one frigate and her chaplain, but on all the soldiers and sailors in our army and navy. Our dear, loving Saviour delights to encourage even little children to come unto him in prayer.

In a few months a letter was received in New York, from a sailor. He stated that when the frigate left New York there were but ten Christians on board; "but now," said he, "through the prayers of God's people, a blessing has accompanied our efforts, and thirty souls are rejoicing in Jesus. The hymns, which have so endeared themselves in the late revival seasons to Christians on shore, are sung with fervor and hearty good-will by the crew, and are taking the place of the rude songs which the sailors have been accustomed to sing. Our chaplain delights to go around praying with the men and talking to them of the love of Jesus. A blessing has followed us in answer to your prayers." The sailor closed his letter by renewing his request, "Brethren, pray for the sons of the ocean."

The Niagara was at that time on the coast of Africa, on her outward-bound voyage toward Japan. The letter was dated August 4th, 1860. Many months transpired before the voyage was over, the Japanese left at home to tell their countrymen all they had seen and heard in America, and the officers and crew safely landed in New York. During that time many a hard heart had been melted, and many a proud man humbled and become as a little child. Morning and evening, earnest supplications arose from that little band of praying men, and the good chaplain had the happiness of guiding other inquirers to Jesus. O how joyful was the good news to those dear youth who had remembered Mr. Stewart's parting request, and had earnestly prayed that "God would bless the officers, crew, and passengers of the frigate Niagara!" In the spring of 1861

Leila again visited the city of New York, and on entering that upper chamber where the Fulton Street prayer meeting is held, she was delighted to see the venerable form of the Rev. C. S. Stewart. The Niagara had that day entered the port of New York, having successfully returned from a voyage of more than forty thousand miles. No intelligence from the United States had reached him for many months. And as the shores of his dear native land appeared in sight his heart was full of joy, as he thought of the good news he had to communicate to the dear Christian friends who had been praying for him, while absent. Now, the officers and crew of the Niagara would be discharged to visit their homes and friends, and the praying band would often take sweet counsel together, and walk to the house of God in company.

"We were not prepared," said Mr. S., "for the shock. The first words that reached us from the pilot boat, as she swept under our stern, were, 'War, war! Fighting has begun in the South!'" The Niagara was ordered to sail immediately to the mouth of the Mississippi, and the chaplain had but one opportunity to speak of the good work that was begun among the officers and crew, and to entreat the people of God to pray that all might not only be true to the country, but all become faithful soldiers of the cross.

Leila had only a moment to say to Mr. Stewart, "Did you know that your parting request was read by the dear children in all parts of the country, and that many of the lambs of Jesus had been praying for you?" "No, I did not," said the good chaplain, "but I will go immediately to the *S. S. rooms*, and take the copy of the *S. S. Banner* to sea with me."

Those of our young friends who read the *New York Observer* may have seen letters from Mr. Stewart since he has been in the South. He writes, "I am at the post of duty, and never, perhaps, more truly happy, though we seem now to be cut off from the sweet charities of life. The faith, and hope, and spirit of prayer of those on the Lord's side continue in lively exercise. The presence of the Spirit is manifest; hopeful conversions have occurred up to the present time — twelve officers of the Niagara have publicly cast their lot with the converted sailors on board, and openly joined the band of praying men; among these, three young officers, graduates of the naval school, of special interest and promise. Our commodore is a man of prayer, and at our little meetings in the forward deck he occupies the same plank for a seat with the common sailors. His voice is often heard in words of encouragement or exhortation, himself often leading us to the feet of Jesus in prayer, or uniting in the songs of praise."

God speed the good work on board the Niagara, and may very many more of our brave soldiers in the army and navy become soldiers of the cross! That you, dear youthful readers of the Guide, may bear them upon your hearts in prayer, is the earnest desire of

Your friend

LEILA.

THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

Poetry by
R. TORREY, Jr.

Music by
A. HULL.

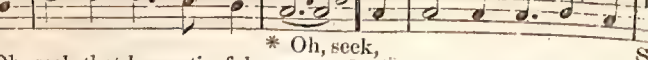
1. O, have you not heard of a beautiful stream, That flows thro' our Father's land ?

Its waters gleam bright in the heavenly light And ripple o'er golden sand.

Where songs of the blest, in their haven of rest, Float soft on the air se - renne.

Chorus.

Chorus.



Oh, seek that beau-ti-ful stream, Seek now that beau-ti-ful stream;

Oh, seek that beau-ti-ful stream, Seek now that beau-ti-ful stream;

Its waters so free, are flowing for thee— Oh, seek that beautiful stream.

* This Response should be sung by Four voices, if used.

THE

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

SEPTEMBER, 1862.

THE CONVERSION OF CORNELIUS.

A SERMON.

“And now, send men to Joppa, and call for one Simon, whose surname is Peter; he lodgeth in the house of one Simon, a tanner, whose house is by the seaside: he shall tell thee what thou oughtest to do.”—*Acts x. 5, 6.*

THE conversion of Cornelius marks an era in the history of the infant church of Christ. He was the first one who from the Gentiles turned to Christ, and his conversion, with the incidents it involved, is to be regarded as the event which opened the door of admission into the Christian church of the Gentile world.

But it is not in this view that I wish to hold him up to your consideration to-day. I would have you look at Cornelius as a model for all seekers of salvation.

Cesarea, the place of his residence, was a town of some note on the Mediterranean Sea. It was an ancient town, but had been enlarged and beautified by the Romans, and dignified with its present title, Cesar-*ea*, in honor of the reigning monarch. It was, I believe, at the period of the text, the head-quarters of the Roman military power in Palestine. It was about sixty miles north-west of Jerusalem.

Cornelius himself was, doubtless, by birth and education, a heathen, born and reared in Rome, or some other part of Italy; and it is not probable that he had known anything of the Jewish sacred

writings or institutions till he came to the East as a military officer connected with the army, by whose presence the country was held in subjection to the Roman power. Here he had fallen in with the Old Testament Scriptures, or with some parts of them, and had been led to abandon his heathen notions, and adopt the moral code of the Jews, though he had not become a member of the Jewish church. The Jews called such persons “proselytes of the gate.” Evidently, he was not at this time a converted man in the evangelical sense, that is, he had not experienced a change of heart, nor received the spirit of adoption; but he was an earnest seeker of salvation, and in that light his character is worthy of our study.

He was a devout man,—a man of serious and religious deportment,—whose whole manner of life indicated a recognition of God, and a reverence for his authority.

He feared God *with all his house*. He seems to have adopted the Jewish ideas of family government, and to have proceeded upon the principle that the head of a family is, to a large extent, responsible for the religious condition of the household. Cornelius prayed in his family,—and with him family prayer *was* family prayer; a season of devotion at which the family were all present, and in which they all participated; not the hasty, business-like dispatching of a matter on hand, to

be attended to when the hour came, while half the family were scattered here and there upon one excuse or another. Cornelius, though not yet by experience a Christian, was already in practice far above many Christian householders, whose children, so long as they are little, are allowed to disturb the devotions of the family in any way they choose, and, when they are grown, to absent themselves upon various pretexts, or come straggling in when service is half through, or, perhaps, sit up and gaze about, while father and mother kneel reverently in prayer to God.

Cornelius *prayed to God always*. He had forever renounced his heathenism, and paid his devotions alone to the true God. He continued steadfastly the practice of prayer, and he seems to have prayed, in the Bible sense, "without ceasing." How *sincere and earnest* his prayers were, is indicated by his joining *fasting* with prayer, a practice not too common with Christians, and very rarely met with among penitents.

He gave much alms to the people. The Jewish law required the paying of tithes; the devotement of one-tenth of the income to charitable and religious purposes; and the indications are that he had adopted the rule, and was living up to it. This rule of systematic beneficence, enjoined in the old economy, and not repealed by the new, stands on exactly the same footing as the Sabbath, nor can I conceive how the Sabbath can be proved to be of perpetual obligation by any logic which is not equally cogent in favor of the perpetual obligation of tithes. And yet there are many professing Christians, and some who make high professions of religious attainment, who seem not to be up, in their convictions and practices, to the standard of this heathen penitent. We ought to blush for ourselves, and repent and reform.

But who were his beneficiaries? Manifestly the Jews about him, — the national

enemies of the Romans, the very class of persons whom naturally he would be likely to feel least disposed to assist. So do the teachings of the Holy Spirit subdue the arrogance of the human heart, melt down national animosities, and develop the universal brotherhood.

That other fact should probably be mentioned here, namely, that he had "a good report among all the nation of the Jews." Should it appear, by and by, after the dust and smoke of the present conflict between the Federal Government and the States in rebellion against it shall be blown away, that our generals have conducted themselves so toward the people among whom they appeared at the head of their troops, in the Southern States, as to wring from them the endorsement of their uprightness, and even an encomium upon their goodness of personal character, it would not, perhaps, be more than Cornelius is here said to have achieved. Marvellous! was it not?

Yet was this man thoroughly penetrated with the conviction that he was without grace, and we must still see how penitently and how earnestly he sought salvation.

It appears that he finally appointed for himself a day of fasting and prayer. He took no breakfast, he took no dinner, and at three o'clock in the afternoon he was still fasting and in earnest prayer to God. Suddenly a heavenly messenger swept into his room with a flash of light, and in a tone of kindness pronounced his name, "Cornelius." The latter, at once gladdened, thrilled, and overwhelmed, looked up upon him, and said, "What is it, Lord?" probably thinking, as most other men have thought, when they saw an angel, that the heavenly messenger was God himself. And he said unto him, "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God. And now send men to Joppa, and call for one Simon, whose surname is Peter: he lodgeth with one Simon, a tanner, whose

house is by the seaside: he shall tell thee what thou oughtest to do."

Doubtless, Cornelius was a little disappointed at these directions. They put the day of salvation off a little, and specified a human instrumentality in the stead of a heavenly messenger now present; but Cornelius had reached that point of earnestness where penitents do not stand to parley nor philosophize, and so "he called two of his household servants, and a devout soldier of them that waited on him continually; and when he had declared all these things unto them, he sent them to Joppa." It seems he did not write a private note, and seal it up, and direct it to the Rev. Apostle Peter, telling his messengers that it related to important business, and must be safely and promptly delivered; but, with a frankness that marks his character throughout, he "declared all these things unto them."

It is a significant fact, too, that he had a devout soldier in his ranks, and that he had taken him to be continually near himself. It is a great blessing to a soldier to have a pious captain,—a captain who will rather smile than frown on the efforts of the men in the ranks to serve God, and maintain a good character. Oh, how many mothers in these days, whose sons are gone and going forth into the field of deadly strife, are praying the God of providence to give them pious officers! Cornelius, it seems, had chosen this young man into his personal service, and possibly into his family, most likely with the purpose of instructing and helping him as far as he could in a religious life, or, perhaps, that he might himself be assisted by the intercourse of his simple-hearted young friend; or, perhaps, that he might the better screen him from the kind of persecution which pious soldiers often meet with from their profane companions. It is possible that the piety of the young soldier was a *result* of his being the body-servant of his chieftain. In either case, the connection reflects credit

upon Cornelius, and testifies to the godly sincerity and earnestness with which he obeyed the light he had, and endeavored in every way to bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

The three young men started, as I suppose, about five or six o'clock in the evening, and the next day, by noon, they had reached Joppa, a distance of near forty miles, and had made inquiry for Simon's house, and stood before the gate. Expeditionary travelling, certainly, especially as the circumstances make it probable that they went on foot.

Meantime, Peter, whose Jewish notions had, up to this time, dwarfed his ideas of a free salvation for all, had been prepared, by a remarkable vision, to accept the invitation which was about to be extended to him to go into the house of a Gentile to preach the gospel.

The men arrived and did their errand. Peter took them in, and they were entertained at the house of Simon till the next day, when they set out on the journey back to Cesarea, accompanied by Peter and six other persons, members of the church at Joppa. I do not know why they did not set out immediately after dinner that day, unless it was that, as Peter was holding a protracted meeting there, he probably had an appointment given out for that evening. However, the next morning they started, and the day following, at three o'clock in the afternoon, they reached Cesarea. The young men went out in a little more than half a day, and yet it took the company a day and three-quarters to return, it seems. It is likely that Peter paused at several points along the way, to give brief exhortations to the people as he found opportunity.

When the company arrived, they found the house of Cornelius nearly filled with people, assembled, in anticipation of their coming, to hear the word which Peter might deliver,—for it appeared that Cornelius had gone about the place and invi-

ted his kinsmen and near friends to come in, and they were all assembled and waiting. This conduct of Cornelius contrasts finely with the conduct of many persons who, when they begin to seek religion, seem to feel that they would like to have no one know it, and to serve God, if at all, privately. He seems to have been willing that everybody should witness his penitential tears and struggles for salvation, and he evidently desired that others might share with him the blessings of grace which he hoped would attend the words of Peter. He had, undoubtedly, told his friends of the vision he had had of the angel, and of the directions he had received from him, and had done much to awaken their interest, and inspire their faith in the word that should be spoken by the coming preacher.

This religious activity of Cornelius, before he was converted himself, reminds me forcibly of a circumstance recently told me by Dr. Paddock, of the Wyoming Conference. When he was pastor of the church in Cazinovia, some years ago, he was favored with a gracious revival of the work of God, in which many persons were brought to Christ. Among others, a certain young man came to the altar one evening, and knelt down in prayer, seeking salvation. He had not been there long before he inquired of his pastor if it would be proper for him to leave his place and go back in the congregation, and seek a friend of his, whom he thought he could persuade to seek the Lord. On being encouraged to go if he thought it his duty, he immediately started, and soon was seen coming down the aisle leading his friend. But he had not been long knelt the second time, before he again left and brought another; and thus he continued "alternately praying a while for himself, and inducing some other person to seek the Saviour. Before he was convicted himself, which was several days after he had first approached the altar, he had brought, I think, as many as a score

of persons there, several of whom had already found peace in believing.

Such, precisely, appears to have been the spirit of Cornelius. He was an earnest seeker of salvation himself, and quite in earnest, also, to induce as many as possible to unite with him in seeking the Lord.

But as Peter approached the house, Cornelius went out and met him, and bowed down at his feet with that sort of reverence which the orientals call worship, though we are not to take it that he offered him divine honors, by any means. However, Peter firmly declined receiving the honor which he was offering him, and said to him, "Stand up; I myself also am a man." So he arose, and while they were talking together they went into the house, where a large congregation was in waiting.

Peter appears to have taken no time for his toilet, nor for refreshment, nor for rest, after his journey, but immediately began to address the people. He told them in few words what the old law was by which Jews were forbidden to associate with persons of any other nation; but frankly stated that God had showed him that he should not call any man common or unclean, and wished to know of Cornelius, in the presence of the people, for what special purpose he had been sent for. In reply, the latter briefly stated the circumstances which had induced him to send for him, expressed his gratification at his arrival, and requested him to deliver his message, assuring him that they were all prepared to receive as from God any word which he should speak.

"Then Peter opened his mouth,"—and I remember to have heard the lamented Cookman say, many years ago, while preaching a sermon in Philadelphia, "Yes, he did open his mouth, and he had never opened it so wide before;" or, in other words, he had never expressed so broad a truth before as he was opening his mouth to express now, namely, "Of a

truth I perceive God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him. The word which God sent unto the children of Israel, preaching peace by Jesus Christ (he is Lord of all): That word, I say, ye know, which was published throughout all Judea, and began from Galilee after the baptism which John preached; how God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power; who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil; for God was with him. And we were witnesses of all things which he did, both in the land of the Jews, and in Jerusalem; whom they slew and hanged on a tree: him God raised up the third day, and showed him openly; not to all the people, but unto witnesses chosen before of God, even to us, who did eat and drink with him after he rose from the dead. And he commanded us to preach unto the people, and to testify that it is he which was ordained of God to be the Judge of quick and dead. To him give all the prophets witness, that through his name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins."

"While Peter yet spake these words the Holy Ghost fell on all them who heard the word."

A few words by way of comment on this remarkable discourse of Peter.

It is possible that the words which I have repeated in your hearing were the very words, and the whole of the words of the sermon, and it is possible they are no more than the sketch or skeleton of the discourse. It does not appear that Peter preached long. In his own account of it, he says, "And as I began to preach, the Holy Ghost fell on them."

Very likely, therefore, the sermon, as we have it, was but a sort of syllabus of what he wished to say, and that after the brief statement of the points which we have here, he intended to amplify some of

the points at some length; but, however that may be, the discourse is perhaps the completest setting forth of the doctrines of the Bible, necessary to be believed and recognized in order to salvation, of any discourse ever uttered, carrying the listener on from the being of God through the great cardinal doctrines of the Bible, till he came to the truth of the remission of sins through present faith in Christ.

The reason for this vastness of scope in a single discourse is doubtless to be found in the character of the congregation he addressed. They were probably mostly persons quite destitute of any adequate knowledge of evangelical doctrines, and were therefore to be led by the preacher, in a single sermon, substantially from heathen to Christian views. What a task was here, and how the Holy Spirit helped the preacher to perform it, and how wonderfully he opened the hearts of the people to understand the truths as they were proclaimed! "While Peter yet spake, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word;" and so we have the remarkable circumstance on record of a whole congregation being converted at once, and as the result of a single sermon.

Perhaps like events might be expected to follow like combinations of circumstances in other places, and in later times. Here was a minister willing to walk forty miles and back, to enter an open door of usefulness, and so filled with zeal for God, and with the Holy Spirit's urgings, that he is ready to rise at once upon his arrival at the house of a Roman general, and, in the simplest language, set forth the truths relevant to the state of his hearers, and, with the most perfect self-forgetfulness, throw his whole soul into the effort to instruct and save them. This minister addresses a congregation, every one of whom had perfect confidence in the preacher, and listened with mute, earnest, believing attention to the word spoken. There was probably no idler

there, none who came to meeting for form's sake, or for fashion's sake, or to see or be seen. All came to hear, and all had been more or less impressed with the solemn truth of eternal things by the testimony of Cornelius touching the wonderful circumstances that had occurred in his own case.

That congregation was not accustomed to resist and grieve the Holy Spirit. There were no backsliders in it; there were no hypocrites in it; none who, by trifling with their best and most solemn convictions, had acquired the fatal tact of parrying off the shafts of truth, and stifling and drowning the voice of conscience by false reasoning and lying subterfuges. Never before, perhaps, and never since, did such a preacher address such a congregation.

In conclusion, let us consider some of the lessons which these facts are adapted to teach us.

1. *Morality is not religion.* A religious man is certainly a moral man; but a man is not therefore a Christian because he has an unimpeachable moral character. Else the excellent Cornelius had not needed the grace of God. What multitudes of men there are who fancy themselves hopeful candidates for heaven, because of their moral excellences, whose characters would not for a moment bear comparison with that ascribed to Cornelius, and yet we see him writhing under conviction as a sinner, fasting, praying, ready to do anything which promised him success in seeking God.

2. *The relation of prayer and alms to the divine clemency.* The angel said to Cornelius, "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God." Many persons seem to think that it is not proper for one not yet converted to pray, especially to institute prayer as a regular practice in the family; and as to the giving of alms and the devotement of the property to God, scarcely any one thinks of at-

tending to such a thing till he shall be regularly installed in the church. This is all wrong. Cornelius was right. He keyed up his life just as far as he could to the level of the grace he sought, and that is the true policy in every case. Wesley's idea was, "*having the form and seeking the power of godliness.*"

But be careful you don't err on the other side. Prayers and alms can never *earn*, never *buy* the blessings you seek. They are of inestimable value as proofs of your sincerity and fervor of desire to lead a new life, but they are utterly without weight as articles of value to be laid in the scale against your former sins, or presented to God by way of purchasing his clemency.

3. *God saves man by man.* The angel was not allowed to preach to Cornelius, and lead him to Christ. That honor was reserved for a *human* being. So God works always, saving man through human instrumentality. Angels may minister in various ways, but they may not preach. God will save the world through the church, and the work must wait on through the slow ages, till the church be ready. God have mercy on us.

4. *God will humble the pride of man.* A Roman general seeks salvation. How shall he find his way to the cross? An angel comes to him. Now, surely, the gate of the kingdom will be opened! But no; "Send men to Joppa, and call hither Simon, whose surname is Peter; he shall tell thee what thou oughtest to do, — he shall tell thee words whereby thou and all thy house shall be saved."

What! A Roman general to be converted through instructions by Peter, the Jewish fisherman? Exactly thus, or not at all. So God works to hide pride from man. I believe there is a point in the process by which every man is led to Christ, where his pride is subdued, and I doubt not there are hundreds of persons now saying, "I have sought religion, but

cannot find it," who, if they will look back into the past, will discover the point where they split upon this rock.

5. *Salvation results from the presence and agency of the Holy Spirit.* There is a perpetual tendency in the church to slide away from this truth. Indeed, it requires a very docile spirit in the church to retain the truth in its simplicity, and in its proper connections. The Holy Spirit, who alone converts and sanctifies men, acts upon them through the truth,—commonly the *spoken* truth. To teach Bible truth in its proper connections, to present the *opposite* truth to various cases of conscience, and so to present it as that the Spirit of God can take hold of it, and use it for the salvation of them that hear, is the proper study of the religious teacher, and involves much mental labor, and much prayer. But when this is done, we are still at an infinite distance from the end we seek,—the salvation of a soul,—and that distance must be spanned by the direct personal agency of the Holy Ghost. To do all that we can, and still maintain the conviction that we are only presenting the medium through which the Holy Spirit can work for the salvation of souls, requires, as I said, a very docile, a very humble spirit in the religious teacher.

6. *Finally, this case gives a very satisfactory answer to those say "I cannot obtain religion. I have sought again and again, but without success."*

Cornelius was reared in heathenism. He was a soldier. He had apparently received no instructions from any person whatever, up to the date of the text. He had only the Old Testament Scriptures to read, and now, in order to hear a single sermon, he must send forty miles for a preacher, and sit at the feet of an unlearned Jew. Contrast your situation with his. Compare his advantages with yours. Compare your difficulties with his, and then compare your efforts with his, and be ashamed ever again to say that you cannot find the Saviour.

How will you feel, when you shall see at God's right hand, in the last day, such men as Cornelius and the Philippian jailer, and shall be obliged to remember with what meagre privileges they sought and found the Saviour, and then turn and think through what wealth of opportunity and mercy you have made your way to ruin? Oh, cast aside your vain excuses forever, and seek God now, in the diligent use of every means and every help within your reach.

TESTIMONY FROM SCOTLAND.

At the close of a meeting for the promotion of holiness, one minister said to another that "the glimmerings of its light were falling upon all denominations." The other drew from his pocket "The Wynel Journal," a Scotch revival sheet, in which he read to us the following:—

"An upper-class meeting was held in the Town Hall, Linlithgow, on Friday, and was well attended. The Earl of Kintore presided. After prayer had been offered by the Rev. T. McFarlane, his lordship read and commented on 1st Peter i.1-8. He dwelt particularly on the position of those who have experienced the 'sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ,' who have been 'begotten again unto a lively hope, and who 'are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.' He showed the desirableness of the full, and free, and present salvation, which Christ gives to all who put their trust in him; a salvation including holiness as truly as forgiveness. He placed in contrast with the pleasure-seeking, unsatisfied world, those who can speak of the Saviour as the one 'whom, having not seen, they love; in whom, though now they see him not, yet believing they rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory,'"

He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.

'WHAT IS MY DUTY?'

THIS is an important question. There are very few conscientious Christians who are not often in a condition where a satisfactory answer to it would give them great relief. The Bible, it is admitted by all true Protestants, is the only rule of faith and practice. But then the Bible does not, because it cannot, contain specific directions for the government of human conduct in every possible case. It does not say that Martin Luther must declare war against the Pope and the corruptions of the Papal hierarchy. It does not direct John Wesley to form societies, and thus pave the way for a new church organization. It does not tell Jesse Lee to go and preach the gospel in Boston, and Bishop Asbury to hasten away south with the good news of salvation. Should God reveal his will to men in any such way, "the world itself could not contain the books that would be written," nor would men be able to find the volume, chapter, and verse, where their duty in every emergency would be specified. A revelation, on such a principle, is therefore clearly out of the question.

It is true, the Bible does contain a multitude of specific precepts. Indeed, it is always specific where specification is strictly possible. But the endlessly varying circumstances of men must often give rise to questions of duty, which it were absurd to suppose the Bible could settle by specific directions. Even here, however, its teachings are, in an important sense, to be followed. For, though it does not say just what an individual ought to do, in any particular emergency, it does lay down general principles, which human reason, enlightened from above, is expected and required to apply to particular cases.

To aid us in the application of these principles, we have the divinely recorded example of good men, in all ages of the church. And it is, perhaps, scarcely too

much to say, that there is not a single virtue that can adorn human nature, that has not been exemplified by some one of the living characters portrayed in the sacred writings. We may instance the faith of Abraham, the patience of Job, the meekness of Moses, the piety of David, the unshrinking fidelity of Daniel, the wisdom of Solomon, the glowing zeal of Isaiah, the broad philanthropy of Paul, the amiability of John, and the like. Now, what these and other good men did, under the divine approval, we may safely do. But beside these, we have a perfect pattern and exemplar in the person of the Great Master. In him, indeed, there was a beautiful and attractive harmony of *all* the virtues; and from hence results the spotless lustre of his character,—just as the purest white results from the union of all the primitive colors. Following him, we are always safe. How proper, then, when we find ourselves in a quandary, uncertain what part to act, that we ask ourselves, "What is it reasonable to suppose would the Saviour have done, had he been precisely in the same circumstances?" An honest answer to this question would in most cases determine the proper course for us to take.

Still further to aid us in settling the great question of duty, we have the promise of special aid from on high. "Thine ears," said God to his ancient people (see Isa. xxx. 21), "shall hear a word behind thee, saying; this is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left." When in any special case there was an honest doubt which way they ought to go, whether to the right or to the left, then, having exhausted all the ordinary sources of information, they were divinely authorized to expect a "word," a voice, from the most excellent glory, telling them which way to move. The teaching here is strikingly similar to Prov. iii. 6: "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

*Nor is this promised aid by any means confined to the Old Testament dispensation. Indeed, it has a still greater prominence under the New. Christianity itself is, by way of eminence, called "the ministration of the Spirit." 2 Cor. iii. 8. "When the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth." John xvi. 13. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." Chap. vii. 17. "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things." 1 John ii. 20. The meaning doubtless is, ye have the Spirit signified by anointing, and therefore should know all things essential to Christian conduct and character.

Nor is there the least evidence that these promises were intended to be restricted to those miraculous gifts so often bestowed in apostolic times. The blessing promised is one that may be enjoyed by all Christians in all ages. St. Paul expressly says, Rom. viii. 14: "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God;" plainly implying that those who are not thus led are not to be regarded as the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. But then the Holy Spirit does not impel men to action by anything like a mechanical impulse, and thus obstruct the exercise of their rational powers. It draws them, as the Scriptures happily express it, by the cords of love, and the bands of a man. That is, it acts in a manner adapted to the powers of a rational being and the liberty of a free agent.

And hence it should always be remembered that no mere *impression* is to be regarded as of divine origin which in the least contravenes any principles of divine revelation. To say that God told me to do this or that thing, when the said thing is clearly inconsistent with Christian propriety, is to charge God with folly. It is to suppose that the Holy One of Israel, all of whose ways are equal, is capable of acting in opposition to himself. It is to

make him responsible for our own foolish imaginings. Thus not a few have dishonored him, and grievously injured his cause. A mere mental hallucination, a freak of the imagination, has been clothed with all the authority of a "thus saith the Lord."

The part acted by one of the older preachers, now doubtless entered into rest, will supply a pertinent illustration. He claimed to be controlled by the divine Spirit in almost everything he did. It was with him the rule of action. He moved or rested, acted or declined to act, just as he felt secretly impressed. It was in vain that his brethren remonstrated against his improprieties. God told him to do so, and he must obey God rather than man. His eccentric and disorderly movements—movements that were ever and anon bringing him sadly into conflict with the established order of the church—were justified on the ground that he was following the leadings of the Spirit. Reasoning was, of course, wholly lost upon him. How far he might have gone, it would be difficult to conjecture, had not his fanaticism received a most salutary rebuff. Riding along one cold day, in great haste if possible to be in time at one of his appointments, his eye chanced to fall upon a house standing upon the side-hill, half a mile or more from the road, when the "Spirit" said to him, "Go and warn the family resident there to flee from the wrath to come." His mental response was, I am now behind time, and to perform such a task might make me quite too late. But the inward voice rejoined, "Because you are in a hurry, the day cold, and the duty unpleasant, will you let that family go to ruin unwarned?" No, thought he, that will never answer. He had already passed the bars that stood at the foot of an obscure path that seemed to lead to the house, but turned around, rode back, hitched his horse, and ran panting up the hill until he reached the supposed dwelling, at the door of which he rapped with great vehemence. Getting no answer

from within, and being in so great a hurry, he ventured to open the door, when, to his great dismay, he found it to be an old, uninhabited building! Abashed and confounded, he got back to his horse as soon as possible, and then made all haste to reach the place of his public engagement. But, alas, when there, he found that the congregation had become weary in waiting for the preacher, and gone home. It is hardly necessary to add, that being a good man, and having a little common sense left, he saw the folly of being governed by any such rule, and at once changed his course.

There is barely one case in which it may be safe and proper for us to govern ourselves by a mere impression; and that is, when there is no other available clew to the path of duty. Before we surrender ourselves to this, however, we should carefully examine the whole question of duty in all the exterior light that can possibly be commanded for the purpose. First of all we should consult the word of God; not to find passages to favor that course of action to which we feel inclined, but, if possible, honestly to ascertain what is the mind of the Spirit. In doubtful cases it is always best to take the safe side; that side that will, in our candid judgment, involve least risk, not only of our own reputation, and the comfort and well-being of others, but of the cause of God. When one course of action will promote our temporal cause or interest, and the other oppose it, the probability is that the way of duty lies in the direction which is disadvantageous to ourselves. In very difficult cases it may be well to suppose the affair to belong to somebody else, and to look at it, as far as we can, as theirs, and then to ask ourselves, How should I judge for them? And, *vice versa*, to suppose them looking upon us, and to say, What will be their opinion as to the part I ought to act? And if, after all, we should still be in doubt, it may be highly proper for us to ask the opinion and advice of some

discreet Christian friend or friends, upon whose judgment and conscientious impartiality we can confidently rely.

But to all of the preceding we must add earnest and importunate prayer. It is only in God's light that we can see light, and those who sincerely ask his direction will be sure to receive it. He will not only calm the tumult of the soul, and pour light upon the understanding, thus putting us in the best possible condition to judge for ourselves, but will go before us in the order of his speaking providence. We need not hesitate with the Psalmist to say, "For thy name's sake, lead me and guide me." A really sincere desire to know and do the will of God, at all risks and costs, will rarely leave a person in doubt as to what is right to be done. God has graciously promised to guide the meek in judgment, and to show them the path of life. The Great Teacher says, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

When, however, we have thus carefully and conscientiously settled the great question of duty, we must at once and resolutely proceed to action. We must not permit either speculative doubts or a morbid imagination to hold us in check. There is no course of action, thus entered upon, however doubtful it may at times appear, which, in the final summing up of human life, will not be found on the whole to have been for the best. This consideration should stimulate us to perseverance. There are some timid persons who are always in the midst of doubts and fears. They hardly get started in the path of duty before they are ready to turn back, apprehensive lest they may be wrong, even when their judgment urges them forward. They are like the timid traveler, who is ready to doubt and return, even when the finger-board over his head and the mile-stone by the wayside alike tell him he is right. Those who mean to do their duty must not act thus.

HONESDALE, PA., July 23.

BUNYAN IN PRISON.

"I was had home to prison."

HOME to prison! And wherefore not? Home is not the marble hall, nor the luxurious furniture, nor cloth of gold. If home be the kingdom where a man reigns, in his own monarchy, over subject hearts; if home be the spot where fireside pleasures gambol, where are heard the sunny laugh of the confiding child, or the fond "what ails thee?" of the watching wife, then every essential of home was to be found, "except these bonds," in that cell on Bedford Bridge. There, in the day time, is the heroine wife, at once bracing and soothing his spirit with her real and womanly tenderness; and sitting at his feet the child, a clasping tendril, blind and best beloved. There on the table is the "Book of Martyrs," with its records of the men who were the ancestors of his faith and love; those old and heaven-patented nobility, whose badge of knighthood was the hallowed cross, and whose chariot of triumph was the ascending flame. There, nearer to his hand, is the Bible, revealing that secret source of strength which empowered each manly heart and nerved each stalwart arm; cheering his own spirit in exceeding heaviness, and making strong, through faith, for the obedience which is even unto death. Within him the good conscience bears bravely up, and he is weaponed by this as by a shield of triple mail. By his side, all unseen by casual guest or surly warder, there stands, with heart of grace and consolation strong, the heavenly Comforter; and from overhead, as if anointing him already with the unction of recompense, there rushes the stream of glory.

And now it is nightfall. They have had their evening worship, and, as in another "dungeon," the prisoners heard them." The blind child receives the fatherly benediction, the last good-night is said to the dear ones, and Bunyan is alone.

His pen is in his hand, and the Bible on the table. A solitary lamp dimly relieves the darkness. But there is fire in his eye, and there is passion in his soul. "He writes as if joy did make him write." He has felt all the fulness of his story. The pen moves too slowly for the rush of feeling as he graves his whole heart upon the page. There is beating over him a storm of inspiration. Great thoughts are striking upon his brain and flushing upon his cheek. Cloudy and shapeless in their earliest rise within his mind, they darken into the gigantic or brighten into the beautiful, until at length he flings them into bold and burning words. Rare visions rise before him. He is in a dungeon no longer. He is in the palace Beautiful, with its sights of renown and songs of melody, with its virgins of comeliness and of discretion, and with its windows opening for the first kiss of the sun. His soul swells beyond the measure of his cell. It is not a rude lamp that glimmers on his table. It is no longer the dark Ouse that rolls its sluggish waters at his feet. His spirit has no sense of bondage. No iron has entered in his soul. Chainless and swift he has soared to the Delectable Mountains; the light of heaven is around him; the river is the one clear as crystal, which floweth from the throne of God and of the Lamb; breezes of paradise blow freshly across it, fanning his temples and stirring his hair. From the summit of the hill Clear he catches rare splendors; the New Jerusalem sleeps in its eternal noon; the shining ones are there, each one a crowned harper unto God; this is the land that is afar off, and that is the King in his beauty; until prostrate beneath the insufferable splendor the dreamer falls upon his knees, and sobs away his agony of gladness in an ecstasy of prayer and praise.

Now think of these things: endearing intercourse with wife and children, the ever-fresh and ever-comforting Bible, the tranquil conscience, the regal imaginings of the mind, the faith which realized them

all, and light of God's approving face shining, broad and bright, upon the soul,—and you will understand the undying memory which made Bunyan quaintly write, "I was had home to prison."

AN INTERESTING MEETING.

DEAR BROTHER DEGEN: I send you the inclosed extract from a letter furnishing an account of a meeting recently held at Stalybridge, near Manchester, for the promotion of entire holiness, which I think may interest you and the readers of the "Guide." If it is the occasion of drawing forth one fresh gush of gratitude to God in any heart; or is the means of quickening zeal and effort for the promotion of his glory, and the deepening and perfecting the work of grace in the hearts of his people, both the writer and myself will rejoice exceedingly, and will give all the glory to Him to whom it is alone due. Believe me, dear brother,

Affectionately yours in Christ Jesus, E. B.

EXTRACT.

I BELIEVE I stated in my former note that we purposed holding a second meeting for the promotion of entire sanctification. It came off last night. The missionary meetings in Manchester took away some of our people, but we had about fifty or sixty persons present, many of whom have, for a longer or shorter time, professed their faith in Christ as a Saviour to the uttermost. After reading some portions of Scripture bearing directly on Christian holiness, we sang and prayed; and then persons were invited to give an account of their experience, relating more especially to the process through which they had gone before they received this salvation. This was intended for the instruction of those who were seeking it. After half an hour of these recitals we sang and prayed again; and then, while singing again, we requested that those who were seeking to be cleansed from all sin would kneel down where they stood, so that we might know who were seeking. One kneeled, and in a minute or two another, then two together, and so on, until there were nine persons thus express-

ing their willingness to consecrate themselves entirely to the Lord. The power of God now seemed to come down, and directly those who were already enjoying this grace engaged themselves in encouraging and directing the seekers. In some of the cases the way of faith seemed to be made plain at once, others had to struggle for a longer time; but soon after nine o'clock the meeting was closed, every one of the seekers now professing their faith in Jesus as an all-sufficient and perfect Saviour; and many of them testifying by their joyous, loving faces the new-born happiness they felt within.

As there were only about fifty persons altogether in the room, very many of whom were already partakers of like precious faith, and as nine gave themselves fully to the Lord at that time, the number of persons present who did not enjoy this experience at the close could not have been large.

Our meeting had met with some opposition from some of our people, and this seems to have led its promoters to call upon our God the more earnestly to arise and maintain his own cause, to defend his own truth, and to appear in the behalf of his servants; and we have to acknowledge with grateful and humble hearts that he did this after such a fashion as we had never seen it before.

I know you will be glad to read this account of his doings, and therefore make no apology for giving it. I am, dear sir, yours, very truly and sincerely, J. L.

TELL IT! TELL IT!—If this be true, Christian, that there is an atonement made for sin, *tell it, tell it, tell it*. "We cannot all preach," say you; no, but tell it, tell it. "I could not prepare a sermon;" tell it; tell out the story; tell out the mystery and wonder of Christ's love. "But I should never get a congregation;" tell it in your house; tell it by the fireside; tell it to your children.

THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN SOLDIER, FREEDOM GATES,

Who was shot at the battle of Pittsburg Landing, and died of his wounds.

HE was a noble boy! His brilliant eye,
Expansive brow, and air of manliness,
His spirit tractable, affectionate,
And kind, betokened in life's early dawn
A bright career.

He was my scholar then
In Sabbath school. To sow the seeds of truth
In infant minds, and give to tender plants
Their earliest culture, was my mission there.
What joy was mine to see the first green shoot
Appear in that sweet garden—sown with toil,
And watered oft with tears! 'Twas not in vain
Those seeds were sown. How those expres-

sive eyes
Flashed with the soul's radiant beams
As little Freedom listened to the theme
Of Jesus's wondrous love, or when in songs
Of praise he joined the youthful choir.

Years passed ;
All vigorous now in life's bright morn he stood
Mid earth's attractive scenes, and luring
snares,
And vain delights, all clamoring for his heart.
But, lo! a scene replete with charms untold
Had caught his lifted eye, and deep within
His soul the purpose rose to gain the prize,—
To serve his God, and thus secure the joys
That fade not as the morning cloud, and pass
Not as the early dew away.

Blest choice!
Immortal honors and unending bliss,
Treasures and pleasures, fadeless, changeless,
pure!

Then to the fount where he had slaked his
thirst

He led the famishing and fainting ones,
Who in the vain pursuit of earthly streams
And unsubstantial food had weary grown.
He showed them God's great treasure-house
of vast,

Exhaustless stores, whose portals wide invite
Poor, starving souls to come and eat the bread
Which satisfies, and be enriched with wealth
Of priceless worth. Honored of God and blest
In winning souls, his cup of bliss was full ;
Abounding in good works, in faith and love,
And zeal for Christ—"a burning, shining
light,"

How many gems he gained for Jesus's crown!

Manhood had stamped its impress on his brow,
Health glowed upon his cheek, and principle,
Unswerving principle, possessed his soul
To love and battle for the right.

And now

He saw his own dear country, loved and prized
Next to his God, in fearful peril! Stirred
To its depths, his heart was ill at ease,
That the fair land which gave him birth should
fall

A prey to traitorous hands, and Slavery's
chains

Encircle all our own Columbia's soil,
Blood-bought and free, *he could not brook*. His
soul,

Mighty in holy purpose, rose and nerved
His arm for her defence. His all on earth,
And e'en his life, he would resign to aid
In the great struggle to preserve our land—
Our glorious Union and our liberty,
Most precious boon! choicest of Heaven's
gifts—

FREEDOM his *Christian name*, *befitting one*
Possessed of such a soul.

He bade adieu
To home, and wife, and babe, and hastened on
To join the heroes in the field of strife.
At early dawn of that sad battle day,
He wrote to friends beloved—"The battle's
near:

I go into the field, and should I fall,
I'll rise to immortality! All is well,
All is well! I'll meet you there, where war,
And grief, and death are never known,
But peace, and love, and bliss forever reign."

Then came
The hour—the *dreadful hour of conflict fierce!*
How bullets flew and bayonets flashed! The
dead

And wounded strewed the crimsoned ground,
And with them lay that precious one so
loved!

The life-blood ebbing fast, and no kind hand
To bind the wound. No wife or mother there,
No sister, brother, friend, to whisper words
Of love, and to those lips, fevered and parched,
Present the cooling draught.

Was he not sad?
In that dread hour of agony did not
His spirit sink? O no! *for "there appeared*
One like unto the Son of God," and spake
To him, "Fear not, for I am with thee—be
Not thou dismayed. I am thy God, around
Thee and beneath, the everlasting arms."
Amid those scenes of strife, and blood, and
death,
No gloom cast o'er his soul its darkening shade.
'Twas light and glory all! *for Heaven its beams*
Had shed upon his soul! Its open gates
Revealed the splendors of the bright, pure
realms
Of endless day!

They bore the wounded one
To his dear home to die. To loving ones
He spake his last sweet words of holy trust

And triumph in the Christian's God; and then,
Reclining on his Saviour's breast, *he slept.*
As sets the sun in cloudless glory bright,
His exit was!

The soldier rests until
The morn when the great trump of God shall
wake
The dead, and call him to his last review;
Then will he hear the welcome words, "*Well
done!*"

A PENTECOSTAL SEASON IN BRUNSWICK, ME.

The following communication to the "Congregationalist" of this city will be perused with interest by our readers. Verily our Congregational friends are getting into the liberty for which, heretofore, the Methodists have been the chief contestants, but which we fear in many places they are losing. May all the churches of the land be visited by a similar baptism. — Eds.

DURING Mr. Hammond's visit in Brunswick we have witnessed scenes which have carried our minds back to the days of the apostles, when Peter and John spake the word with boldness, — with such boldness, that even "the rulers, the scribes and elders marvelled, and "took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus;" and when "*many of them which heard the word believed.*" We are happy to notice in Mr. Hammond an open and heartfelt acknowledgment of entire dependence on the Holy Spirit to give efficacy to the word preached. Prayer is offered by him at any time during the meeting, and not unfrequently the progress of his discourse is arrested by a short prayer for the descent of the Holy Spirit. Depending on the Holy Spirit, he makes a bold onset on Satan's kingdom, by preaching the word with great plainness and earnestness. And when the time has come to test the state of feeling in the assembly, by inviting those to arise who are seeking an interest in Jesus, great numbers have arisen. And when those who truly love Jesus — as they hope and believe — are invited to rise and sing

some hymn expressive of their feelings, as in the words, —

" 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and he is mine,"

then again is another test presented, and the dividing line is so drawn between believers and unbelievers as to deepen conviction in the hearts of many of those who remain sitting. It is believed that these tests have been greatly blessed.

Those who have not witnessed and participated in the singing, as led by Mr. Hammond, can form no idea of its thrilling effect. Yes, the music of hundreds of united voices arising from all parts of the great congregation, singing some familiar words, in an easy melody, has produced wonderful effect.

Mr. Hammond, while speaking, holds the Bible in his hand, and often turns to some text, and reads it, as do the Scotch ministers, inviting others, who have their "Gude-book" with them, to turn to the same passage. No one honors more the written Word, at home and in the house of God, than this evangelist. The prayers offered, the hymns sung, the word read, the gospel sermons preached, and the tests presented, all tend to the same end, namely, to produce an immediate impression on the hearts of all present. And all, apparently, are interested, if not permanently benefited. Mr. Hammond readily avails himself of help from his brothers in the ministry, and eagerly presses into the service young converts, as witnesses for Jesus. The students in college, as well as others, have done much in this way to help forward the good work. Their addresses in the open-air meetings, as well as in the church, have produced great effect. The open-air meetings held by Mr. Hammond have been beautiful and sublime. The multitude thus assembled, and the near proximity of all classes, has forcibly reminded us of the time when the multitudes pressed around our Lord, as he taught them by the seaside or on the mountain.

We notice still another help to carry forward a revival which Mr. Hammond uses with great success, namely, his cordial invitation to all to remain after the more public exercises are closed, for personal conversation. And we may say that nearly all do remain, and, further, even leave the church with reluctance when the lateness of the hour obliges them to retire. How many pleasant acquaintances have been made, how much good has been done, by these tarryings one hour, and even two, after nine o'clock. Christians are urged not only to converse with the anxious, but to pray with them. And all over the church might be seen some Christian kneeling, or bending over some anxious soul in prayer. It is noticeable how easily Mr. Hammond passes around the church, speaking a word here and there, and the *word needed*, without stopping to inquire minutely into the state of the individual. For instance, a lady, and a Christian as we hope, had been desirous to be blessed by Mr. Hammond's meetings. She heard him several evenings, but experienced no special benefit, and was wondering why it was so. That evening, in passing down the aisle, he whispered in her ear, "You deserve nothing, you are an idler in the vineyard. *Go to work!*" This was the word she needed; and in obeying this instruction she was blessed. Often in passing along in the crowded church he says to one and to another, "Do you love Jesus?" And to the Christian who would delay him to express to him some word of kindness and sympathy, his often repeated and even hurried words are, "Go to work for Jesus. Show your love to him by helping these anxious sinners come to Christ."

Mr. Hammond is peculiarly happy in reaching the hearts of children, not only by his affectionate, winning manner, but by his clear presentation of truth, so that they see it as a picture spread out before them. While he fails to reach some hard hearts, he carries his little listeners with

him to the feet of Jesus, to bathe them with their tears, for having sinned against Him; and then helps them to raise their arms to his neck, and embrace and love him as their Saviour. When these children have called upon him in private, from day to day, in groups of twelve or twenty, they join at once with him in singing a few verses, then kneel around him in prayer; and, after some words adapted to their state, the little company are dismissed with a smile. These visits rarely exceed ten minutes.

The case of a blind girl, whose spiritual eyes have been opened to see Jesus, has excited much interest. We cannot describe the scene, when, with tears streaming down her large, dark eyes, she spoke of having found Jesus, and of her desire to go to the asylum for the blind, that she might be taught to read the Bible. Oh ye, who have eyes and see not, remember the case of this poor blind girl, and ask, Why am I blind when I have eyes to see, eyes to read the word of God? A dear little boy, of eight years, died while the meetings were in progress, and repeated often, during his illness, the texts he heard from the lips of Mr. Hammond. He left a letter to Mr. Hammond unfinished. He and his little sister, of four years, died the same night of scarlet fever, and were placed in the same casket, and the mother is smiling through her tears, knowing her lambs are gathered home to the bosom of Jesus.

It is impossible to calculate the length and breadth of this revival — the number of souls hopefully converted, and the still greater number, probably, awakened, as never before, to believe in the reality of personal religion. These persons are of all classes and ages, both of men and women, of youth and children.

Oh, how gentle, yet soul-subduing, have been the influences of the Holy Spirit, resting on the minds and hearts of these dear youth.

The professors in college, with the min-

isters and Christians, have cordially united in carrying forward the work of the Lord in our midst.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

DEAR READERS OF THE GUIDE: I feel it not only a duty, but a precious privilege, to tell you what the Lord has done, and is still doing for me.

I was the child of many prayers, and gave my heart to God in early life. Soon after my conversion, God taught me, by his word and Spirit, that I must seek a higher life; that it was my privilege to enjoy a full salvation. I determined to seek the blessing, but felt that I needed more light. I had read no books on holiness. When the Guide was put into my hands, I felt it was just the book I needed; its contents were read with the deepest interest. Many times I consecrated all, as I *thought*, to God, but received no evidence of my acceptance. For many days I could scarcely *think* of holiness without tears. At length, I became nearly discouraged, and concluded I must reach a higher state of grace before I could receive the blessing. Thus I grieved the Holy Spirit, and brought darkness upon my own mind. Months passed away, and I was visited by a lingering disease; and during weary days and sleepless nights I found much time to "commune with my own heart and with God." Again I was deeply impressed with the feeling that I must be wholly the Lord's. In asking wisdom of God, I saw I had never renounced my own will. I had not laid *all* on the altar. Among *other* things, I had flattered myself that I cared but little about dress, but I found there were many articles which must be laid aside. I was surprised when I found how much room these needless ornaments had occupied in my heart. I set apart a day for prayer and fasting, and asked God to prepare my heart to receive the blessing. I think a

deeper solemnity rested upon me at the time than I ever before experienced. I consecrated *all* to God—my soul and body, time and talents, and all my powers, to be his *forever*. When I left my closet, I felt that I had, in all *sincerity*, consecrated all to God, but I had no evidence of my acceptance. I determined to keep all on the altar forever. I knew, if I received no blessing, it would be because I did not deserve it. A few days passed, and I indulged a faint hope that I was wholly the Lord's; as I kept all on the altar, my faith increased day by day; and I now have the sweet assurance that a full salvation is mine. Oh, glorious hope! My life now seems like one long prayer; my peace of mind is *deep* and abiding. The Bible seems *full* of holiness, and I view spiritual things with greater clearness than ever before. It is all through *grace*; I am nothing of *myself*. I live only as Christ liveth in me. What *love* God has revealed to his wayward, erring child! Oh that all might know and love him.

Reader, perhaps you have recently received a full salvation. If so, you may find an article in the November number of the Guide, of 1860, entitled, "Continue ye in my Love." It breathes so much of the spirit of Jesus, and contains so much good advice, we *sincerely* hope you will read it.

Dear Christian friend,—perhaps you feel to hunger and thirst for the perfect love of God. If so, we would *urge* you to look for a present blessing. When you have consecrated *all* to God, he will give you faith to claim the blessing.

Will you just *now* give up *all* for Jesus? We trust you will. "He is able to save to the uttermost," and has said, "He that cometh to me I will in *no wise* cast out." Precious promises, *surely*.

"He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price."

"The way of transgressors is hard."

THE DYING SOLDIER.

EDITORS OF THE GUIDE:—I send you herewith an account of a young soldier, the substance of which I received from the lips of the young man who attended him in his last hours, and to whom allusion is made in the narrative. The name of the deceased soldier is Lieut. Stubs, of the 5th Maine Regt. He was a member of the M. E. Church in Portland.

M. D. J.

IN the month of April, 1862, a young soldier was carried to a hotel from the camp near Alexandria, sick of typhoid fever. His countenance indicated that death had already commenced his work, and that the young man had but a few remaining hours to live. The hotel being crowded, there was not a room or bed unoccupied, where the dying one could find a resting-place. But there was a young man there, whose heart was influenced by the love of Jesus, who saw the condition of the sufferer, and immediately said, "*He shall have my room and bed,*" and assisted in conducting him thither; after which he hastened to prepare him some nourishment. Partaking of it, he looked with a grateful expression into the face of his stranger friend, and thanked him for his kindness. A sweet smile played about the lips, and the whole expression of the face was so placid and heavenly that his attendant thought from the moment he first saw the soldier that he must be a Christian. The question was asked him and the reply given,—"Yes, *I am a Christian.* For nearly three years I have been trying to serve God, and I am so glad that I gave my heart to him before I entered the army. Oh, what a safeguard has religion been to me, amid the temptations and snares to which I have been exposed; and what a *comfort* in the privations, toils and sickness which it has been my lot to endure."

He asked his friend if he could sing

"Rock of ages cleft for me."

While this precious hymn was being sung, he manifested the deepest emotion,

exclaiming,—"He is a *rock indeed!* He has been to me as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." "He has been a rock of defence unto me." Then followed the sweet song,

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

This seemed almost more than his full heart could bear, or rather the frail body seemed unable to contain the exultant spirit. He exclaimed, "Praise the Lord! Glory to his name!" When the verse,

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,"

was sung, he said, "Christ is all I need—he is an all-sufficient Saviour—a full Saviour—he saves me to the uttermost!" Then he said, "There is a good old hymn which I used to hear my grandmother sing, and which I loved very much, but I can only remember one line of it,—

'He calls a worm his friend,'—

and it is so appropriate to my case I wish I could hear it sung." His friend replied that it was a hymn that he was familiar with,—

"The God of Abraham praise,"—

and sang it, which seemed to impart peculiar pleasure. Each glowing sentiment of holy love and grateful praise expressed the feelings of his own redeemed and purified spirit, now "meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light," and as the blessed words, "He keeps his own secure, he guards them by his side," sounded in his ears, he exclaimed with rapture, "Yes! He has kept me secure, he has guarded me in all the dangers that have surrounded me! O, how great his goodness!"

He remarked, "I have been so happy, for Jesus has been with me all the time I have been in the army." He said he did not regret the sacrifice of his life for his beloved country. He felt that he had done what God approved, and the cause was a just and righteous cause. He remarked that he had the joy to know that four at least of his fellow-soldiers had

been brought to Christ through his instrumentality, and on this account also he was glad he had entered the army. "But," said he, "I have not always been so happy in my experience. The first year after I gave my heart to God I was doubting and fearful; but a friend placed in my hands a pamphlet called the 'Guide to Christian Perfection,' published in Boston; and the works of Mrs. Dr. Palmer, 'Faith and its Effects,' and the 'Way of Holiness;' and by reading these and comparing them with the teachings of my Bible, I found there was a higher state of experience than I had yet known, that it was my privilege to attain. I sought it by faith in Christ, and soon found the blessed enjoyment of full salvation. I have retained it ever since, and now have the bright prospect of soon entering the world of bliss, and dwelling with that precious Saviour whom I have loved with all my heart." Then he sweetly repeated the 23d Psalm. Sabbath morning had now dawned, and still his faithful friend was sitting by the side of the dying soldier, catching the blessed words which fell from his lips, more precious than costliest gems. When the time came for worship in the church, the soldier said, "You are going to church, are you not?" "No," replied his friend; "I shall remain with you this morning." "But I cannot think of keeping you from the house of God," he said. His kind attendant insisted upon remaining with him, as he saw that his death was rapidly drawing near. Throwing his arms around the neck of his friend, he then drew him to his bosom and affectionately kissed him, saying, "God bless you! how kind you are to me; a stranger, and yet so kind. God will reward you." Life seemed now nearly gone. With his eyes closed and scarcely breathing, he seemed for a while in a state of unconsciousness; but when the name of Jesus was repeated, he started, opened his eyes, and with a seraphic smile repeated the "transporting name that charms the hosts above;" then sank

into apparent unconsciousness, until again the same precious name was repeated in his ear, when as before he seemed thrilled with rapture and repeated, "Jesus! Jesus! glory be to Jesus!" Thus until almost the last breath the name which is above every name dwelt upon his lips.

No wonder that the beams of unearthly light which illumined that sweet face from His all-glorious countenance who is the light of the upper world — no wonder that their radiance lingered even after the pure spirit had winged its upward flight, and left upon the lifeless clay a heavenly expression, which will never be forgotten by those who looked upon his beautiful and noble form as it lay cold in death.

On a slip of paper were written the words, "He died in the full triumphs of the Christian faith," and it was placed in his hand, that his dear distant friends might read it as they looked upon his lifeless form, and know that their loved one had found a home in heaven. He was borne by four of his fellow-soldiers to his home in Portland, Maine, and his friends have the comfort to visit the spot where the dear remains repose — a privilege denied to many whose relatives have been the victims of this dreadful war, which has made so many bleeding hearts.

GOD IN THE GOOD OR ILL OF LIFE.

"Happy the man who sees a God employed in all the good or ill that checkers life."

Happier yet he who not only sees, but recognizes, joyfully, intelligently, and trustfully. Thrice happy is he who apprehends God as not only employed, but as employing all the wisdom, love, and power of his infinite nature, to secure the best good of his dependent family. It is blessed to sit under his shadow, reposing in the assurance which Paul expressed so well when he said, — "And we know that

all things work together for them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." Their joys are doubly blessed to them, because they know that God sends them and guards them. Their sorrows are constantly relieved by the thought that God's hand is behind them, and will make light arise out of the thickest darkness, and joy from the pangs of their deepest sorrow. They are a host who have gone before us, testifying, through their tears of grateful trust and thanksgiving, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted;" "Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word."

"In *all* the good or ill," says the poet, "that checkers life." Happy is he who has so learned to bring his practical feelings to his theoretic convictions that he makes no exceptions. We sometimes see man too much and God too little. There is a lesson in that saying of David concerning Shimei, — "Let him curse, for the Lord hath bidden him." Yet in his case it is not supposable that the Lord had bidden Shimei in any other than that general permissive sense in which he suffers wicked men to become his scourge for the chastisement and good of his wayward yet ever-beloved people. David remembered his own great sins, and he knew God's hand was in those heavy strokes of affliction. So he bowed under that mighty hand, happy to see a God employing his agency in those bitter ills that made up so sad a chapter of his life. He would not flee from God, though he had grievously sinned against him. Nor would he blind his eyes to the divine hand which let Shimei give expression to feelings which David's sin may have provoked. The beauty of David's spirit throughout this scene is in his bowing so meekly under the rod that scourged him, and called up his sins so painfully yet so healthfully to his remembrance.

A God everywhere and in everything — seen throughout as one evermore work-

ing all the agencies of providence, nature and society, for the ends of purifying discipline, and, so, of future blessedness — to know and to trust such a God is man's first duty, as it is also his purest bliss.

THE LORD'S DEALINGS.

WITH a deep sense of unworthiness, yet trusting the guidance of the Holy Spirit, I humbly submit my own experience to the readers of the "Guide," hoping that where I so long lingered in the wilderness, others may find a more direct way to the "land of promise." In reviewing the past I can mark no period when the loving-kindness of my heavenly Father has not surrounded me with blessings. Truly "the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places," and I can but wonder that forty years should pass ere I have learned to live. I never speak of Christian parents without feeling truly grateful that my life began under the holy influence of Christian precept and example. My parents were decidedly pious; and, though the professed followers of the Saviour, their religious experience was better known by their lives than by any very strong outward manifestation of feeling. When I was four years of age death visited our family circle and took from its bosom a father of whom I have now no recollection; but the unwonted stillness that reigned in the household, and seemed to fall like a pall over my spirit, made the first serious impressions upon my mind.

Years passed; and though I cannot remember a time when I did not wish to be good, yet a real conviction of sin was never felt until the voice of a mother's pleadings at the throne of grace arrested my attention, and, through divine influence, awakened me to some reflection upon the subject of religion. In my seventeenth year I attended a camp meeting held by a United Brethren Society about

four miles from my own home. Here, with many others, I presented myself at the altar for prayer; and, although I did not then receive the blessing sought, I believed I could never feel "at home" with any people but those who had so faithfully prayed with and for me on that occasion. But God was "leading me by a way that I knew not." Soon after this, with several young associates, I attended a Methodist prayer meeting, and was very deeply impressed by the exhortation of the leader. When he began to address my friends personally, I wondered at their seeming indifference, believing that both my heart and mind yielded assent to the truth spoken, and that I was willing to meet any requirements if I might but receive the "spirit of adoption;" but when approached and personally addressed, all feeling seemed to leave me; and while many around bowed themselves to plead for mercy, I remained calmly in my position, refusing even to kneel with the dear friend at my side; and yet I earnestly desired to give my heart to the Saviour. All interrogations on the subject, were frankly answered, and I at last remarked to one standing near me, "I wish I were as happy as you are." I was unconscious of the act of praying or exercising faith, for I did not think at the time that "prayer is the soul's sincere desire, unuttered or expressed," but the words had scarcely passed my lips ere I was praising God in loud hallelujahs, and for nearly one week

"Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song."

I was emphatically a *shouting* Methodist; and on this point the tempter first assailed me by suggesting that I was "*too noisy*,"—that I might receive great blessings without giving *such* expression to my happiness. As I listened to the voice of temptation shadows seemed to gather over my pathway so lately illumined by heavenly light, and darkness to steal over my heart so lately all aglow in the warm rays of the

Sun of Righteousness. Alarmed, I fled to the cross, and in answer to prayer the Saviour again revealed himself as "the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely." My cup of joy was filled to overflowing, and again I shouted aloud the praises of my great Redeemer; but with sorrow I record that my *trouble* as to shouting did not end with the conflict through which I had so recently passed. It was only the beginning of a series that continued until in my weakness and blindness I wished it were *not possible* for me to praise God in my accustomed way. This was enough; and several weary years were passed without a season of refreshing to my burdened soul. A sense of condemnation oppressed me, and the waves of despair almost closed over my head. It was now that I began to reckon on the value of that which I had lost and found; that all these comforts had been sacrificed because I had failed to seek the light and wisdom that would have enabled me to *see* the temptation and the grace that would have prepared me to resist it. But the Saviour did not forget me through that long night of darkness, and the morning at length broke upon my weary, waiting soul, in a flood of glorious light. Oh, how precious then was the privilege of praising Him! My poor stammering tongue would have gladly proclaimed to all the world "what a dear Saviour I had found." Since that happy hour many have been my seasons of rejoicing; and though others may quietly enjoy *all* and even *much more* than I have ever done, yet often with a loud voice I praise the God of my salvation.

When I remember his gracious dealings with me, I am lost in wonder,—yes, in wonder, love, and admiration. He has sustained me in many sorrows, brought me safely through many conflicts, and of these I would write earnestly, praying that none who read may wander as I have done through the dark mazes of doubt with regard to their Christian duties

From the time that I took upon myself the vows of a Christian I have never doubted that I had something to *do* as well as suffer in the cause which I had espoused; yet until quite recently I have felt but few of the responsibilities which I considered resting upon many others, believing that, from a want of education and various intellectual gifts, but little was required of me. I wonder that I could remain so long in blindness when I might so easily have received spiritual sight. But the scales have at last fallen from my eyes, and I find that in all this time my *one* talent has been greatly neglected. I knew that the Saviour had said "My yoke is easy and my burden light," yet the duty of praying publicly was a cross under the weight of which I many times felt like sinking. From my first feeble attempts early in my religious life, the strange idea that I could not pray because I had not much command of language seemed to fix itself permanently in my mind, and from a feeling of utter incompetence, entirely forgetting that "we are not heard for our much speaking," I have many times refused to lead in the devotions of our social meetings. I knew that grace was promised in every "time of need," but here was a cross which I was trying to bear in my own strength, or rather in my own great weakness, after finding that I could no longer keep my *peace* with my silence. How slow the student; how forbearing the great Teacher; but the lesson is learned at last, and could I not more than whisper the name of Jesus in prayer I would be content. But how wondrous the love that I adore; how amazing the grace that prepares me for duties and makes them pleasures. Why should I not praise Him who hath given me this victory? And yet the half hath not been told. About four years ago my attention was first directed to the subject of holiness, and the possibility of its attainment even by myself. I began to trace new beauties in religion and surpassing loveliness in the perfection

of Christian character. I looked eagerly forward to this better portion, and sometimes from a Pisgah's height I seemed to catch a glimpse of the fair fruits and flowers, the shining hills, the verdant plains, and the gently flowing streams of this rich inheritance.

How my soul thirsted for its living waters, and how nearly I seemed to approach the borders of this goodly land. I breathed an almost heavenly atmosphere. The strongest emotion of my soul was *love*, and for a while I felt myself sweetly controlled by its holy influence. Oh that I could have then believed and entered into the "rest of faith;" but there I was met with suggestions that caused me to hesitate, even to doubt. I looked again toward the Canaan so nearly reached, but the view was darkened. Earthly cares were gathering thickly about my way, and still further in the distance seemed the *promised rest*, while I, discouraged in my efforts to obtain it, again took up the burden of life, and for three years divided my affections between the world and the Saviour. I know not where I might have been even yet, had not Christ come to *seek* as well as to save the wanderer. Infinite love watched my erring footsteps and gently led me back to the very threshold of this *better life*; but unbelief again triumphed, and cold indifference with regard to a sanctified state succeeded my earnest desires to enjoy it. With deep humiliation of soul I record my backslidings as a seeker of holiness. I knew my duty, and felt that my position was a fearful one. I had broken my vows, grieved the Spirit, and slighted the love that had purchased for me this full salvation. But I felt no deep concern for this my great unfaithfulness, although I trembled at the thought of bringing any reproach upon the cause of Christ. I believed it would be but mockery and an aggravation of my guilt, at that time, to pray for sanctifying grace as a distinct and present blessing. For weeks shame

kept me silent on the subject both in prayer and conversation. I feared that an acknowledgment of my real feelings and unhappy heart wanderings would be shocking and discouraging to many of my Christian friends, and only confirm the unbelieving in their skepticism. It is with painful astonishment that I review this part of my life, and my wondering soul exclaims, "What hath God wrought!" About six months ago, I was again urged to bring my case before the Lord, and to a friend I pledged myself that for one week I would faithfully seek the quickening influence of the Spirit and a revival of its work in my heart. Into the ear of a sympathizing Saviour I poured my confessions, and in his name I plead a fulfilment of the promise that "they who seek shall find." Satan brought every opposing influence to hinder my advancement, but in every conflict I was "more than conqueror through him that loved me." My faith grew stronger, and my hope seemed to rest on a more sure foundation. I had received many encouragements from the "Guide," but at this time the "Riches of Grace" was placed in my hands, and words could not tell what light, comfort and encouragement I found in the recorded experience of so many others. I too have been enabled to make the consecration; and need I say that it has been accepted? —

"Oh happy day that sealed my vows
To Him who merits all my love."

I, even I, have been made partaker of an unspeakable gift. Mine is a deep and abiding peace, "which passeth understanding." The world did not give it, and no earthly power can take it from me. My burdens are all laid at the feet of Jesus. I know that he careth for me, and am fully persuaded that every interest is safe in his keeping. I am living by the moment, yet not I, but *Christ in me*. I believe that I am now wearing this world as a loose garment, which I am ready to

lay aside with all my earthly labors whenever the Saviour calls.

"Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed."

The world has lost its charms for me. I no longer feel its power to win my heart from holier affections. Oh what a Saviour! Oh what a glorious hope is mine, through grace. Praise the Lord! Salvation pours its living streams into my soul. Hallelujah! The Lord Omnipotent reigneth!

"LO! I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS."

BLESSED promise! How cheering to the Christian pilgrim as he journeys through the troublesome scenes of this life. Shall I tell you *how*, through this promise, I proved the blessedness of that word, "My strength is made perfect in weakness?" Under circumstances of deep affliction, my soul was bowed down with its weight of sorrow. I was called to drink deep of the bitter cup; my pathway seemed filled with thorns. Ah, me! how was I tempted to murmur, in those seasons of bitter anguish, at the heavy cross I was called to bear. Then, in those dark hours, what a cordial to my drooping, fainting heart, was this blessed promise. What new life was diffused through my soul, when, through the aid of the Holy Spirit, I could discern *one* at my side, whispering, "Lo! I am with you; fear not." Ah! with what new strength my bowed soul arose, shouting victory! Now I can do all things through Christ strengthening me. No more longing for sympathy — no more grieving for the loss of all things earthly — no more shunning the cross, or fearing my own weakness; *Christ is with me* — I can *do*, yea, and *bear*, all things. Satan cannot point to the time when this union of Christ's *strength* with

my *weakness* shall be dissolved. That "always" extends on, and still on, into the ages of eternity—to the time when we shall all know what it is to be ever with the Lord.

Tempted follower of the Lord Jesus, just ready to grow "weary and faint in your mind, sorrowful, it may be, through manifold temptations," listen to the voice of Jesus in your heart, saying, "Lo! I am with you—in all your afflictions I am afflicted," and see if you can find it in your heart to murmur at what you are called to endure, when you have *such* an assurance, of love and sympathy from *such* a friend—one who, in all our distresses, whether of heart, mind, or body, "is touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

Riches may take wings and fly away; health and the joys of this life may depart; we may learn, to our sorrow, that earthly friends, no matter how near or how dear, are, like everything under the sun, subject to change, and *may* become our most bitter foes; yet, under all these circumstances, each of which is calculated to try our *faith* and prove our *love*, if we can but realize the abiding presence of the dear Redeemer, who can but rejoice? When the Sun of Righteousness arose within *my* heart, it scattered all the gloomy clouds of *sorrow*; it discovered a fountain of joy within—a well of pleasure, springing up unto everlasting life.

Oh, the precious promises of God! How precious are they to those who claim them in Christ Jesus! And yet many sincere souls go mourning all the day long, ever, to all appearance, under a cloud. I have often asked myself, Why is it thus? With the Bible in our hands, filled with precious promises; the Holy Spirit waiting to apply them, when we shall claim them; with the experience of the *past*, and the glorious hopes of the *future*, how can a Christian but *rejoice*? Oh, I long to see a world of *happy* Christians! Christians living *up to*, and *enjoying*, their

privileges; Christians having "no confidence in the *flesh*, but rejoicing in *Christ Jesus*."

THE BROKEN BUCKLE.

You have read in your own history of that hero who, when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his followers were urging him to more rapid flight, coolly dismounted in order to repair a flaw in his horse's harness. Whilst busied with the broken buckle, the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunder; but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down upon him, the flaw was mended, the clasp was fastened, the steed was mounted, and, like a swooping falcon, he had vanished from their view. The broken buckle would have left him on the field a dismounted and inglorious prisoner; the timely delay sent him in safety back to his bustling comrades.

There is in daily life the same luckless precipitancy, and the same profitable delay. The man who, from his prayerless awaking, bounces into the business of the day, however good his talents and great his diligence, is only galloping on a steed harnessed with a broken buckle, and must not marvel if, in his hottest haste or most hazardous leap, he be left inglorious in the dust; and though it may occasion some little delay beforehand, his neighbor is wise who sets all in order before the march begins.

GOOD PERIODICALS.

"First fill the bushel with the wheat,
With wisdom—food for souls to eat;
Then chaff, the fiction of the day,
Will find no place, and blow away."

FRIENDS, are you aware of the amount of light and life a good periodical diffuses? Can ministers and public lecturers do all the work, all the preaching, all the talking? A weekly or monthly, that speaks out boldly, kindly, earnestly, affectionately, uncompromisingly; lifts the warning voice,

points out clearly, faithfully, church duties, domestic duties, state duties, individual duties; exhorts, entreats, rebukes judiciously with all long-suffering and doctrine; holds up the golden medium of life and salvation, should be duly appreciated. Such a publication is a lighthouse, a city set on a hill,—a faithful and efficient auxiliary in reform, salvation, and sanctification. Should not a periodical, thus true to the best interests of the community, the cause of virtue, benevolence, humanity, purity, and love; excluding everything of a vicious or pernicious tendency; all that is light, vain, foolish and frivolous, be amply sustained? Should not ministers, church-officers, laymen, every one, use all laudable means for its support, stretch every nerve to give it a firm footing and extensive circulation?

A good and substantial periodical, ably conducted, breathing the atmosphere of the apostolical days, will preach effectually where the minister cannot preach; in the house, by the wayside, in the clerk's office, the workshop, the reading-room, in the parlor, around the fireside; its silent but persuasive voice will be heard everywhere,—even by thousands who never enter the sanctuary of God. It opens the way, indeed, and prepares for successful pulpit labor, and strengthens the hand of the minister in his parochial duties or pastoral visitations.

A speedy and extensive circulation of the virtuous, the solid, and the pure, will tend to forestall the light, the visionary, the romantic, the vain, the fictitious, the foolish, and the trashy. The people will read, and, if something valuable is not thrown in their way, rest assured Satan will sow his tares in abundance. Is there not a strange and unaccountable indifference and supineness on this subject? It appears to us the pulpit and the press should go hand in hand, walk side by side, be mutual helpers in every good word and work; that the prayers of God's people should ascend fervently, perseveringly, for

holy, reformatory editors, a sanctified press,—that God would strengthen these editors, give them great grace, wisdom and righteousness, the pen of the ready writer, that they may write for God, and only for God; and, by all means, see to it their subscription list is well sustained.

"Good papers live when you are dead,
Light on the darkened mind they shed;
Good seed they sow, from age to age,
Through all this mortal pilgrimage;
They nurse the gems of holy trust,
They wake untired when you are dust."

THE SOUL AND JESUS.

How blessed is the privilege of God's children in being permitted to come to Jesus, and telling him all the thoughts of their hearts. Every wish, every desire,—all the motives that sway the soul, sometimes bowing it to the earth, as the tree bends before the raging tempest, and again lifting it to the very heaven, so full of joy, and light, and gladness is the inner being,—each varied experience is read by the eye of the loving One, who hath given his life for his own. Yet he loves to listen, while we tell him all that is hidden in the soul; loves to have his ransomed ones lay every burden upon him who is strength. The low-breathed prayer from the weary heart's deepest recesses; the longing for his image; the earnest craving for his love, are noted by our watchful Saviour. Thoughts that we would not tell to earth's most precious ones we may confide to Jesus. Hopes and fears; anxieties and perplexities; all that brings joy, or shrouds in gloom; all that in any way affects our happiness, may be freely poured into the ear of the same dear Master to whom the early disciples told all that they had done. And he, our great High Priest, does truly sympathize as none other can. He pours balm into the wounded spirit; to them "that have no might, he increaseth strength."

We pass on through earth as it were with two lives,—one outward and visible; the other, all unknown, except to God. The outer life full of care and anxiety, of hope and fear; the inner life “hid with Christ in God.” The former, a strangely-mingled river, surging on with roughened tide and swollen banks; the latter, a quiet streamlet, almost unseen, yet carrying life and blessing in all its course. Mortal eye cannot pierce this veil that separates the seen from the unseen. Mortal ear can never hear the sweet voice that ever whispers low, loving words to the spirit-being; the voice that is telling of Christ and his glory, of the home beyond, where God’s ransomed ones abide in his light forever. Very precious is communion with the friends lent to cheer us on our pilgrimage. Very pleasant is the intercourse of Christ-like ones; but, having all of sympathy and love that earth can give, the soul, unsatisfied, seeks higher communion, deeper love and purer fellowship. When the rapt soul seems almost to be partaker of celestial joys, as Christ folds it closely to his bosom, friends can but feebly rejoice with us. And when deep grief sweeps over the spirit, and affliction’s fires are kindled, how poor is human aid. Only Jesus can help in those dark hours. None but the Giver can understand the joy. The soul leans heavily on the Almighty arm, that cannot falter, cannot fail. None ever leaned on him, and were confounded; none ever clung to him, and were cast off. Shall we not take him, as “all in all,” to our hungry, thirsty souls?

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

“To keep your armor bright,
Attend with constant care.”

“Ready for all alarms,
Steadfastly set your face,
And always exercise your arms,
And use your every grace.”

BESET BY GOD.

“Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.”—Ps. cxxxix. 5.

BESET by God, behind, before,
No way to turn, no place to flee;
What is it, Lord, in all thy power
That thou hast laid thine hand on me?

I cannot move but thou art near
To tell me when to rest or do;
I cannot think but thou art here
To search the secret purpose through.

Nor will of mine, nor strong intent,
Avails against thy stronger hand:
In vain the will—the force is spent,
Thou hast me all in thy command.

Thy presence were a fearful shield,
My conscience said in former days;
But since thy love has been revealed,
Thy presence is my song of praise.

I would not break the solemn bound
That thus besets me; day and night
Thy love and faithfulness surround,
And I am sheltered in thy might.

THE WAR OF THE WORLD.

MAN’S deliverance is of God. Man had neither the inclination nor the power. His salvation originated in the Divine Love, and burst forth like an ocean from the fountains of eternity. Satan, as a ravenous lion, had taken the prey, and was running to his den with the bleeding sheep in his mouth; but the Shepherd of Israel pursues him, overtakes him, and rends him as if he were a kid. The declaration of war was made in Eden:—
“I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; thou shalt bruise his heel and he shall bruise thy head.” It shall be fulfilled. The league with hell and the covenant with death shall not stand. The rebellion shall be quelled, the conspiracy shall be broken, and the strong man armed shall yield the citadel to a stronger. The works of the devil shall be destroyed, and the prey shall be taken from the teeth of the terrible. The house of David

shall grow stronger and stronger, and the house of Saul shall grow weaker and weaker, till the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our God and of his Christ, and Satan shall be bound in chains of darkness, and cast into the lake of fire. All the enemies of Zion shall be vanquished, and the forfeited favor of God shall be recovered, and the lost territory of peace and holiness and immortality shall be restored to man.

This campaign is carried on at the expense of the government of heaven. The treasury is inexhaustible; the arms are irresistible; therefore the victory is sure. The Almighty King has descended; he has taken the City of Bozrah; he has swayed his sceptre over Edom; he has risen victoriously, and gone up with a shout, as the leader of all the army. This is but the pledge and the earnest of his future achievements.

In the battle of Armageddon, he shall go forth as a mighty man; he shall stir up jealousy as a man of war; and he shall prevail against his enemies. They shall be turned back—they shall be greatly ashamed, that trust in graven images. "Ye are our gods!" Then he will open the blind eyes, and bring the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house. He will make bare his holy arm—he will show the sword in that hand which was hidden under the scarlet robe—he will manifest his power in the destruction of his enemies, and the salvation of his people. As certainly as he has shed his blood on Calvary, shall he stain all his raiment with the blood of his foes on the field of Armageddon. As certainly as he hath drained the cup of wrath, and received the baptism of suffering on Calvary, shall he wield the iron rod of justice, and sway the golden sceptre of mercy, on the field of Armageddon. Already the sword is drawn, and the decisive blow is struck, and the helmet of

Apollyon is cleft, and the bonds of iniquity are cut asunder. Already the fire is kindled, and all the powers of hell cannot quench it. It has fallen from heaven; it is consuming the camp of the foe; it is inflaming the hearts of men; it is renovating the earth, and purging away the curse. "The bright and Morning Star" has risen on Calvary; and soon "the Sun of Righteousness" shall shine on the field of Armageddon; and the darkness that covers the people shall melt away; and Mohammedism, and Paganism, and Popery, with their prince, the devil, shall seek shelter in the bottomless pit. There is no discharge in this war. He that enlisteth under the banner of the cross must endure faithful until death,—must not lay aside his arms till death is swallowed up in victory. Then shall every conqueror bear the image of the heavenly, and wear the crown instead of the cross, and carry the palm instead of the spear. Let us be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might, that we may be able to stand in the evil day; and after all the war is over, to stand accepted in the Beloved, that we may reign with him for ever and ever.

"YET A LITTLE WHILE."

LONE, weary, trembling one on earth's arid waste, darkly now brood the raven-clouds of sorrow above thy bowed head. Impenetrable to thy tear-dimmed eye are now those clouds. No rosy light diffuses itself along thy rugged pathway. No soft halo encircles thy brow. Storms and tempests gather around. The surging of angry billows now falls like a death-knell upon thy ear. But cheer up, grief-stricken one. "Yet a little while," and the dark clouds will disperse, and the bright sunbeams of peace and joy will shed their mellow radiance along thy way; while the hoarse notes of storm and waves will be hushed to softened

numbers, that, like the soft notes of distant music, shall fall upon thy ear.

"A little longer," thou stricken, suffering one, unto whom "wearisome days and nights are appointed." And thou tempted, suffering Christian, faint not, but "be thou faithful a little longer, even unto death, and thou shalt receive a crown of life." "All these things have an end," said the pious physician to a patient, agonizing under acute and incurable disease. Oh, it is but a little while, at longest, when all the trials and temptations, ills and sorrows, of life will have a termination. Then let us resolutely "gird our armor on," and undismayed meet every foe; cheerfully bear every cross, and "with patience run the race set before us, knowing that it can be yet but a little while when the victor's crown, the reward of the faithful, will be ours."

THE NARROW PATH.

"Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

It is so narrow that he who would enter it must lay aside every weight and incumbrance, or he will fail, — all pride, self-will, love of the world, its honors, its gains and sensual delights, even his garments of righteousness, "which are but as filthy rags," and be clothed with a transparent and spotless robe of purity, by the Guide of the narrow way. In all humility and lowliness of heart it must be entered, taking *nothing* for the journey, but trusting in Him who has promised all things needful; for "he that forsaketh not *all* that he hath cannot be my disciple." It is "so narrow that each one who walks therein must tread it *alone* — alone with Him to whose heaven it leads; so narrow that he who chooses to lean on any other helper than God will find that he must leave that path to do so." Blessed is he who enters and

walks that narrow way. If darkness sometimes obscures the way, then "the Lord shall be a light unto him."

When sharp thorns pierce his feet, the thought that Jesus has passed over them first, and pressed their keenest points down before him, may bring him comfort. If he sometimes stumbles and falls, "he shall not be utterly cast down, for the Lord shall lift him up." The bright goal at the end of the way shall encourage him to faint not nor turn aside, but press on after Him, whose voice is heard saying, "Follow me;" so shall he reach the end of that narrow way in safety, and inherit the mansion of rest prepared by his Redeemer and Guide.

CONFESSION.

SILENT example is good, and carries with it an influence unconscious to the person who exerts it. But does it meet all God's requirement?

We think not. The candle must be set on a candlestick to give the most possible light.

Is it right to withhold or restrain influence, by silence, when language would explain the doctrine which gives power to the life?

Jesus was always pleased with the publishing testimony of those who related his cures. Is he less pleased now in having his saving power made known? No; he then acknowledges us before his Father and the angels.

Is not the constraining love of Christ in the heart an impelling motive to this duty? and do we not dim our spiritual vision, and leave the soul liable to harassing temptation, by silent denial of his full salvation?

The promises are given to faith and obedience, and not to happy or "joyous feelings;" and these last desirable exercises are the fruit of faithfulness in all its branches. We must stand complete in

the will of God. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

TEACHINGS OF THE SPIRIT.

Is it necessary for us to wait for special leadings of the Holy Spirit in common duties which are made scripturally plain to us? We think not. Is it true for us to say this and that is a leading of the Spirit, when it is only a plain, common-sense duty, or some inclination of our own will? Should we not be careful lest we make the Holy Spirit accountable for words and actions he never dictated? One says, — "Now God wants me to speak," and it is quite evident his own will is most concerned. And when we are, by the Holy Spirit, specially prompted to bear a cross, or make known some experience, is it requisite we should make the secret, divine guidance known? Christ was not in the habit of telling his leadings, although the Spirit was poured upon him without measure. But he convinced all of its indwelling by the authority with which he taught. Every Christian should expect to have a great deal of unconscious influence bringing forth fruit to the Master's praise.

SIMPLE TRUST. — "Without faith it is impossible to please Him." Heb. xi. 6.

When a child who had lost her mother was once asked, "What do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?" she sweetly answered, "I go to the Lord Jesus. He was my mother's Friend, and he's mine." And in reply to another question, whether she thought Jesus Christ would attend to her, "All I know," she at once replied, "He says he will, and that's enough for me." What a beautiful answer was that; and what was enough for this child is enough for all.

TUESDAY MEETING.

54 RIVINGTON STREET, NEW YORK.

THE ever beautiful variety in Christian experience is one of the precious evidences of the immortality of the soul, which will expand and unfold throughout eternity.

We think sameness is never a characteristic of this meeting, but, as our dear Dr. Bangs used to say, "variety in harmony" is the experience of the church of Christ.

Mrs. L. was stirred to say, "Our opening hymn brought to mind a precious victory gained several years since. I was very ill, and had for some days given up all expectation of recovery. The prospect of soon being released from earth, and being forever with the Lord, was indeed delightful. A portion of the precious word laid on the table, at the head of my bed. It seemed a long time since I had been permitted to read a verse; but as I looked on the little book, I hungered for a word, and I took it up. My feverish brain and eyes could with difficulty distinguish the letters, but I read, 'Stir up the gift of God which is in thee.' For a moment, my heart seemed to sink with disappointment, and I said, 'I thought I was done with that exhortation,' but looking to Jesus I was enabled to say:—

"If in this feeble flesh I may
Awhile show forth thy praise,
Jesus, support the tottering clay,
And lengthen out my days;
Still let me live thy blood to show
Which purges every stain"—

There I hesitated. I dared not to say,

"And gladly linger out below
A few more years in pain."

"After a pause, in the strength of grace, submissively I said, 'I will linger out below a few more years in pain.' And oh, what a view of suffering was presented at that moment! literally, in the fullest sense of the words, 'years of pain.' Heaven too,—to be with Jesus

looked so sweet. 'How can I say *gladly*?' Rallying all the energies of body and mind, I exclaimed, 'In thy strength, blessed Jesus, I *will* say,

'And *gladly* linger out below
A few more years in pain:'

The victory was gained, and to my apprehension it was *blessed* to live and labor, though it might be in pain."

One who sat in much thoughtfulness prefaced his remarks by a portion from the chapter which was read: "Let us therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded; and if in anything ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you."

"At the beginning of this meeting," said he, "this struck me with peculiar force, and set in play all the powers of my memory. The experience of the past seven years has flitted rapidly before me, and I discovered the sad fact, that in many respects I was 'otherwise minded.'

"My opposition to the doctrine of entire sanctification, or of a higher spiritual life, shows that I was not perfect in the sense intended by the apostle, and as enjoyed by many who attend this meeting. My first opposition began among my classmates at the Theological Seminary, Concord. Afterwards, while preaching in western New York, I was at a camp meeting, where sister Palmer and the now sainted Bangs attended; and I felt called upon to do all I could to counteract their efforts among the people.

"At the close of the meeting, the carriage of a brother minister, who professed the doctrine, was blown into the lake, and most of its contents lost. Exhibiting, as he did, some little signs of trepidation, I reproached him; and sister Palmer also construed the fact into an evidence against the doctrine. Some time after, I wrote a letter to Mr. ———, congratulating him in his efforts to expose error, although it had coiled itself around the beautiful form of woman. Some three years or more ago,

I preached a sermon in Allen Street Church, opposing the doctrine, and sister Palmer was present. The next week I attended this meeting for the first time, with a soul full of everything but a sympathy with it. Such are some of the evidences of the fact that I was 'otherwise minded.' Like Paul, I verily thought I was doing God service. But I believe it was the very means God was taking to bring me to the knowledge of the truth. During most of the period of this hostility to the truth I was a very miserable man. The Spirit of God was striving powerfully with me; the heat of conflict internally was intense. This was the ripening process, and it was a severe one; a process which resulted in the complete submission of my will to the will of God.

"I do bless God that while I was 'otherwise minded,' he has revealed even this unto me. Like Paul, I desire to be instant in season and out of season. As God has revealed unto me this 'better way,' I hope to be instrumental in his hands of leading others into the highway of holiness."

An aged physician expressed his pleasure at being present for the first time. He had often read of the meeting in the Guide, and desired its joys. He knew of but one thing which was a hindrance to him; he thought in all else he was submissive to the will of God. The state of the church and the world tempted him to be impatient. He earnestly desired to be at rest in God.

A brother said he had been invited by a friend to have a confidential interview, and found this person's difficulty was the faults of other people. The brother replied, "Has God put upon you the burden of the church and the world to take care of them?"

At the close of the meeting the physician said this brother's counsel had touched his case, and he was sweetly set at liberty in Christ, and witnessed that the blood of Christ, through faith, cleansed his soul.

The Guide to Holiness.

SEPTEMBER, 1862.

THE GUIDE APPRECIATED.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—

"I inclose the amount due for the present year's Guide with the greatest pleasure. I feel deeply indebted for the light it has shed along my pathway, thus far, to heaven. I hailed it at first as a balm from Gilead to heal the maladies of the church. I have watched its progress with interest and prayer, and am satisfied its leaves are for the healing of the nation. Its interest has increased from the first, and doubly so for the last year; for it teacheth the use of the weapons which are not carnal, but mighty in pulling down the strongholds. A friend said,—'Do you intend to take the Guide these hard times?' 'Yes, yes, I do; now is the time I need it most.' What! give up the Guide to Holiness, and blockade that great source of spiritual food, and cut off communication with thousands of our best brethren and sisters, all for the small sum of one dollar per year? No, I would sooner give up my dinner every day during the war, even if it should last longer than we were gaining our independence. I am more afraid of a famine in hearing the word of the Lord than for the want of bread. The mind was never intended to subsist on what sustains the body. It cannot be narrowed down to what we eat, drink and wear. No, never; it must have food congenial for it. And where can it be found, if not in the records of those that have experienced the deep things of God, and have learned the way of communication between earth and heaven, and are now willing to telegraph the news to earth's remotest bounds? No, no, I cannot withhold my money, time and influence, and impede the progress of my Redeemer's cause. I cannot diminish the prayers and blessings upon our kind benefactors, nor stay the cry from the battle-field, 'Send us more Guides,'—nor dry up the tears of gratitude from the sanctified ones, nor quench the flame kindled by the Almighty. God has made it the instrument of leading many to find John's place, reclining on the bosom of their Redeemer, and I cannot withhold my patronage from it."

THE CAMP MEETINGS.

We have, thus far, August 18, attended but two of the New England camp meetings for the present year.

The Martha's Vineyard Meeting commenced August 5, and was attended by about the usual number of persons, though we understand that the number of tents was only about 500, against 600 last year.

The management of the meeting,—we mean the *financial* management,—as it has been conducted for some time past, has failed to meet the approval of some persons who have felt that the religious or purely spiritual interests of the meeting were not made sufficiently prominent, while undue attention was paid to mere matters of style and show and luxury.

Some changes were made in the board of officers having the thing in charge, we believe, and the conviction seemed very general, among the more devout persons, that the prospects of the meeting for large spiritual results, in successive years to come, were now much better than they have been for many years past.

The numbers saved this year were, so far as we could learn, not so large as last year, and yet the meeting seemed to be regarded as a very successful one, all things considered.

There were not so many ministers there from abroad as usual. Rev. J. A. Wood, of Wilkesbarre, Wyoming Conference, the author of "Perfect Love," the work we have recently published, was there, and in labors more abundant, during the whole meeting. His visit will be long and gratefully remembered by many. Professor Lindsey, of New York, was there, and preached with much power and great acceptance on Sabbath morning.

But the distinguishing feature of the meeting was the visit of Governor Andrew, of the State of Massachusetts. He arrived on the ground on Saturday afternoon, and was very cordially received. On Sabbath afternoon he addressed the audience, after the sermon, for more than an hour, on "The Duties of American Citizens in the Present Crisis." To say that the address was full of great truths, eloquently said, would but very faintly and indefinitely express the truth. Gov. Andrew presented his views of the great civil war from a Christian stand-point, and showed himself equally at home in the discussion of Bible teaching and of the principles of moral philosophy involved in the contest. He exhibited the flagrant wrong, the terrible wickedness of the present attempt to overthrow the government; dwelt somewhat upon the endless train of evils which would come of the success of the rebels, which he declared was a thing not to be thought of for a moment,—a declaration which brought out the most hearty and universal response of the congregation.

Gov. A. said his conviction had been, from the first, that God had a meaning in the strife, and that meaning was the destruction of the barbarous institution of slavery. Man can do something when he works with God, but is powerless when working against him. We shall never crush the rebellion while nourishing its cause, and never see again a united people in these States, so long as slavery, the only source of agitation and strife among us, continues to exist.

His appeal to the men present to fly to the rescue was most stirring and forcible, and evidently

produced a deep and salutary impression upon his hearers.

It is not wonderful that Massachusetts does so nobly, in the present war, with such a governor.

HAMILTON.

The camp meeting at Hamilton, which we also attended for a couple of days, was a large gathering, and was attended with much of the power of God. There were some entirely sanctified, but the work seemed mostly to go on among the unconverted. We judge as many as thirty or forty were converted during the meeting.

Wednesday afternoon was devoted to a war meeting, with very good results, so far as we could judge.

The preaching exhibited considerable range of topics; while the preachers manifested much singleness of purpose and much fervor in their work. The people, too, "had a mind to work," and the time was well filled up with prayer meetings in the tents between the hours of public worship at the stand. The prejudices of many persons against the Hamilton Camp Meeting were much melted off during the late services there, as was very evident.

G.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

GOD'S LITTLE GIRL.

"PAPA, dear papa," exclaimed little May Davis, as, bounding into the library, she threw her arms around her father's neck. "I am so very, very glad that I am your little girl! for to-day I walked home from school with Fannie Vale, to see her little kitten; and Mr. Vale was so cross to Fannie; he scolded her for being late, when, indeed, she couldn't help it, and said it was a shame for a girl ten years old to play with a cat. I know I am very often naughty, papa; but I should be ten times worse if Mr. Vale were my father. Oh! I am so very glad that I am your little girl."

"How did your friend Fannie behave?" asked Mr. Davis, as he kissed his earnest little one.

"Did she answer back angrily?"

"No, indeed," said May. "Fannie behaved beautifully—a thousand times better than I should have done. She told her father that she was very sorry to be so late, and then, putting down the pretty little kitten, asked if there was not something he would like her to do for him. Do you see how she can be so good, papa?"

"Yes, my darling," replied Mr. Davis; "for I know whose little girl Fannie is, and I only wish my little daughter was a child of the same Father."

"Indeed, I wouldn't like to have Fannie's father for mine," said May, "and I don't see why you should wish such a thing, either."

"About a year ago Fannie gave her heart to Jesus, and now she is God's little girl; that is what I mean," replied Mr. Davis.

"God's little girl!" repeated May; "and does he keep her from being oftener naughty? and is that why she is always so happy?"

"Yes, darling, that is it," said Mr. Davis.

"Then, papa," whispered May, hiding her face on his shoulder, "I wish—I wish that I was God's little girl, too."

"He would love to have you for his child," replied her father, "and will make you his now, if my little daughter will only ask him."

"But I don't know how," May answered, looking up sadly; "and, besides, I am not half good enough to be God's little girl."

"Jesus says, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,'" replied her father. "He does not say, 'Suffer good little children to come,' but all children, no matter how naughty, if they only wish to be good. He will take my little daughter's sinful heart away, and make her holy, if she will only ask him."

"But is Fannie really God's little girl?" asked May. "She loves to laugh and play just like other children, and always seems so merry! Now, I thought that when little girls became so very religious they looked grave and did not care to play as I do."

"Does May remember the day last summer when she was lost in the woods?" asked her father.

"Yes, indeed," replied the child; "I never can forget that day, nor how I cried till you came and found me."

"Did my little daughter enjoy the beautiful flowers, and the birds that sang so sweetly in the trees, better when wandering all alone, or when I found her, and we walked home together, hand in hand?" asked Mr. Davis.

"Oh! after you found me, papa," exclaimed May; "for then I felt so safe, so happy, that the flowers and birds seemed a thousand times more beautiful than ever before."

"Just so it is with little Fannie," said Mr. Davis. "Once she was lost, and wandering far away from the path which leads to heaven; but now she has an Almighty Father ever near, to guide her steps towards that bright home prepared for her in heaven. Would you expect such a little girl to be always grave and joyless?"

"No, indeed," replied May. "I would expect her to be just as she is—very, very happy. And, papa, I mean to ask God, before I go to sleep, if he won't please make me his little girl, 'for Jesus' sake.'"

Tears of joy filled that father's eyes, as he looked upon his little one; but fearing that she might mistake them for tears of sadness, he said cheerfully, "God will bless my precious one, and keep her close to him through life and death, if she will henceforth love and obey him."

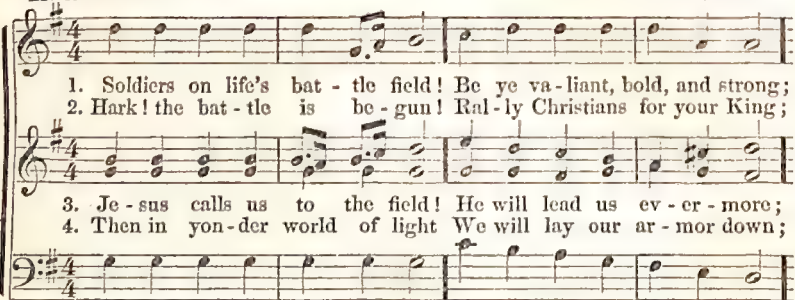
"Yes, dear papa," said the child, earnestly; "I will give my heart to Jesus, and ask him to help me be good." And then, with a bright smile, she added, "It will make me very, very happy to know that I am his little girl."—*Christian Times*.

LIFE'S BATTLE FIELD.

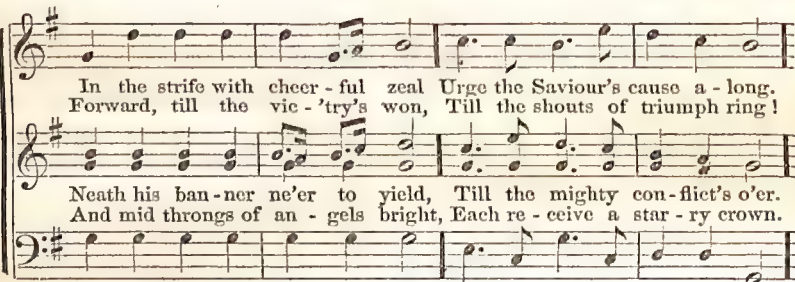
23

Poetry by
R. TORREY, Jr.

Music by
A. HULL.



1. Soldiers on life's bat - tle field! Be ye va - liant, bold, and strong;
2. Hark! the bat - tle is be - gun! Ral - ly Christians for your King;
3. Je - sus calls us to the field! He will lead us ev - er - more;
4. Then in yon - der world of light We will lay our ar - mor down;

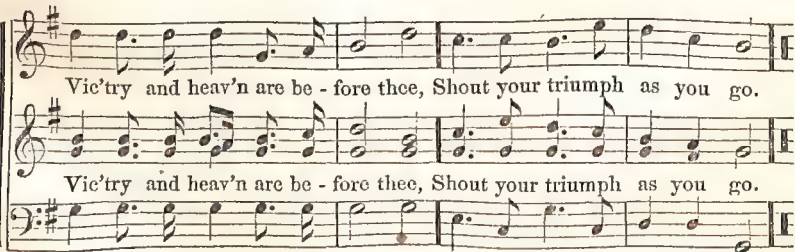


In the strife with cheer - ful zeal Urge the Saviour's cause a - long.
Forward, till the vic - 'try's won, Till the shouts of triumph ring!
Neath his ban - ner ne'er to yield, Till the mighty con - flict's o'er.
And mid throngs of an - gels bright, Each re - ceive a star - ry crown.

Chorus.



Onward, on - ward to glo - ry! Yield not to the wi - ley foe;
Onward, on - ward to glo - ry! Yield not to the wi - ley foe;



Vic'try and heav'n are be - fore thee, Shout your triumph as you go.
Vic'try and heav'n are be - fore thee, Shout your triumph as you go.

THE

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

OCTOBER, 1862.

ISAIAH'S GOOD MAN.

"He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly, he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil; he shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure. Thine eyes shall see the king in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off." — *Isaiah* xxxiii. 16-17.

THE commentators seem to be agreed in giving an interpretation wholly temporal and earthly to this striking passage of scripture. I do not know that they are wrong, though I see no reason for adopting their views beyond the naked assertion of several men much more learned than myself. I propose to treat the words to-day as if they bore the meaning which they seem to have; because I do not see how the moral and religious character of a man can be the condition of the blessings here promised, if the promises are to be understood as conveying temporal blessings alone. If "the king in his beauty" is Hezekiah restored to his throne, and "the land that is very far off" is the land of Israel, then what is the connection between walking righteously and speaking uprightly, &c., and the beholding of the reinstated king and the distant land?

But granting that the proximate meaning may be a temporal one, still it is not a violent supposition to take the words as

having also a remote and higher significance, of which the first is but the type.

There is a divine beauty in such a passage as this, standing in such a place as this occupies. It is an oasis in the desert. The chapter in which it stands abounds in denunciation of the most terrible character. The verse preceding the text reads, "The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites. Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" Instantly after this the prophet turns and introduces the beautiful pen-picture of the text.

This reminds me of a similar collocation in Malachi, where, in the midst of his terrible charges upon the nation that they had robbed God, and all that, he instantly and abruptly turns and says, "Then they that feared God spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon his name, and they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." Those good old men, the prophets and apostles, were true reformers; and all true reformers, while they denounce sin in plain and even terrible words, have nevertheless a sweet and loving temper, likening them to God, with whom judgment is a strange work, because he delighteth in

mercy. The man who loves to find fault and administer rebuke is just the man who is not fit to do either. Whitfield and the Wesleys could spend the day preaching to the riotous multitudes on the common amidst obloquy, abuse, and even mob violence, and go back and sing like a company of angels at night.

Jesus began his ministry with benedictions, found a hopeful trait in the character of his murderers while dying at their hands, and finally led his disciples out as far as to Bethany, and ascended to God while in the act of blessing them. And here is good old Isaiah. He has been scolding all through the chapter, and in many other chapters, because of the rampant wickedness of the times, and his soul is distressed within him, and he longs to turn to sweeter themes, but can scarce find a good man about on whom to bestow a blessing; but never mind, he can suppose a case, and so he makes an abstract picture of a good man, and then heaps the blessings on him.

Look, then, first at the character, and then at the blessedness of Isaiah's Good Man.

Now all good men have two lives, the outer and the inner. The outer life is that which consists in words and deeds of goodness; the inner life is the soul's walk with God. The history of the former is the history of the man as society sees him, while the history of the latter is the record of the soul's aspirations, communings, realizations and conquests. As to the *outer life* of this character, we have these particulars:—

1. *He walks righteously.* The *walk* of a man in the Bible is his whole manner of life; all the methods by which, as a member of community, he either affects the character of others or expresses his own. To walk righteously is to walk *honestly*, and it is also to walk *holily*.

2. *He speaks uprightly.* He speaks truthfully. His words are used not to disguise but to convey his meaning. He is

frank and open. He says what he means, and he means what he says. He is candid and sincere. He speaks uprightly, that is, as men say, right up and down. He uses no needless circumlocution, but says what ought to be said plainly and in straight lines. He is the man whose upright words reveal an upright heart, whose word is as good as his bond; an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile.

3. *He despiseth the gain of oppressions.* He is the man who would not enrich himself if he could upon the unrequited toil of the poor. He is no slaveholder. He is no apologist for slaveholding. He chooses to pay for service rendered, and to pay adequately. He is no usurer, no extortioner. He would not exalt himself by debasing or depressing another, because he loves his neighbor as himself. "*Or deceits*," says the margin, intimating that, according to the old Hebrew idea, oppression and deception were kindred vices, and sometimes expressed by the same word. A good man despises as much to take advantage of his neighbor's ignorance as of his weakness to oppress him.

4. *He shaketh his hands from holding of bribes.* A bribe is a price paid a man for violating his conscience. He will never bribe a man; he will not *be bribed*; he will never be *treasurer* to hold a bribe. He "*shaketh his hands*." His refusal is not a mere tame declinature, not a mere "*I pray thee have me excused*," but he accompanies his emphatic "*No*" with such a frown of indignation as if he feared pollution from the proposal, and such a violent snapping of his fingers as if he feared the hated thing might somehow cleave to him.

Look now at his *inner life*.

1. *He stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood.* Blood is the term used here and elsewhere to signify violence and wrong, and the intimation is that he has no relish for conversation upon such topics. He does not love gossip. He never reads "*The Pirate's Own Book*" nor "*The*

Mysteries of Paris." He turns away with horror from all unnecessary details of violence and bloodshed.

Like unto this is that other remark, *He shutteth his eyes from seeing evil.* He is not looking after *sights* of evil, nor after opportunities to *do evil*; but when evil comes before him, he shuts his eyes or turns them away to fix his attention, as much as may be, upon things that are pure, and true, and lovely, and of good report. Men commonly find what they look for. He that looks for evil will have no difficulty in finding it, and he that looks for goodness and truth among men shall not look in vain.

I was conversing, as I remember, with a friend in St. John, N. B., the other day, on this very point; and he said my remark reminded him of a person who was in his store a few days before. He was a stranger, having been only three or four days in town, "and yet," said my friend, "I soon saw that he knew more about the worst places in the city than I knew, who had been here twenty-four years."

Not long since, I was talking with a man about his soul. I soon learned that he was a disbeliever, and inclined to scoff at sacred things. To some insinuation which he threw out against camp-meetings, an institution which he seemed to regard with anything but respect, I replied that I did not doubt his sincerity at all. "Life is what we make it," at camp-meeting or anywhere else. Men find what they seek. When a man tells me he has been to camp-meeting and seen nothing but evil there, I know what he has been looking for; and when another man tells me he felt, at the close of a week spent in the grove, away from his business cares, and in communion with God and his people, as if he could hardly bear to come back to earth again, *I know what he has been looking for.*

Isaiah's Good Man knows how to shut his eyes; and he knows when to do it and when to keep them open; and it is by

this exercise of a godly censorship over the senses that he guards and nourishes the inner life, retaining his interior purity in the midst of all outward corruption, and keeping strong and vigorous within his soul the spring of all holy impulses and aspirations. This is one of the great secrets of holy living. God himself is the only place of rest or of safety to his people, and therefore it is needful to turn away from all things to dwell in the secret place of his pavilion. Many of you, my brethren, know that there is an act by which the soul, at the conclusion of every labor, even in the cause of God, drops all, and goes right back to God, to find its place of lowly adoration at his feet. This is the place of strength. If the mind be left to indulge a little self-gratulation, it immediately becomes weakened by the loss of its hold on God, and of that rest and tranquillity which come of it, and therefore it is that the first few minutes after a very successful effort are often fraught with danger to the Christian laborer. "Back to the mountain" should be the motto with every one on leaving the multitude for whom we have toiled.

But it is time for us to look at the blessedness of this character.

1. *His safety.* "The place of his defence shall be the munitions of rocks." Munitions are fortifications. The rocks of Judea were natural fortifications, and to the artillery of those times quite impregnable. Quite celebrated in Bible story are the rocks Etam, Rimmon, Adullam and Engedi, as places of refuge and defence. The figure of the text, therefore, which represents the good man as in the rock is the strongest which a writer of Judea in Isaiah's time could possibly use. And such is the safety of the upright. "The place of his defence shall be the munitions of rocks." The man in the rock cannot be taken. The only way to conquer him is to starve him out. But this cannot be done, for in the cavern it rains manna perpetually, and the water

springs up there into everlasting life. "Bread shall be given him, — his waters shall be sure."

2. *His exaltation.* "He shall dwell on high." In character, such a man occupies a position exalted far above the thoughtless, worldly masses about him. His motives, his apprehensions and his prospects, are all unlike, all infinitely above theirs.

He is above their *understanding*. "The world knoweth us not, because it knew him not," — that is, for the same reason that it knew not Christ, it does not know his followers. The world can never get the key of the character of any one all devoted to God, for the reason that such a person acts from motives which the world cannot see; so that one of the sacrifices connected with such a life is the necessity of being misunderstood and misinterpreted.

But a holy man dwells on high in another and a more agreeable sense. No man so much as one wholly devoted to God will be careful to give no just cause of offence to others; yet is it true in this world that offences must needs come, and that they who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. In a low state of grace how deeply do the shafts of malice wound the soul, and what anguish do they bring, — but he that really dwells on high lives substantially beyond the range of such artillery. O, 'tis sweet to dwell with God and hear the harmless thunder breaking at one's feet. Let us ever abide, my brethren, in the secret place of the tabernacle of the Most High.

3. *The felicity of the good man.* "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty." There is a joy in witnessing the triumph of the right. That joy is great as the contest has been severe and long, and greater as the final triumph is signal and complete, and the defeat and overthrow of the enemy utter and overwhelming.

The servants of Christ have wept and groaned in sympathy with him in the gar-

den and on the cross, and down through the centuries the contest wages hard and long between the powers of hell and the armies of the living God. The apostles and early Christians evidently thought the great rebellion would soon be crushed, but year after year and age after age go by, and still Apollyon's troops keep the field, holding the church of God in check, disputing, inch by inch, the reign of Christ, while all his servants still cry out "Thy kingdom come."

And it shall come. Slowly, too slowly, I confess, the truth makes head. Devils yield only when they must, and demonstrate all the infernal in every retreat; but all in vain; it is the fate of hell to fail. Truth is mighty. Righteousness shall cover the earth. God is a man of war. The church cannot die. Years bring her strength, but leave her young. She leavens society, she moulds constitutions, she shapes diplomacy, and she leaps forward to new situations of power amidst upheavals and revolutions. The reign of Christ draws near. The gospel shall prevail. The earth shall be subdued. Every knee shall bow, and, at the trumpet's call, the dead in Christ shall rise, and all the church on earth shall join the loud acclaim and welcome back to earth the Lord's Messiah. Then shall we see the King in his beauty, and behold with joy the overthrow of sin and Satan, and the eternal establishment of the kingdom of heaven.

"They shall behold the land that is very far off." Men ask, Where is heaven? In some sense heaven is where there is a holy heart; for, doubtless, grace and glory are essentially one in their character. It would be a great blunder to ascribe the bliss of the saints in light to the architectural beauties of their eternal dwelling-place. And yet, heaven is a place: "I go to prepare a place for you," said Christ. Being a place, it has locality; it is somewhere.

Astronomers say our sun, with his fam-

ily of worlds, is travelling in the heavens, and is really revolving around a great centre. Dr. Dick thinks that that great centre is only one of many, each of which has thus a system of systems revolving round him; and that all these centres of systems are in turn revolving round one vast central world, whose weight, he judges from analogy, is five hundred times greater than the sum of all these universes, and that that central world is the throne of God — the ecstatic and everlasting dwelling-place of all the good. This conception, or something indefinitely more glorious, is the true one doubtless; but still no imagination can conceive the fruitions that await us in the land of the blest.

"Forever with the Lord!
Amen! — so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality!

"Father, the narrow path
To that far country show,
And in the steps of Abram's faith
Enable me to go,

"A cheerful sojourner
Where'er thou bid'st me roam,
Till, guided by thy Spirit here,
I reach my heavenly home."

EXPERIENCE OF PRESIDENT MAHAN;

IN A LETTER TO HIS WIFE.

MY DEAR WIFE:—I now sit down to complete a design which I have long contemplated, but the accomplishment of which the providence of God has seemed hitherto to prevent. It is to give you and the children, as far as I am able, some account of the dealings of God with my own soul during the several winters in which I have been separated from you — blessed seasons, in which God has led me "into green pastures, and beside the still waters," in which my dwelling-place has been in a "land of broad rivers and streams," along the banks of the "river of life," and on those everlasting hills where my "sun goes not down, neither does my

moon withdraw itself, for the Lord is my everlasting light, and the days of my mourning are ended." As I commence writing, the waters of life rise and swell in my heart, and bear my soul upward and onward into an ocean of such calm, serene, and peaceful blessedness, that language fails when I attempt to describe what I see, and feel, and enjoy. Inspiration only furnishes language which approaches the reality — "Whom, not having seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Perhaps I cannot better succeed in giving you an apprehension of the state of my mind, than by presenting some of the elements and sources of that blessedness with which I have served God and my generation these years that are past.

The first source of blessedness is conscious peace with God. To look up, with an eye of faith, into our Father's face, with the full and sweet assurance that every controversy is fully and perfectly settled, that, like Enoch, we can now "walk with God," and "God himself will walk with us, and dwell in us, and be our God, and we be his sons and his daughters," — we then know the blessedness which Moses felt when God said to him, "I know thee by name, and thou hast found grace in my sight." To have God thus present to and in the soul, with not a cloud or frown upon his smiling face, — this is the "fulness of joy" which I have had in him for months and months together. Is it a matter of wonder, then, that my "joy is full?" In the very centre of my heart

"Sits my Saviour, clothed in love,
And there my smiling God."

Another source and element of this blessedness is the sweet "spirit of adoption, crying Abba, Father," which God, by his Spirit, breathes into the heart. In the exercise of this spirit, the current of the thoughts, feelings, and affections, natu-

rally, sweetly, and continually, flows out in sentiments of love, gratitude, and adoration, toward God, and there they roll "in blissful fixedness about one changeless centre." In the hour of temptation, the soul spontaneously "looks to Jesus," with the peaceful assurance that his "grace will be sufficient." "In time of need," however great or small the necessity, it naturally turns to God, and "casts its cares upon him," with the full assurance that "he careth for us;" that in Christ are provisions full and free for every want; that the ear of God is open when we pray to him; that even "before we cry, he hears, and while we are speaking, he answers, Here am I. Son, daughter, what is thy petition?" To pray with the consciousness that God is thus present, that we are "speaking to him face to face, as a man speaketh to a friend,"—this renders our blessedness in God so great, that the particular blessings asked for appear hardly necessary to the fulness of our joy. "This my joy is fulfilled."

Another element and source of this blessedness is, the perpetual and peaceful assurance that, in and through Christ, every real want, temporal and spiritual, may and will be supplied. Christ has promised that "they that follow him shall not want any good thing," that is, anything the possession of which would be a real blessing to them, anything necessary to the perfect fulness of their joy. To have this truth perpetually present to the mind, to feel an entire assurance that this is the actual relation which we sustain to Christ,—then we "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Then we, "being delivered from our enemies, serve God without fear, in righteousness and holiness before him all the days of our life." This is the relation which I feel myself to sustain to Christ from day to day. While I remain here, I have no expectation or fear of wanting any good thing in time or eternity. All my interests lie secure in the hands of Christ.

"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about his people," and I continually have the peaceful assurance that my soul dwells within that blessed circle.

Another source of this blessedness is the continued assurance that my way is so committed to the Lord, that he does and will direct my steps. "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye." This promise is a living reality to my mind, and I find it realized in my experience from day to day, in every time of need. When laboring in a place, up almost to the last moment when I am called to leave, I often know not where next to direct my steps. Yet, when the time comes, the providences of God invariably make the way as plain as if a voice from heaven should tell me where to go. The firm confidence I have that this will be the case preserves the mind from all care about the future, and leaves it at full liberty to expend its entire energies for Christ on the present field of labor. This state of peaceful trust, too, is itself, in the soul, a "well of water springing up into everlasting life." Then, when called to act, to know that God has heard prayer, in making the way so plain that not a shadow of doubt remains that one is walking in the very path which he has marked out, and, when pursuing that path, to be able to say, "This is the highway which God hath cast up before me,"—then, indeed, "our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." Then we "walk with God."

Another, and, I may add, one of the chief sources of this blessedness, is the continued assurance that, through the grace of God, I am one with God; that my will is lost in the divine will; that I have no will to do what God would not have me do, and that all that he would have me do I will to do. Thus "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and, the life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of

the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." This is the most blessed spot in the universe. Nothing can offend the soul when it is here. In this blessed spot Christ seems to hold my soul from day to day. In this spot, no finite object has power to disturb the deep rest of the soul in God. "God is its everlasting light, and the days of its mourning are ended." I should here mention another fact in my experience, which I owe to the grace of Christ. It is this: a state of perfect contentment, and an entire and peaceful acquiescence in the dispensations of providence, in every variety of condition. As the soul retires under the "shadow of the Almighty," no occurrence without has power to disturb it there. From that spot it looks out upon all the arrangements and movements of the surrounding universe, with this sweet spirit pervading its whole being, and that in respect to all creatures, objects, and events, "thy will be done." It then "learns, in whatever state it is, therewith to be content." Every condition is best. So it appears to the soul, and that because our heavenly Father so wills. My dear ones, I want you all to find this peaceful, blissful spot. No want unsupplied reaches the soul there. Never, it seems to me, did my soul dwell there so uninterruptedly as within a few months past. Oh that blessed gospel, which has power to hold the mind in such a state! And oh that blessed Saviour, who is the "author and finisher" of this gospel, and is himself its very substance!

Another element of this blessedness is this: an entire separation, in all my aims, purposes, and desires, from all objects but one—Christ and the interests of his kingdom. I do not know that I "covet any man's silver, or gold, or apparel;" that I have any desire for a name among men, or any wish to pursue any object, but the glory of Christ. I have the witness in my own heart that, by the cross of Christ, "I am crucified to the world, and

the world to me." In this blessed state, the soul can say, Christ is all mine. Nothing interrupts its deep blessedness in him. With what sweetness have I been able, especially during the present period of separation from you, to present my entire family as a "whole burnt-offering" to Christ, with this single desire and prayer, that we may all be entirely his; that we may be wholly separated from all that is unlike him, and have his entire image in all our hearts; and that, as a family, we may all be able to say, "For us to live is Christ." To entertain such desires and intentions is a foretaste of eternal blessedness.

I now come to speak of a source of blessedness, to the description of which, I fear, I shall be able to make but a feeble approach. It is what, for want of better language to express, I would call those open, direct, and inconceivably sweet visions, which, a great portion of the time, I have of the infinite beauty, loveliness, and ineffable glory of Jesus Christ, and of the Godhead as manifested in him. You will doubtless recollect that memorable era of my existence when I may say that I received the first full baptism of the Spirit,—a baptism in which the Sun of Righteousness shone out in cloudless light, beauty, sweetness, and glory, upon my soul. We had just retired to rest. As I laid my head upon my pillow, in a moment the vision opened upon my mind. I had an apprehension of Christ as he came out of the sepulchre after his resurrection. The work of redemption was finished, and Christ, having burst the bars of death, had come forth to present the offer of eternal life to a dying world. There was in his benign countenance such majestic sweetness and beauty, such mildness and love ineffable and infinite, and glory so divine and resplendent, and all mingled with compassion so tender for the sinner, that my heart melted in a moment. "The fountains of the great deep" of emotion were all "broken up." My bosom was

swelling and heaving with emotions to which no language could give utterance. For seven years these baptisms have been more and more frequent, till now they seem to be the dwelling-place of the soul. At one time, I would view Him, as he led the disciples out to Bethany, and then "lifted up his hands and blessed them," and then, "while he was blessing them," was taken up into heaven; at another, as he revealed himself to weeping Mary at the sepulchre, and to the two disciples at Emmaus; at another, as he met the weeping widow, and with infinite love restored her son alive from the dead; at another, as he lay, the babe of Bethlehem, and yet the God incarnate, in the arms of the aged Simeon. At another, I apprehend him as present to my soul, and apprehend him with the full and perfect consciousness that "in him I am complete," that there is not a demand of my being, in time or eternity, which he is not able, and willing, and present, to meet. At first, I seemed to view him at a distance from me, and yet, as I fixed the eye of faith upon him, approaching nearer and nearer, with a countenance infinitely benignant, and saying, "If you will fix your eye steadily upon me, I will come to you, and make my abode with you." Thus he approached nearer and nearer, till he shone upon me from every point. He is in the soul, and yet all around. These views of Christ bring such sweetness and beauty into the soul, that I have often thus described the effect to my own mind. The heart is a harp of a thousand strings, and all are unstrung and discordant by reason of sin. But Christ comes and puts every chord in tune, and then, with the fingers of infinite love, sweeping those chords, raises such notes of heavenly harmony, that the soul lies all melted with the sweetness of its own melody. "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." In the study of the Bible I seem to be walking along the banks of the

"river of life;" at one time bathing in its waters, and at another plucking the fruit of that tree "which grows upon either side of the river, and the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations."

Preaching the gospel has now an entirely different influence upon my mind from what it ever had before. In former years, when preparing and delivering a discourse, my feelings would be greatly interested; but when I was done, my own cup seemed to be almost empty. Now, while preaching "the unsearchable riches of Christ," my own cup fills up and overflows continually, and I retire to rest at night with my soul afloat in a world of light, glory, peace, and blessedness, that appears boundless and infinite. When "watering others," none appear to receive so full draughts as my own soul. All the while it appears such an infinite privilege to be a servant of Jesus Christ, to do and to suffer all his righteous will. With inexpressible sweetness this passage, and others of kindred character, come home to my mind: "Unto you it is given, in behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake."

Soon after I heard of the death of my mother, as I was meditating upon this event, this stanza passed with indescribable sweetness through my mind:—

"Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more."

For a whole night my soul lay all dissolved with that sweet thought, without hardly closing my eyes to sleep. These sweet thoughts often flow on into my dreams, and then I sometimes hear music and singing that are perfectly unearthly. I will endeavor to give you some conception of one such scene. I was at T— two years since, amid the occurrences above described. One evening, as I retired to rest, I seemed, with infinite sweetness, to pillow my head upon the bosom of Christ. In this state, I fell asleep. I

soon thought myself in company with some ten or twelve individuals before my father's dwelling, walking with them towards the door. As we were about to enter the door, the whole scene being inconceivably peaceful, they all stopped, and commenced singing. The words and tune of each were in perfect harmony, and yet appeared undesigned, as each seemed to be singing, as it were, alone by himself. The perfect harmony seemed to be the spontaneous effect of the concurrent melody of the soul within. The words and the music were all unearthly, such as I had never conceived of before. I looked at their countenances; each one beamed with a serenity so peaceful and heavenly, that it appeared as if in each heart "hope lay asleep on the bosom of bliss," and my own soul was as peaceful as theirs. One voice rose above all the rest. I turned to see from whom it came. It was from my departed father. One line they sang which I had before heard:—

"Gently, Lord, O, gently lead us."

As they came to this, my feelings were so excited that I awoke, all dissolved in tears. When I awoke, the words and tune were distinctly in my mind. I attempted to sing them; but my voice was so coarse and harsh that the whole vanished in a moment. In thought only I remember it now. It has given me, however, such an idea of the harmony of heaven as I never conceived of before.

Such is an imperfect statement of what the Lord has done for my soul.

"Therefore praise him,
Praise the great Redeemer's name."

From what I have written, you will not suppose that my mind has always been in the same state of ecstasy. This I could not endure. But my "*peace* is as a river." Neither will you suppose that no feelings of sorrow dwell in my mind. I often weep over sinners, and over "Zion, weary, tossed with tempest, and not comforted," and as often "travail in birth" for

them. And what a privilege it is to weep with Jesus over a lost world! Such tears are inconceivably sweet. God treasures them up in his bottle. In him, however, there is perpetual rest.

Now, my dear ones, having told you the dealings of God with my own soul, permit me to say, that my heart's desire and prayer to God, from day to day, for you, is, that you may all share with me in this "fulness of joy." It is all for you. I have obtained it "by the faith of the Son of God." If you will "believe, you shall also speak." May God, of his infinite mercy, grant "that you may be strengthened with might, by his Spirit, in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that you, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge; that you may be filled with all the fulness of God. Now unto him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us—unto him be glory in the church, by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

TESTIMONY OF AN AGED SAINT.

At a prayer meeting held recently, at one of our watering places, a distinguished clergyman rose and said:—

"I have twice in my life been brought very low by illness, so that I supposed myself near the eternal world. The first time, I had a great sense of the worthlessness of earthly things. Everything connected with this life seemed small—exceedingly small—and of little consequence. I did not wish to return to it, and engage again in its bustling scenes. They seemed too trivial to engage the attention of an immortal being. I longed to bid them adieu, and depart to a brighter world,

where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

"The second experience was quite different. I was strongly impressed with the importance and privilege of living in this world, and of doing good *even in the smallest things*. I saw that every act of life took hold on eternity—that it was a great privilege to live here that I might do something, even if it were but a small act, to advance the Redeemer's kingdom; and that no effort put forth in this direction, with reliance upon divine aid, could be lost. It appeared to me an unspeakable privilege to live here, to do anything, *however small*, to promote the glory of God and the good of man. I wished to come back to life for this purpose." The speaker added, with deep emotion, "It seemed to me that to get this deep impression was worth all the suffering of a severe illness."

How interesting are such statements of personal experience, and how much more suitable to prayer meeting than the cold exhortations we too frequently hear on such occasions.

S. J.

DARKNESS NO REASON FOR DOUBTING.

DARKNESS is a reason for doubting everything but Christ, but a reason for trusting in him, drawing near to him, and keeping close at his side. Darkness is a reason for distrusting one's self, and walking warily in prayer, and crying out for Christ's help, but certainly not a reason for unbelief. When Peter was in darkness, — nothing but darkness around him, darkness within him, and the waves opening to swallow him up, — Christ was shining, and the only light that could be seen that night was in him. It is always so. We may seem to have light in ourselves, but it may be mere ignorance and pride; or if there is real light, it is only because Christ is shining within us and upon us, and some

reflection is seen of his own light. Darkness in ourselves, and darkness around us, is no reason for doubting the light, but for believing in it, loving it, and pressing forward to it. "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. While ye have the light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of the light. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you; for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth." All the real light of the world is in him, and he that followeth him shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? Hope thou in God."

SWEET SAVOR.

MY dear friends, never forget it is your glorious privilege to be a chosen generation; a holy nation; a peculiar people; and a royal priesthood. Let us, then, resemble the high-priest, who, when he was anointed with that sacred unction, let the oil run down to the very hems and fringes of his garment, that even the smallest parts might shed the fragrant perfume of the sanctuary. Nevertheless, do not cultivate a fastidious delicacy towards others in making requisitions you find it so hard to comply with yourselves. Be content if, by a living faith, they cleave in sincerity to Christ our Saviour, even if their manners are rough and unpolished. Remember, though their hands be those of Esau, you will find their voices and their hearts are still belonging to Jacob.

HOLY INFLUENCE. — I think I have never been so fully convinced, as since my visit here; that Christ does indeed enable his disciples to become the salt of the earth, and to season whatsoever they come near. — *Lancelot*.

PLEASING GOD.

"The Father hath not left me alone, for I do always those things that please him."

BLESSED reason for not being left alone, and blessed security against desertion and desolation. "But Jesus Christ said this of himself." It is just the same as if he had said it of us, "for as he is, so are we in this world," or as he was, in this world, so are we, as to all great principles of obedience. If we do always the things that please the Father, we are just as sure of not being left alone as was he, the Son of God. And if we have the presence and support of the Father, we have as we need what the Son himself and the Spirit can do for us, for they are simultaneous in thought and action concerning us, as concerning the making of worlds.

We do not understand this, because there are no three persons within our scope of knowledge whose minds, though essentially the same, have the same views, the same thoughts, and the same feelings, at precisely the same time. Yet it is so with the three persons in the Godhead; and their union is such as no created beings can think to approach unto, as they cannot attain unto infinity, how much soever they may progress. Limitation is imperfection, as pertains to the intellect.

None but the persons in the Godhead can be perfectly united. How sweet must be the perfect union of the blessed Trinity. Here we get a glimpse of one feature in the eternal happiness of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. No two of us can see alike, because neither the one nor the other can see the whole of any subject; and, as each can see only a part, we are likely to see different parts, and sure to see parts differently related. We cannot have intellectual oneness with each other, nor with Christ, even in his relation to us as God-man. But we may have a moral oneness according to his prayer for us — that

we might be one with him, and that we all might be one. Our subject of concern is how we may be sure of being able to do always those things that please the Father. How can we? By having the heart made clean. When the heart is pure, the thoughts that flow from it will be pure. God looks at the fountain, and knows what waters proceed from it, — whether pure or not, — and he knows how much to allow for the coloring they get from the channels through which they afterwards flow. He is never displeased at what is unavoidable in the human condition; just as the good parent is not displeased with the child that does the best it can, though its effort result in imperfect action. Nay, rather, he or she loves it the more for its struggling against imperfections. So the Divine Parent. Blessed thought! Our imperfections are not against us, if our hearts are right; but there is rather a reward for the sufferings that we ourselves endure on account of them, after we have done all we can to remedy them. There is the present reward of greater love toward us in that infinite heart that beats with one impulse in Father, Saviour, and Comforter. And there is to be, without doubt, a future reward for all that we suffer within ourselves, as well as from others, if we suffer it patiently according to the will of God. How many a sorrow do we feel that has its origin in our inheritance of imperfection, through a combined action of weak organs and limited and enfeebled mind. I speak of our state after we are purified. Before this, we have worse than this to bear. Before God takes perfect possession of the being, the machinery is all ajar, and just as likely to work for evil as for good, and, as it would seem, a great deal more so. No one can expect a reward for the suffering coming from this state of mind, as there is deliverance from it all the while within reach, and guilt is accumulating by the rejection of it. There is rather a reward of suffering coming for

this rejection. The longer the machinery runs destructively, the more it will cost to repair the machine itself. But it would seem unnecessary to use arguments to induce one to get into a state where one can do always those things that please God. The very idea itself is charming, to say nothing of the advantages of it. But to be never left alone — never left unguided — never left unsupported and unnourished — never left unprotected, — who does not long for this? And we are never left un comforted, while we are doing what pleases God. We may be having extreme feelings of some kind, which may turn our attention from the state of comfort in which we are held, and in this way we may be led to think that there are times when we do not feel sensibly the comfortings of the Holy Ghost. And there are times when we so much feel the need of "mighty comforts," that our ordinary state of comfort is depreciated by comparison. But these feelings do not harm us; they only lead us to draw nearer to the great Source. Let us not forget that we have all the approving and loving dispensations of the united God, if we do always those things that please the Father. Oh, who can rest without feeling sure of this?

CHEERING FROM LONDON.

PRECIOUS SEASONS.

FULLY conscious of the blessed sympathy of soul which flows from a vital union with the Lord Jesus, through "sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth," many a loving heart will be gladdened in hearing of the "precious seasons" vouchsafed to us in this great city. Blessed be Jesus, the cause of holiness has many faithful witnesses even here, who "cleave to their precious Redeemer with full purpose of heart." Clothed in the garments of a salvation both perfect and glorious, their hearts filled with "pure love and faith

unfeigned," they realize the blessedness of an indwelling Christ. Brought into this state of freedom from sin and self, no cloud obscures the shining of the Sun of Righteousness, "for they abide in its blessed light." We marvel not that when the hour arrives for assembling together and bearing testimony for Jesus, they should experience precious seasons. Such have I ever found awaiting me in this atmosphere of love. Most thankfully do I bear testimony to the preciousness of the meetings for the promotion of holiness, over which a dear brother in Jesus presides. Under his faithful and powerful exhibition of the "truth as it is in Jesus," many have been turned from "darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." He has been greatly blessed of God in the exaltation of Jesus as a perfect Saviour, and is surrounded by many whom he has been the means of leading into the "rest of faith." The sweet influences of the Divine presence rest upon us, and, as we hear the voice of praise uplifted for Jesus, we rejoice with "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Many a consecrated spot can be pointed out as the birth-place of precious souls, who, brought under the influence of this devoted follower of the Lamb, have been drawn to the foot of the cross and become possessors of salvation. Others, having a clear evidence of their justification through faith in Jesus, under the searching power of the Word have discovered their need of a higher state of grace, even that of "entire sanctification." To them the simple way of faith, as clearly set forth by him in a tract entitled, "Is Holiness attainable in this Life?" has been sweetly revealed. Many a perplexed and anxious soul, seeking for full redemption, has been made its happy possessor by means of this precious "ray from the fountain of light." The testimonies borne to the power of Divine grace are frequent and numerous, and never fail to bring glory to Jesus. Four meetings are held weekly, which continue to be crowned

with blessing in the conversion of sinners and sanctification of believers. To them, as bringing praise to Jesus and precious seasons to thirsty souls, I would refer when opportunity offers. This blessed cause of holiness has still the Master's smile. "Oh magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together."

UNNOTICED RICHES.

WE remember to have heard, many years ago, a short story with a great moral. The story runs thus: When gold was first discovered in North Carolina, every man in the region roundabout began to look with new interest upon the rocks and the earth. An old gentleman had lived many years in a common log dwelling, the space between the logs being *daubed*—as the local term is—with mortar made of native mud. Looking one day with a careless gaze at the walls, he saw a singular scintillation here and there in the mortar; looking more closely, he discovered the shiny particles all through the mass in every cranny; a more thorough investigation revealed the astounding fact that his old log cabin was daubed with golden mortar!

The moral is longer than the story. Our hero was rich, without knowing it or appreciating it; he has become an exemplar of a great truth without any intention. Who knows how often he had sighed at life's hard task or groaned under its burdens? Who will say that he had not looked with envious eyes upon more prosperous neighbors, and indulged in ungrateful repinings at his hopeless toil and ill success in life? And all the time he owned a mine of precious metal, was master of coffers full to their utmost capacity, slept within golden walls. But his eyes were closed; he saw not the glitter of the treasure, read not his title in fee simple to the lavished wealth around him, perhaps dreamed of poverty in his golden abode.

Many there be like this unconscious Cræsus. The air is laden with mercies, yet they breathe heavily and complain of its oppressive impurity. The earth smiles with beauty and bounty, yet they perceive no comeliness in it, and murmur at its sterility. They call life bitter because they will not partake of its sweets. Their lot is hard because they would not have it otherwise. They never enjoy the smiles of fortune because they always look for its frowns. They call God a hard master because he demands labor while he promises wages. They live without grace and die without hope because they open not their eyes and their hearts to the light and the love of God.

WHAT ARE THE RESULTS OF AN OUTPOURING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT?

NOT to speak of modern revivals, what were the results on the day of Pentecost? The state of the disciples and the little Christian church, after the ascension of the Saviour, was very much like that of many sincere believers now. But mark the change on the day of Pentecost. They were filled with the Holy Ghost! they began to speak with other tongues; they continued earnest in prayer, and three thousand were added to the church of such as should be saved.

So now, if our church and our land were to experience such a glorious season, our ministers, like the apostles, would preach more earnestly and more effectually. "The pulpit would become warmed up," and the minister become a flame of fire in God's service. So it was in the case of Peter. He had often preached before to attentive congregations, but after the "baptism of fire" he preached with supernatural power, and the result was proportionate to the power exerted. Our churches and congregations would not only increase, but be characterized by a

spirit of earnest inquiry and alarm. Men and women, now sabbath-breakers and scoffers at religion, would feel themselves unconsciously drawn to the house of God, and would be forced to cry out, "What must we do to be saved?" The services of the sanctuary would become more and more impressive, and the words of the preacher pierce more keenly the hardened conscience. The house of prayer would become invested with a new solemnity, and the language of Jacob be that of every heart, "How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the house of God, and this is the very gate of heaven." Our noon-day prayer meetings and our week-evening prayer meetings would be crowded. Excuses, which now keep Christians away, would no longer be tenable; our prayers would be characterized by unwonted power and force; the conversation of Christians would be all about religion, — not about the preacher, his style, his eloquence, his excellences or defects; but as to the application of his words to their individual souls. The prophecy of Malachi would then be fulfilled, — and they "that feared the Lord spake often one to another." Every season of communion at the mercy-seat would be longed for, as the most interesting moment in life, and the most blessed season of Christian experience. The ungodly world would soon also reap the benefit of such a revival, like the skeptical, unbelieving Jews in the days of Peter. For a while, as in recent times, it might be incredulous, and characterize it as enthusiasm and fanaticism; but by and by the swelling tide of grace would reach the most abandoned sinners. Organic reformation would end in real conversion. Commercial dishonesty, reckless speculation, and political corruption, would in great measure cease. Anarchy, confusion, fraternal recrimination, threatened war and bloodshed would be averted, and the nation as a unit joined; State to State, and brother to brother, in the bonds of Christian love, go for-

ward for the improvement and enlightenment of a groaning world. The church, collectively, would feel its power. Denominationalism would be lost sight of, in so far as it hinders the spread of Bible truth, disputes about words and forms would be hushed to silence, and like a solid phalanx the church would march on to victory, and storm the citadel of Satan. The clarion note from distant lands would chord with the joyous praises of the church at home, and, uniting with the redeemed around the throne, swell the song of triumph down.

How are we to obtain such an outpouring of the Spirit? God works by means in the world of grace, as well as in the domain of nature. Just in the same way as the disciples obtained the Pentecostal baptism of fire. They expected it; they waited for it; they continued day after day, of one accord, in one place, and the result was that the Spirit came.

It is only by waiting upon God, by expecting the heaven-promised blessing, by lifting up the hands, and voice, and heart to heaven, by wrestling, struggling, and holding on to the promise, in spite of all discouragements and secret fears, that we can obtain it. If we would but sincerely expect an answer to our prayers, and think it strange if we did not receive it, and if to our prayers we added constant effort, working and praying, we should soon receive such a blessing as would far exceed our most sanguine expectations.

"SEEING HIM WHO IS INVISIBLE."

In the gallery in Paris hangs a famous picture, by Murillo, of an old Spanish monk seated at his desk. He had begun the chronicle of his life. Death had summoned him before the work was done; but he had sought and obtained leave to return to earth and finish it. You see in

the monk's pale face a more than natural energy. Those sunken eyes looked "beyond the veil," and gleam with visions of eternity. The soul within has communed with the unseen world and beheld face to face "Him who is invisible." And the solemn task is renewed with the earnestness of one who has passed the fading scenes of time, and is absorbed in the realities beyond.

So let the record of your life be written as in the light of eternity. Look beyond, and see the unutterable things which shall soon surround you, when you stand before your Judge. Behold your endless life, your speedy departure.

ON THE NATURE AND REGULATION OF THE PROPENSIVE PRINCIPLES.

At the present time, how important are these counsels! To do and say all we ought, and yet dwell in God, in holy quiet, is our duty and blessed privilege, but by momentarily given grace only can we do it. There is hope for our country in the prayers of the pure in heart, for they see God in the sad events of these dark days.

There is another class of principles which may be considered, for a number of reasons, as coming under the general head of desires, but which are obviously different in some respects from that modification of desire which bears the name of the appetites. These principles, which, in order to distinguish them from the appetites, are denominated the propensities or propensive principles, seem to be less dependent for their existence and exercise upon the condition of the physical system than the appetites are. Removed, in some degree, from the outward senses, which are the bases of the action of the appetites, they obviously sustain a closer affinity to the higher and more important principles of our nature; and accordingly, in the general estimation which is attached

to the different parts of our mental constitution, they are regarded as holding a higher rank. Some of the principles which come under this head [for it is not necessary to enumerate them all, and still less necessary to go into a particular examination of them] are the principle of self-preservation, or the desire of continued existence; curiosity, or the desire of knowledge; sociality, or the desire of society; self-love, or the desire of happiness; the desire of esteem, and some others.

Religion can never be regarded as having taken up its abode in the heart, and as having become a permanent and paramount element of our inward being, without reaching these principles, and without checking their inordinate tendencies, and bringing them back to the original measurement of a subordinate and holy action. It is certainly not too much to say, that we are accountable to God—strictly and fully accountable—for the exercise of the social feelings; for the exercise of the principle of curiosity, or the desire of knowledge; and of other propensive principles, as well as for the indulgence of the appetites, or the exercise of any other inward act or tendency of which we are susceptible. And accordingly it cannot properly be said, in the full sense of the terms, that we live in Christ, or that "Christ liveth in us," while any of these principles retain an unsanctified influence. They do not require to be destroyed; but it is obvious that they must be made holy.

It will be perceived that these views are not entirely accordant with the sentiments which have sometimes been entertained by individuals, and even by large bodies of Christians. Many pious persons, at different periods in the history of the church, have maintained that the various propensities and affections should not merely be crucified in the true Scripture sense, namely, by being reduced from an irregular to a subordinate and holy action, but should be EXTERMINATED. In accordance with this opinion, obviously

erroneous as it is, many persons of both sexes, some of them distinguished for their learning and their rank in life, have avoided, by a permanent principle of action, everything that could please the appetites or gratify the demands of our social nature. Influenced by mistaken notions of what Christianity really requires, they have literally made their abode in the dens and caves of the earth, and may be said, with too much foundation in fact, to have rejected the society of man for the companionship of wild beasts. Ecclesiastical history is interspersed with instances of this kind, from the days of the anchorites, who macerated their bodies and uttered their solitary prayers in the deserts of Egypt, down to the present time. It is related, for instance, of Catherine of Cardonne, a pious Spanish lady of the sixteenth century, moving in the first ranks of society and well accomplished in the endowments of intellect and education, that she retired to a solitary cavern in a remote mountainous region, and spent many years in the strictest seclusion, with no adequate clothing, and with no food but what the uncultivated earth afforded. No one can read the story of the extreme privations to which she subjected herself for the purpose of a more intimate communion with God, without a mixed emotion of regret for the errors of her judgment, and of profound respect for the self-sacrificing piety of her heart. There have been many instances of this kind.

There is some reason to think that many of the class of persons to whom we have reference in these remarks placed more reliance on works than on faith. This was a great error, though a candid consideration of their lives will probably justify us in regarding it as an unintentional one. The mighty efficacy of faith, in its relation to the renovation of the human mind, seems not to have been well understood by them. And being left destitute, in a considerable degree, of the aids and consolations which so abundantly flow from that

source, they pressed the principle of consecration, which, independently of faith, becomes the imperfect and unsatisfactory principle of mere works, to its extreme limits. They deprived themselves of the necessary sleep; wore garments that inflicted constant suffering; mingled ashes with their bread; and submitted to other acts and observances of a penitential nature, either to render themselves, in their present characters, more acceptable to God, or to propitiate the divine mercy for the commission of past sins.

With feelings of entire sympathy with the sincerity which has characterized the conduct of many humble and suffering recluses, we still feel bound to say, that we do not understand the Scriptures as requiring the crucifixion of the appetites and propensities to be carried to this extent. The Scriptures require us to become Christians, but they do not require us to cease to be men. They require us to put off the "old man," which is fictitious, a perversion of good, and a "liar from the beginning;" but they do not, and could not require us to put off the "new man," which is the same, if not physically and intellectually, yet in all the attributes of the heart, with the primitive or holy man,—the man as he existed in Adam before his fall, and as he became re-existent in the stainless Saviour. But Christ, who is set before us as our example, ate and drank without sin; he recognized and discharged the duty of social intercourse without sin; and he performed the various other duties which are appropriate to human nature, in equal freedom from anything that is wrong and unholy.

And we may make a single remark here, which may tend to relieve the minds of some in relation to this subject, namely, that it is a more difficult thing, and requires more reflection and more religious principle, to regulate the appetites and propensities, than it does to destroy them. And while the work of a holy regulation is to be regarded as a more difficult work

than that of destruction, we may add, that it is undoubtedly more acceptable to God; although it is probably less calculated to attract notice and to secure celebrity. God expects us to do what he requires us to do; and to attempt to do more, or do otherwise, than he requires, can result only from a mistaken judgment, or from perverse intentions.

GEMS FROM WHEDON'S COMMENTARY.

For great missions the preparation is great trials.

As he who would fill a whole room with light first deposits the light in the lamp, so God, to illuminate the nations, first deposits his truth in his lamp—his chosen people.

The spirit of Christ is the spirit of martyrdom.

God's foreknowledge is antecedent to his predetermination, and is the ground of it.

When Christ gives his law, he gives a heart and a pleasure to keep that law, so that he who obeys it does as he pleases.

As the viper's nature is derived by propagation from its original parents, so man's moral nature is derived from his progenitors.

The tie of human relationship is physical and temporal; the tie to Christ is spiritual and eternal.

It is the law of God's spiritual kingdom that resistance to truth hardens the heart.

The destruction of probationary sinners would be the destruction of the probationary system.

If it require a man, on conversion, to make restitution of thousands of dollars, he obtains salvation cheaply.

A faithless church restrains the convicting and converting Spirit. Unbelief defeats omnipotence.

The doctrine that there is no higher law than wicked rulers are pleased to enact, is essential atheism.

A man is a voluntary CAUSE, and is responsible for all his voluntary and intentional EFFECTS.

Many cannot endure the excitement of prayer who are fond of the excitement of carousal.

There would be less skepticism if men's hearts were as pure as the evidences of religion are clear.

God gives no man faith wherewith to play miraculous pranks.

There are millions of rich men meaner than the meanest poverty can make them.

The religion that costs the owner nothing is probably worth about its cost.

The GOOD are not too good to need the gospel; nor the BAD so bad as to have no hope, if they will accept it.

If we love God completely, we shall perform all our duties to his creatures.

As the word of God is a great prophecy of the world to come, so he who preaches it truly prophesies.

To sacrifice our own preferences in order that our wills may be one with God's, is true resignation.

He that is wilfully barren may find himself given over to impotence.

Powers disused are powers forfeited.

The voice of nature speaks with a divine wisdom when we take God's word to interpret its language.

THE WATCHWORD.

IN one of the great rock-galleries of Gibraltar, two British soldiers had mounted guard, one at each end of the vast tunnel. One was a believing man, whose soul had found rest upon the Rock of Ages; the other was seeking rest, but had not found it.

It was midnight, and these soldiers were going their rounds, the one meditating on the blood which had brought peace to his soul, the other darkly brooding over his own disquietudes and doubt. Suddenly an officer passes, challenges the former,

and demands the watchword. "The precious blood of Christ!" called out the startled veteran, forgetting for a moment the password of the night, and uttering unconsciously the thought which was at that moment filling his soul. Next moment he corrected himself, and the officer, no doubt amazed, passed on. But the words he had spoken had rung through the gallery and entered the ears of his fellow-soldier at the other end, like a message from heaven. It seemed as if an angel had spoken, or rather as if God himself had proclaimed the good news in that still hour. "The precious blood of Christ!" Yes; that was peace! His troubled soul was now at rest. That midnight voice had spoken the good news to him, and God had carried home the message. "The precious blood of Christ!" Strange but blessed watchword, never to be forgotten! For many a day and year, no doubt, it would be the joy and rejoicing of his heart.

"THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST CLEANSETH FROM ALL SIN."

Cling to the Mighty One, Cling in thy grief;	Ps. lxxxix. 19. Heb. xii. 11.
Cling to the Holy One, He gives relief;	Hab. i. 12. Ps. cxlvi. 9.
Cling to the Gracious One, Cling in thy pain;	Ps. cxvi. 5. Ps. lv. 4.
Cling to the Faithful One, He will sustain.	1 Thess. v. 24. Ps. xxviii. 8.
Cling to the Living One, Cling in thy woe;	Heb. vii. 25. Ps. lxxxvi. 7.
Cling to the Loving One, Through all below;	1 John iv. 16. Rom. viii. 38, 39.
Cling to the Pardonng One, He speaketh peace;	Is. lv. 7. John xiv. 27.
Cling to the Healing One, Anguish shall cease.	Exod. xv. 26. Ps. cxlvii. 3.
Cling to the Bleeding One, Cling to his side;	1 John i. 7. John xx. 27.
Cling to the Risen One, In him abide;	Rom. vi. 9. John xv. 4.
Cling to the Coming One, Hope shall arise;	Rev. xxii. 20. Titus ii. 13.
Cling to the Reigning One, Joy lights thine eyes.	Ps. xcvi. 1. Ps. xvi. 11.

AS THOU WILT.

Go not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me anything thou wilt,
But go not *thou* away;
And let the storm that does thy work
Deal with me as it may.

On thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress;
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love thee less.
Oh! 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need thy tenderness.

Thy love has many a hidden path
No outward eye can trace;
And through the darkest night my heart
Leaps to behold thy face,
And communes with thee 'mid the storm
As in a quiet place.

O Comforter of God's redeemed,
Whom the world does not see,
I wish not to avoid the flood
That casts my soul on thee.
Who would not suffer pain like mine,
To be consoled like me?

When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on thine everlasting strength,
With passive trust, I stay;
And the rough wind becomes a song,
And darkness shines like day.

Oh! blessed are the eyes that see
(Though silent anguish show)
The love that, in their hours of sleep,
Unthanked might come and go;
And blessed are the ears that hear,
Though kept awake by woe.

Happy are they that learn in thee,
Though patient suffering teach
The secret of enduring strength,
And praise, too deep for speech;
Peace that no pressure from without,
No strife within, can reach.

There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died;
There is no curse in all my pain,
For he was crucified;
And it is fellowship with him
That keeps me near his side.

No suffering while it lasts is joy,
How blest soe'er it be;
Yet may the suffering child be glad
The Father's face to see;
And, oh! it is not *hard* to bear
What must be borne in thee!

It is not hard to bear, in faith,
In thine own bosom laid,
The trial of a soul redeemed,
For thy rejoicing made;
Well may the heart in patience rest
That none can make afraid.

Deep unto deep may call, but I,
With peaceful heart, will say,
Thy loving-kindness has a charge
No waves can take away;
So let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may.

"THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE."

THERE'S no night there!
But the day is ever bright;
There is no need of starry ray,
Nor moonbeam's silver light;
No twilight shadows, gray and dim,
Tidings of darkness bear,
And there is heard no evening hymn —
There's no night there!

There's no night there!
Nor need of nightly rest;
There are no aching brows, nor eyes
With weariness oppressed;
No watchings of woe, when the lamp doth shed
A feeble, fitful glare,
Nor weary tossings on the bed —
There's no night there!

There's no night there!
And night is the emblem of death;
There are no gatherings round the couch
To hear what the dying saith.
They have conquered death who reach that shore,
And palms of victory bear;
The day is bright forevermore —
There's no night there!

"I WILL TRUST IN THE COVERT OF THY WINGS."

EDITORS OF THE GUIDE: In reading the sixty-first Psalm, I was struck with the exceeding beauty of the sentiment contained in the latter clause of the fourth verse, viz., "I will trust in the covert of thy wings."

My heart, though sad when I opened the precious volume, in view of the appalling condition of our beloved country, was cheered with the blessed thought, that in the wings of Eternal Love we have a covert, where we shall be secure, "though the earth be removed," etc.

If you think the accompanying lines, prompted by the sweet passage referred to, worthy of a place in your excellent Guide, they are at your service. With high Christian regard,

Yours,

MARY D. JAMES.

ARRAYED in battle, fierce and dread,
Myriads of cruel foes
Their desolating influence spread,
And fill our land with woes;
But, lo! the great Jehovah bends,
And o'er us his broad wings extends!

In that blest covert will we trust,
Though all be swept away, —
Our fondest hopes laid in the dust,
And brightest joys decay; —
The covert of those wings of love
Is our sure trust, though earth remove.

Dark boding clouds now intervene,
Yet those expanded wings
By faith's all-piercing eye are seen;
The glorious King of kings
Reigns in his majesty and might,
And will give victory to the right!

To finite vision, darker seem
The clouds that o'er us lower;
To mortal ken, no cheering beam
Gilds with bright hope this hour! —
Yet God is working, — never fear, —
The day of our redemption's near.

Infinite wisdom, love, and power,
Are pledged the right to bless; —
"The wicked flourish," but the hour
Now hastes when they shall cease
To triumph o'er the oppressed; — God's word,
"Let the oppressed go free," is heard!

His mandate nations must obey,
And bow to his control;
Princes shall own his sovereign sway,
And soon, from pole to pole,
The Great Eternal Power made known,
Our ransomed world its God shall own!

"KEEP THY HEART."

SOLOMON utters grave counsel when he says, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." The fountain not more certainly produces the stream than do "the issues of life" flow from the moral condition of the heart. An evil heart draws after it an evil life, as a bad tree yields indifferent fruit. Everything affecting a man's interest and welfare in the world begins with the seat of his character and the source of his actions — the heart. Bacon truly says, —

All our actions take
Their hues from the complexion of the heart,
As landscapes their variety from light.

A man's life, happiness, and moral power are in his heart. If wrong at the heart he is wrong everywhere. The wise man sets this question at rest when he says, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." The stream cannot rise above its fountain; the fruit cannot be better than the tree yielding it. If this be so, how important that we keep the heart with all diligence.

Keep thy heart! To keep the heart is to fortify and guard it—is to make it invincible to the assaults of our spiritual adversaries. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" therefore it is always the point of attack to the enemy. If it be not fortified by grace it may be carried by assault; if it be not properly guarded it may be taken by strategy. Our foe always adapts his means, like a wary foe, to the end proposed; and that heart is safe from capture only that is not "ignorant of his devices," but is prepared for him whether he comes as a roaring lion or as an angel of light.

Keep thy heart with all diligence, or, as some render it, "above all keepings." Whatever else you fail to keep, keep thy heart. Stay it on God and keep it stayed upon him. Keep thy heart with more diligence than you keep your money, or any other secondary interest. Recollect, out of your heart are the issues of your life. You are to be happy or miserable in time and in eternity just as you attend to this solemn duty. Then keep thy heart above all keepings. Guard all the avenues by which the enemy may approach it; make it by prayer and faith strong in God and in the power of his might; and then may you rest assured that all that ennoble man in this life and enriches him in the next will be your portion.

If we could see the end as God does, we should see that every event is for the believer. When we get to the haven, we shall see that every wind was wafting us to glory.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE ATTAINMENT OF HOLINESS.

What is the first direction you would give to a person seeking holiness?

Endeavor to get a clear and distinct view of the blessing promised. What is it? The extermination of sin from the soul—*simple purity*—FREEDOM FROM SIN. It consists in the destruction and removal of sin, and the renewal of the soul in the image of God, so that the *fountain of thought, affection, desire and impulse is pure*.

What is the second direction you would give?

Come to a *firm and decided resolution* to seek until you obtain the victory—a *pure heart*. You must have a resolution which will not cower when the knife is put to the heart to amputate its idols. Your purpose must be *settled, decided, unflinching, and unconquerable*. "The day of the Lord is near in the valley of *décision*." None but an *invincible* resolution will answer.

What is the third direction you would give?

Endeavor to *feel* your need of it. If you have but little or no sense of need, you will assuredly make no progress. The feeling that is required is represented by the sensations of *hunger and thirst*. Our Saviour says, "Blessed are they which do *hunger and thirst after righteousness*." Your efforts in seeking holiness will be likely to harmonize with the strength of your desires. The necessary feelings of penitence, self-abasement, and of strong desire for holiness, may be secured by *prayer, searching the Scriptures, meditation, and self-examination*.

What is the fourth direction you would give?

Make an *entire consecration* of yourself to God—your soul, your body, your time, your talents, your influence, and *your all*—a complete assignment of *all* to Christ. Search and surrender, and re-search and

surrender again, until you get every vestige of self upon the altar of consecration. There is no sanctification without *entire consecration*. Consecration, which is your work (with helping grace), is not sanctification, but it invariably precedes it, and ever afterward accompanies it. Sanctification, which is God's work, invariably follows consecration, and must ever abide with it as the *sin-consuming* and *soul-keeping energy*. Entire consecration and entire sanctification, *our work* and *God's work*, must be joined together.

You must consecrate yourself in *detail*, and get every *item* upon the altar. In order to grasp the *whole*, you must take in the *items*. Take a complete inventory of your all, and sign it over to Jesus for value received. The consecration must be perfect before the offering will be received. God will have a thorough work, and purity will never be given or retained but on condition of *entire, universal, unconditional abandonment of all sin, and acceptance and approval of all the will of God*.

What is the only and the proximate condition of sanctification?

Faith. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Faith is the only condition of sanctification, and God always saves the moment true faith is exercised. You ask, "Believe what?"

1. Believe that God has *promised* it in the Holy Scriptures.

2. Believe what God hath promised he is *able* to perform.

3. Believe that he is *able* and *willing* to do it now.

4. Believe that he *doth* it.

If you are earnestly seeking holiness, will you examine yourself thoroughly by the following interrogations?

1. Do I properly understand the *nature* of holiness?

2. Do I clearly *see*, properly *feel* my *inbred sin* and consequent need of holiness?

3. Am I *willing, anxious, and resolved* to obtain it?

4. Am I willing to give up all to God, —

self, family, property, reputation, time, talents, everything, — to be his, used for him, and never withheld or taken from him?

5. Do I believe he is *able* to sanctify me?

6. Do I believe he is *willing* to sanctify me?

7. Do I believe he has *promised* to sanctify me?

8. Do I believe that, having promised, he is able and willing to do it now, on condition of my faith?

9. Do I then, seeing all this, believe that he *now* will do it — *now*, this moment?

10. Am I *now* committing all, and *trusting* in the *present* tense? If you are, it is done! O that God may aid your trembling faith, and give you the victory this moment!

Mr. Wesley says, "The voice of God to your soul is, *Believe and be saved*. *Faith* is the *condition*, and the *only condition*, of sanctification — *exactly as it is in justification*. No man is sanctified till he believes; every man, when he believes, is sanctified."

Will you give Mr. Wesley's views of the faith that sanctifies?

"But what is that faith whereby we are sanctified, saved from sin, and perfected in love? This faith is a divine evidence or conviction —

"1. That God hath *promised* this sanctification in the Holy Scriptures.

"2. It is a divine evidence or conviction that what God hath promised he is *able* to perform.

"3. It is a divine evidence or conviction that he is *able and willing* to do it *now*.

"4. To this confidence, that God is *able and willing* to sanctify us *now*, there needs to be added one thing more — a divine evidence or conviction that he *doth* it."

What do you mean by a distinct and naked faith?

By a *simple* faith is meant *taking God at his word* without REASONING; and by

naked faith is meant, faith independent of all feeling, and stripped of every other dependence but CHRIST ALONE. The holy Fletcher says, a naked faith is "a faith, independent of all feelings, in a naked promise; bringing nothing with you but a careless, distracted, tossed, hardened heart — just such a heart as you have got now." Lady Maxwell describes it thus: "I have often acted faith for sanctification, in the absence of all feeling; and it has always diffused an indescribable sweetness through my soul."

Mr. Fletcher illustrates it in the following way: "As when you reckon with your creditor or with your host, and as, when you have paid all, you reckon yourselves free, so now reckon with God. Jesus has paid all; and he hath paid for thee — hath purchased thy pardon and holiness. Therefore, it is now God's command, 'Reckon thyself dead unto sin;' and thou art alive unto God from this hour. O, begin, begin to reckon now; fear not; believe, BELIEVE, BELIEVE; and continue to believe every moment. So shalt thou continue free; for it is retained, as it is received, by faith alone."

What should naked faith for a present blessing be based on?

Upon the fact —

1. That provision for its bestowment has been made.
2. That God has clearly promised it.
3. That it is consistent with the will of God that you should now receive it.
4. That you now answer the conditions upon which the promise is suspended.

May I come to Christ now, just as I am?

Yes, precious soul, this very moment. May the Lord help you. You can make yourself no better. We cannot save ourselves in part before coming to Christ. Tears, groanings, resolutions, and lamentations will make us no better or more worthy. "Now is the day of salvation;" now is the time you should believe. It is wrong not to believe. Say, Here, Lord, I will, I do believe; thou hast said now;

now let it be. And now rest your soul on the all-atoning merit of Jesus.

"If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all."

"All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him."

Is there a distinction between entire consecration and entire sanctification?

There is. The work of entire consecration belongs to us; the work of entire sanctification belongs to God. Entire consecration is offering our all a complete sacrifice to God; entire sanctification is entire consecration, accompanied by the sin-consuming power of the Holy Ghost. We may be entirely consecrated, without being entirely sanctified. Sanctification includes entire consecration; but entire consecration does not necessarily include entire sanctification; it precedes and accompanies it.

What is the difference between the consecration previous to conversion and that previous to entire sanctification?

They are essentially the same, both involving complete submission to God up to the present light of the soul; but, while in principle they are the same, that which precedes entire sanctification is made with a fuller and deeper sense of the import of perfect submission to God. The penitent, seeking pardon, consecrates himself to the full extent of his discovery of truth and duty. The believer, seeking purity, renews this consecration, in view of the revelations which increasing light, time, and the word of God have made of his moral deficiency.

Is any certain standard of conviction or feeling given in the Bible as necessary in seeking holiness?

The Bible presents no particular standard of feeling to which all must come. It presents a clear standard of action and of purity but not of feeling. Our temperaments will have much to do with our feelings; hence the folly of measuring ourselves by others, in regard to feeling. It is not necessary that all should have the

same conviction, or the same amount of feeling, in order to seek either *justification* or *sanctification*. All must be brought, not to the same degree of *emotion*, but to entire *submission* to God, to the *terms* of salvation, and the *consequences* that may follow. We should never place too much dependence upon the mere matter of feeling. All the feelings which God requires are such as naturally and necessarily exist in connection with constant and entire consecration of every power and energy to the service of God. Those mistake exceedingly who make direct efforts to produce feelings or emotions otherwise than those which naturally arise in the faithful discharge of duty. As to convictions, I suppose that to believe in the doctrine of sanctification, and at the same time to know that you have not experienced it, and need it, is all that is necessary. Certainly this is all that is necessary to commence seeking it; then, if deeper convictions are necessary, they will be given in the improvement of present convictions. The object of *conviction* is to lead to *action*. "Knowledge is conviction;" and a clear perception of duty is all that a *rational* being should ask.

Do not deep convictions for holiness sometimes obscure, for the time being, the light of present justification?

Doubtless this is often the case. It commonly happens that a Christian who begins earnestly to seek full salvation soon comes to the conclusion that he really has much less grace than he thought he had. Sometimes the soul, seeking holiness, will cast his confidence away altogether, and conclude he was deceived, and had never been born again. This is an error, and should be carefully guarded against. It is often the case that such find so much sin remaining in them, and the corruptions of their hearts are made so apparent by being restrained and opposed, that they do not perceive the evidence of the grace they have received.

Are the convictions of a believer, seeking

holiness, the same as those of a sinner seeking pardon?

They are materially different from those felt by the unpardoned sinner. They are convictions of inward *depravity*, and not of *guilt*. They produce *pain*, but not *condemnation*. Bishop Hedding says, "Though the Christian does not feel guilty for this depravity, as he would do if he had voluntarily broken the law of God, yet he is often grieved, and afflicted, and reproved at a sight of this sinfulness of his nature." Mr. Wesley says, "The repentance consequent upon justification is widely different from that which is antecedent to it. This implies no *guilt*, no sense of *condemnation*, no consciousness of the *wrath of God*. It does not suppose any doubt of the favor of God, or any 'fear that hath torment.' It is properly a conviction, wrought by the Holy Ghost, of the *sin* which still remains in our heart; of the *carnal mind*, which 'does still remain (as our church speaks) even in them that are regenerate,' although it does no longer reign; it has not now dominion over them."

What are the usual exercises of the mind of a believer in seeking holiness?

They are directly the reverse of what many suppose. The process is a *humbling*, *sifting*, *searching*, *crucifying* one. When the believer begins to pray for holiness, instead of receiving at once a stream of bright, sweet, heavenly fire and glory, the soul begins to see more and more of its own *vileness*, *deformity*, and inward *corruption*. God makes to the soul a more clear and painful discovery of remaining *impurity*. The soul has no more sin now than it had before, but is becoming more thoroughly acquainted with itself. It has now a more clear view of the tendency in itself to evil, and of the fact that it is shut up to the grace of God for help. Hence it is that, when a believer begins to pray for purity, he appears to himself to grow worse and worse. Repenting believer, hold on; pray and believe through. This may be a necessary process. "Blessed are they that

mourn, for they shall be comforted." "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Is it important that prayer should be definite and discriminating in seeking holiness?

All indefiniteness is evidently in the way of seeking purity. We seldom get special blessings by indefinite prayers. Let the blessing desired be matter of distinct and intense thought, and, separated from everything else, let it be asked for.

We have ample authority in divine revelation for definiteness in prayer. David, who longed for inward purity, prayed, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." The Saviour prayed, "Sanctify them through thy truth." The apostle prays, "The very God of peace sanctify you wholly," &c. These are specific prayers for the blessing of entire sanctification. Why should you not ask for the very blessing you need and desire? Why pray at random? When you want one thing of your fellow-men, you do not ask for another, nor for everything. The very thing asked for is what you may expect to obtain. "If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him!"

Dr. George Peck says, "We must fix our attention upon this one object. This must be everything to us. For the time, the hell we would be delivered from must be the hell of inbred sin; and the heaven we would obtain, the heaven of loving God alone."

Should a clear evidence of justification precede the seeking of entire sanctification?

This should usually be the case; but there may be some exceptions, as in those persons who have lost their justification by refusing to seek holiness. We think such persons, in some instances, may regain the light of justification in connection with their entire sanctification. But God's usual order is, first, the light of justifica-

tion, and then the work of entire sanctification.

Many, we fear, who commence seeking entire sanctification in a backslidden state, on being blessed, conclude they are in the possession of perfect love, when, in fact, they are only reclaimed from a backslidden state. Such often bring reproach upon the cause of holiness. It is very desirable to start out in the clear light of regeneration and justification to seek for the Canaan of perfect love.

THY WILL BE DONE.

OLD Betty was very poor and sold matches for a living. She was converted late in life, and felt that she had a great debt of gratitude to pay to her precious Saviour, and but a little time to pay it in. She was, therefore, very active in doing good, visiting the sick, collecting money for the poor and for the heathen, giving something to those who were poorer than herself, and speaking to every one, where she had an opportunity, a word for Jesus. If she had but one talent, she would not bury that in the earth, but use it in his service. "The love of Christ constrained her." She believed, and therefore spoke. How many under similar circumstances would plead that they had no influence, they could do nothing, they were too poor or ignorant to do any good. Not so with old Betty. She had tasted of the goodness of the Lord, and she must tell others what a rich feast she had found and bid them come.

One day, while engaged in her active duties, she took cold, and was laid up with rheumatism and a severe cough. For many months she was confined to her bed, and unable to do anything for herself or others. An aged minister visited her while in this condition, and asked her if it was not very hard to be laid aside from active duty, and how she was enabled to bear her long confinement so patiently.

"Not at all hard, sir, not at all," said old Betty. "When I was well I used to hear the Lord say to me, day by day, 'Betty, go here; Betty, go there; Betty, do this; Betty, do that;' and I used to do it, as well as I could; and now I hear him saying every day, '*Betty, lie still and cough.*'"

What profound philosophy as well as devoted piety did this answer evince. It is foolish as well as wicked to rebel against the allotments of Providence. It is like the eagle beating its breast against the iron bars of its cage until it falls down all bleeding and exhausted. It does no good, but much harm. We cannot change our condition by murmuring at it, but we can make ourselves and all around us very miserable. God knows where we can do most for him, and he puts us in that *very place* that is best for us and for all. It is a hard trial, one of the hardest no doubt, for an active and devoted servant of Christ to be rendered unfit for work. But we are very unwise to murmur at it. Those who are deprived of the privilege of laboring for Christ may suffer for him, and by their suffering in a Christian spirit do more good than they could in any other way. "The dairyman's daughter" did a far nobler work for Christ by suffering upon her couch than if she had possessed perfect health. She might have been a good milkmaid, and know how to make fine butter and cheese, and been a faithful daughter and sister and church-member; but who would ever have heard of her beyond her little circle? But from her sick-bed her feeble voice has gone out through all the earth, and her words to the ends of the world. She ~~was~~ preaching in the language of almost every civilized nation. She little thought at the time of the greatness of the work she was doing. *No one ever does who is doing a great work.* She simply did her duty, and suffered meekly and humbly and cheerfully for her precious Saviour all that he saw fit to lay upon her. She lost her will in the divine

will; and this is the secret of happiness and usefulness.

"Not my will, but thine, O God, be done," was the utterance of the happiest and most useful being who ever trod the earth in human form, and it came from the deepest darkness of sorrow, and was the incense of a crushed and bleeding heart. The more we resemble him the happier we shall be, and the more good we shall do. When our wills perfectly harmonize with the divine will, — when we can *feel* as well as *say* "thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," — then nothing can disturb us. Everything will please us because it is the ordering of our Heavenly Father.

Dr. Payson wrote, near the close of his life: "O what a blessed thing it is to lose one's will! Since I have lost my will I have found happiness. There can be no such thing as disappointment to me, for I have no desire but that God's will may be accomplished. I can find no words to express my happiness. I seem to be swimming in a river of pleasure, which is carrying me on to the great fountain."

SABBATH HOURS.

"The Sabbath morn —
The village bells — the shepherd's voice, —
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And always bid that heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms;
Ours be the prophet's ear of fire
That bears us to a Father's arms."

AMONG the most pleasing reminiscences of my childhood, which memory brings out from the treasury of the past, are the still, calm Sabbaths spent beneath the dear old homestead, whose hallowed hours were accepted as so much lent us from heaven, to be employed not in receiving visitors or reading light literature, or even in attiring ourselves in our Sunday clothes and going to church, but as a brief rest between the

cares of life, a standpoint from which to look over at the blessed country beyond.

When not employed in the more public services of the sanctuary, the Bible was read verse-about, or, following Pilgrim on his journey, grandfather would explain to us its meaning; and then, old and young all joined in singing Coronation, or Old Hundred, or some of the old tunes so popular in those days.

The influence of those early Sabbaths clings to me with tenacity, and their memory is precious. I cannot now take up a book on the Sabbath which treats of secular things without feeling in my heart that I commit a sin. We are commanded to set apart only one day out of seven, and yet how little of that even are we willing to devote to the Lord. Our thoughts and words, instead of being employed on sacred themes, are too frequently engrossed with politics, the crops, the neighbors we see at church, or any other topic but the one which should engage us in its short hours. What a record do these misspent hours bear to eternity!

To the Christian, Sabbath hours are full of blessedness; the soul looks out then from her earthly cage, and sees with longing eyes the near approach of an eternal Sabbath, never to be desecrated by sin. In the harmonious peal of the church bells, the voice of God calls her to devote herself afresh to his service, and gain a foretaste of heaven. On this day the troubles, cares and perplexities of life should be laid aside, and the soul gain strength for a renewal of the conflict.

Is it not sad to know that in this day of gospel light, and in a country abounding with churches, there are many who never enter the doors of the sacred edifice, who spend the Sabbath as a day appointed for pleasure and self-indulgence? Oh! fatal error,—a subject for repentance on a bed of death, where things must be seen not as we wish, but as they are. What would such not give then to recall those misspent hours? They cannot excuse them-

selves on the ground of ignorance or lack of opportunity. Even nature, in her voiceless eloquence, teaches of God.

"Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from the voice of pulpit and divines,
Still would I find in flowers of thy ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines."

Some one has said that we should "carry with us a great deal of the Sabbath into the week, and none of the week into the Sabbath." The former can never be done without a proper regard for the latter. If we embrace the occasion to acquire the spirit becoming the Sabbath we shall feel its influence in the bustling and busy cares of the ensuing week.

"If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable, and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words, then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and gird thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

LETTER FROM MRS. PALMER.

The following private letter to Mrs. Lankford will be read with interest by Mrs. Palmer's numerous friends. Still, "in labors more abundant," she is detained on the other side of the water. While, with others, we should rejoice at her return, we would do nothing to draw her from a field where success is so eminently attending her labor.

PORTADOWN, IRELAND, }
August 2d, 1862.

DEAR SISTER SARAH:—Your last came to hand a few days ago. We were then at Enniskillen. The camp meeting was gloriously owned of God in the sanctification of believers and the conversion of sinners. The secretary told me that in all he believed about five hundred and

fifty had sought and obtained either justifying or sanctifying grace. We scarcely had a service but from twenty to fifty were forward as seekers. We remained a week after the close of the camp meeting. The mayor of the town and some other prominent persons, who had not given their hearty assent to the camp meeting, desired that we should remain and hold meetings in the Town Hall. We did so, and the matter proved to be eminently of God. Meetings were held at seven o'clock in the morning, and at midday, and at seven in the evening. After the addresses in the evening, seekers of salvation were invited to an adjoining room, while the prayer meeting service was still going on in the large hall. From thirty to forty might be seen night after night bowed at the penitent forms, some seeking pardon, others the blessing of holiness. This was surely an amazing scene in a room which had been so often devoted to balls and noisy debates. Said the man who had long acted as hall-keeper, "Never has there been the like of this in the Town Hall before." He seemed to be delighted, and said he wished the meetings might continue. A curious thing occurred on finishing up our week's service in the Town Hall. We had our last service on Saturday evening. The hall was taken for a public concert on Monday evening. The person who was to give the concert had doubtless given instructions that the large placards which had announced the revival services in the hall should all be covered with his own announcing the singing of foolish songs. At first sight it seemed as if the servants of sin had performed quite an achievement in this; but lo! right under their bills were the words, in large letters, "FRIEND, IS YOUR SOUL SAVED?" This was the last line on the bill announcing the religious services of the week just closed, which had been largely attended; and how fitting, in view of the change proposed, that the solemn question should be asked, "Friend, is your soul saved?"

We left Enniskillen on Monday of last week, but the meetings were so eminently owned of God in the salvation of souls, that they were removed to the Wesleyan chapel, and are still going on. Young Mr. Hall, whose Conference station is at Toronto, Canada, is here on a visit. He, with Mr. Graves, whom Miss A. will remember, are still going on with the services, and much good is being done.

We are now endeavoring to be answerable to special services in Portadown. The Wesleyans have a beautiful large chapel here, and during the great revival of three years since many were added to the Lord. And now the God of all grace is again pouring out his Spirit. From twenty to thirty are nightly surrounding the altar, some seeking pardon, others purity. We did not intend remaining over a week, but it seems impossible to leave. We have engaged to go to Londonderry next week, after which, if able, we stand engaged to go to Dublin, in answer to invitations many times repeated. But I have been laboring under a severe cold for many days. Dr. P. took his turn, and I am now taking mine. If we wait to get done our work here, I know not when we shall return.

While I write I suppose you are attending the Boston camp meeting. Oh, what a work there is to do, and how few disposed to do it. How sad the state of our country! Surely it is a time of trouble. We are pleading with unutterable longings that all our dear ones may be safely gathered. If we were with them, we would love to sing the hymn commencing with,

"How happy are the little flock," &c.

EXPOSITION OF ECCL. VII. 20.

THIS text reads as follows: "There is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not." So far as the special point now had in view is concerned, the parenthetic reading of 1 Kings viii. 46, "For there is no man that sinneth

not," is exactly parallel to this; so that what explains the one will correspondingly explain the other.

How then are we to understand the first-named passage? The wise man certainly could not intend to affirm that there is no man living who does not *knowingly* and *wilfully* sin against God. He could not so intend, because such a declaration would be in direct opposition to other parts of the sacred volume. Of the hero of Uz it is affirmed, Job i. 1, that "he was a perfect and upright man, and one that feared God, and eschewed" — avoided, kept away from, did not commit — "evil." "He that committeth sin is of the devil." . . . "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin," 1 John iii. 8, 9. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright." Psalm xxxvii. 37.

Now the text in question must be so explained as to harmonize with these and other kindred passages. Understood in either one of the three following ways, it is perfectly consistent with them:—

1. It may mean that there is none so righteous as not to have a sinful nature; thus agreeing with St. Paul where he says, Rom. iii. 23, "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." In this sense, "there is none righteous, no, not one;" "we have turned every one to his own way."

2. The text may be understood as simply asserting man's peccability; that is to say, that none is so holy that he *may* not sin. "And sinneth not" does not, indeed, do justice to the Hebrew. *Yekhetau* is not in the present tense, and should rather be rendered, and *may* not, or *shall* not sin. *Yekhetau* has been so rendered by our translators, elsewhere, in a multitude of instances. As examples, see the following places: 1 Sam. ii. 25; 2 Chron. vi. 22; Lev. v. 1; 1 Kings viii. 46.

3. Or, finally, the text may mean that, if we have reference to the strict letter of the law,—the Adamic law, or law of

works,—there is none that doth not sin. Mr. Wesley never used the phrase *sinless perfection*, and never could use it consistently with his views of the divine law. If man is contemplated apart from God's remedial scheme, the scheme of the gospel, freedom from sin is utterly out of the question.

But what are the reflections suggested by the passage under consideration, thus understood?

1. That man is a fallen being. This conclusion is inevitable, whichsoever of the above constructions we may choose to adopt.

2. In order to salvation we need an atonement. "The law made nothing perfect, but the bringing in of a better hope did." "Without shedding of blood is no remission" of sin. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy, he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost, which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour." The most perfect of human kind has need to say,—

"Every moment, Lord, I need
The merits of thy death."

3. The best of us has nothing of which to boast. "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it"—that is, this salvation—"is the gift of God." "Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law?—of works? Nay; but by the law of faith." The last stone in the temple of human salvation is to be brought forth with shoutings, "Grace, grace unto it." All of the redeemed out of every kindred, and nation, and people, and tongue, under the whole heavens, shall join in the universal chorus, the all-absorbing doxology, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and the Father, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."

The Guide to Holiness.

OCTOBER, 1862.

THE NECESSITY OF GUARDING THE INWARD LIFE AMID THE PRESSING OUTWARD ACTIVITIES OF THE PRESENT HOUR.

BECAUSE it is an inward life, fed from unseen and spiritual sources, it is in itself independent of outward circumstances. Never was there a period in our history when the duty of entire personal consecration to Christ assumed more practical importance, or when the elevation and peace of heart arising from it were more to be desired. Our whole outward life is besieged with constant demands upon our thoughts and labors; the most solemn and moving events are constantly arresting and holding the attention; the whole overwhelming tide of feeling around us is rushing on towards perilled temporal interests, and all the incessant activities of the hour are soliciting the thoughts, and drawing them away from heavenly things. The whole upper surface of the sea around us is raging and foaming. How important that the depths be calm and pure! It is just in this exigency that the divine nature of the gospel is seen. Its seat is the heart, and it works from within towards the outward life. It is Christ formed within us, a living Saviour, creating continually, by his presence, spiritual life, and awakening the liveliest affections of the heart. It is a stronger emotion than any occasioned even by the marvellous events of the hour. It is a fresh sensation renewed every day. It suffuses the soul, penetrating all its channels of feeling, and raising it above the incidents of the outward life. It is a great calm in this sea of sorrow; a serene and loving reliance upon divine Providence; a constant preparation for whatever may be the expression of the Father's will in the events that he permits to occur. "Great peace have they that love the Lord, and nothing shall offend them."

Now is the hour to honor Christ in exhibiting the full proportions of his faith. This is the moment to testify of his power to save *unto the uttermost*, not only in the circle of saints, but amid the agonies, anxieties, and worldly activities of the times. It is at such a moment that sincere faith will shine, and God will be honored by it. In holy, self-denying labors, in calm repose upon the divine wisdom, in an unshrinking acceptance of God's discipline towards us, in a constant frame of heavenly-mindedness, the power of Jesus to save and sanctify his people should be made apparent.

To reach and preserve this state of mind constant watchfulness is requisite. It depends solely upon the indwelling of Christ, and constant faith

alone unites us to him. Our inward life is not an accident, but the deliberate, permanent choice of the soul. Faith is an intelligent reliance upon the promises, and a confident and continual realization of eternal things. As we prosecute our worldly enterprises by keeping them distinctly in the mind, and every day using the appropriate measures for their attainment, so every day the growth of the soul in holiness should be the leading thought of the mind, and the many and precious promises should be continually apprehended and made the food of the heart.

As this is a special hour, there is a call upon us to set apart special occasions for fasting and prayer; following in this the significant example of our Master. The world is ringing its voices so powerfully in our ears, and its demands upon our thoughts and feelings are so peremptory and persistent, that we need to retire often from the sight and sound of life, and to have long and unobstructed communion with Christ. These are blessed and fruitful hours in our Christian life. This period of holy devotion becomes to us like the mount of transfiguration. Jesus appears to us in his glorious robes. Heaven opens before us; the great cloud of witnesses bend their eyes upon us, and the power of an eternal life seizes upon the soul.

"Faith lends its realizing light;
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly;
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye."

"Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord." The world, with all its labor and discipline, in such a moment of revelation, takes its proper place,—a scene of preparation, of consecration, of self-denial; a ladder with an earthly foundation, but rising to heaven.

Amid the glories of the mount, our Lord conversed calmly about the "decease which he was to accomplish at Jerusalem." And in these uninterrupted hours of secret prayer, we can, in blessed repose, accept whatever cup of trial it may please the Father to press to our lips. Here we reach the undying springs of spiritual life. He that "drinketh of this water shall never thirst." In the multiplicity of public and social religious services there is a danger of our neglecting secret prayer and the duty of fasting. Prayer meetings will not prove a wholesome substitute for these. We have not such searching disclosures of ourselves, and such clear revelations of the provisions of the gospel in their adaptation to our personal wants, in circles of prayer, amid the exhilarations of song and the inspirations of stirring addresses, as in the silence of the closet, and in the "still hour" of fasting and private devotion.

This often and protracted communion with Jesus is the cure for the excitement of the hour. How calm was Moses with his God upon the mount, while all the hosts of Israel were surging

below with the inflamed passions of the time. Through neglect of this sublime communion with God, many, in these days, will peril their peace and lose their moral power. Preserving all the forms of faith, attending upon the accustomed religious services, using the same language to describe their spiritual experience, there will be a perceptible loss of unction and holy vigor. The soul will lose its balance, and throb uneasily under the pressure of worldly anxieties. The great work of life—to evangelize the world—will be temporarily overlooked, and the soul will be submitted to all the excitements and distresses of the hour. Religious duties, especially our relative duties, such as the faithful culture of our families, and efforts for the salvation of our friends, will be postponed until a more propitious hour.

But death does not linger, and Christ's work must not stop. We cannot readily recover the ground we lose. Besides, these days of judgment are meant to be means of grace, and should be seized by us as the appointed hour for some higher development of the inner life, and some more glorious display of Christ's power to save, in the circle of our influence.

This question should now be prayerfully considered in all our churches: How shall the urgencies of the hour be kept from interrupting the personal inward life of Christians, and how may they be sanctified even to the accomplishment of great ultimate good? A day of fasting and prayer may be appropriately set apart in the different churches to seek for a fresh baptism from on high, and to renew the covenant with God.

It is painful at this solemn period in our history to observe how few revivals of religion are recorded in our religious papers. The spirit of the hour is ominous. We are not only manifesting a wholesome patriotism, but a bald, revengeful war temper. Our children are breathing this poisonous atmosphere. What long, weary years before it can be eradicated! Was there ever an hour when a revival of pure and undefiled religion was more necessary? Let us watch and pray, lest even the elect be deceived. In the general spiritual deterioration, by heart-searching faithfulness in reference to ourselves, and a renewed consecration of our heart and life, let us find both a consolation and a conservative power. By constantly inviting the High Priest of our salvation to dwell within us, let us secure a divine peace amid the terrors of the times, and a divine grace sanctifying us for the accomplishment of holy purposes.

WHERE MUCH IS GIVEN, MUCH IS REQUIRED.

Let us not forget, beloved Christians, now enjoying the blissful emotions of the inner life, or groaning after the freedom of the sons of God, the obligations arising out of these rich gifts of the Spirit. "We are bought with a price;" "we

have reckoned ourselves dead unto the world and alive to Christ." Let us not be satisfied—

1. With simply cultivating these spiritual affections in communion with those who fully sympathize with our views, and whose thoughts and feelings flow in delightful harmony with our own. Such a fellowship is our privilege, and at suitable times is to be sought. Let us beware, however, lest we make our hours of spiritual enjoyment an end rather than a means. From time to time we come back to the feet of Jesus together, to rehearse our spiritual victories for our common encouragement; but our life is in the world, and here is the scene of our active consecration to Christ. If we are the Lord's, here, in our families, and in our daily relations to society, we have the opportunity of constantly living and speaking for Jesus. Professing to love much, how earnestly, wisely, watchfully, tenderly, ought we to bear our testimony, by example and precept, in behalf of our blessed Redeemer. And the more conspicuous and effective becomes this faithfulness when the "love of many waxes cold." Let not Jesus turn to us, who have acknowledged such unutterable obligations to his cleansing blood, in the prevailing worldliness of the church, and say, "Will ye also go away?" Let us not then expend the force of our affections upon these refreshing interviews with those holding common sentiments with ourselves, but—

2. Cheerfully offer our co-operation in all the appointed means of grace. Although our brethren are low in the religious life, barren in their experiences, and monotonous in their exercises, of all others, let not those who hold Christ's cause to be dearer than everything besides stand aside from the stated services of the sanctuary, or withhold their hearty concurrence in them. Patiently and kindly should the lifeless condition of the church be considered; and for Christ's sake, by labors abundant, by enduring charity, and by persevering faithfulness, "the things that are weak should be strengthened," backslidden brethren recovered, and the piety of the church quickened. No want of sympathy with our views on the part of others should divert us from offering all the aid in our power to every honest effort for the extension of Christ's kingdom. Let us not so strenuously insist that all should come to our specific view of the inward life as to keep us from appreciating the slightest signs of progress in our fellow-Christians. We should be patterns of faithfulness, forbearance, sweetness and fervency, sustaining the ministry however weak and cold, and clinging to all the offices of the sanctuary for His dear sake who has redeemed us with his blood.

3. We should not forget, in our rich personal enjoyment of Christ and of the society of fervent saints, and in our efforts to bring the church up to the work of personal consecration, that the great masses around us are unsaved. We may not remit our efforts to induce our brethren to "come up higher;" but let us not look casually upon the condition of impenitent men. Some

earnest professors of holiness seem to distrust every endeavor to win souls to Christ, in their eagerness to continue the work of sanctification. The two are in no measure antagonistic. They should go on in harmony. Above all others, those that profess entire consecration to Jesus should be the leaders in endeavors to bring back the prodigals to the Father's house, — "for there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine that need no repentance."

In these days, when the revival spirit in so large a degree is quenched, when so few are awakened, and yet when there is such a special call for pious endeavor for the salvation of our young men, rushing by thousands to the camps, our dear readers, lovers of holiness, should seek a new dispensation of the Spirit sending them forth, and saying to them, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature; and, lo! I am with you always, even unto the end."

QUERIES.

BRO. DEGEN: Would it be out of your line of business to answer, through the next number of the "Guide," the following queries:—

1st. Can a soul be, or is a soul ever, emptied of sin without being filled with the Spirit?

2d. Is the blessing of sanctification always, or necessarily, accompanied with any physical manifestation, as losing the strength, or failing, as was the case of Rev. J. A. Wood, given in the July and August numbers? J. G. S.

In answer to the above queries, we remark, that the use of a term which, although common, is not scriptural, creates the only difficulty suggested by the first question. The New Testament specifies no state in grace by the term *emptied*; but it distinctly affirms that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son *cleanseth* us from all sin;" that "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to *cleanse* us from all unrighteousness." It is of inexpressible importance that we should have correct ideas of the divine work, else how can we exercise intelligent, appropriating faith? A wrong idea, arising from an unfortunate figure, may greatly embarrass our minds and delay the work of grace. To attempt to exercise faith to be *emptied* of sin, exciting the imagination as to the possible effect of such a work upon the consciousness, would, it seems to us, be liable to lead the mind astray. True faith simply relies, at once, upon the exact word of God. I can, without bewildering misgivings, repose my heart, through the aid of the Spirit, upon the distinct assurance of the new covenant, that the blood of Christ now, while I humbly and utterly trust in him, *cleanseth me from sin*. I have no embarrassment with the question of consciousness whether I seem to be emptied of sin and vacant of emotion; I simply, tenderly, but earnestly rest upon the promise, which I know in Christ must be "yea and amen."

Now we can readily see that a period longer or shorter, varying in different experiences, may elapse, after entire reliance upon the cleansing blood,—as we find in the testimonies of devout Christians it is often so,—before the full baptism of the Spirit, and the enjoyment of what is embodied in the apostle's prayer,—to "be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be *filled with all the fulness of God*."

It is well for us always to recollect that there are no distinct and prescribed steps or stages of conscious experience marked out in the gospel, by which we attain to the enjoyment of the highest blessings of the Spirit. There are, however, clear and easily apprehended promises, covering all our wants and capacities. The Spirit operates in its own omniscient wisdom, variously in different persons, but producing the same heavenly fruits. Our duty, as it is also our privilege, is, to offer upon Christ's altar every word of promise, and to believe unwaveringly that God fulfills it, just according to his assurance. From such a heart, reposing upon Christ, the Comforter will not be long absent, and he will declare his own presence by unquestioned emotions and results.

As to the second question, but one answer, of course, can be given. "Bodily exercise profiteth little." Very powerful emotions of joy or sorrow produce, from their very nature, strong effects upon the body. The sudden announcement of the safety and presence of a husband or son, supposed to be dead, will often overpower the strongest nerves. These are simple incidents of our mortal life and weakness. There can be no moral character or value attaching to them. Just in so far as they are relied upon, they weaken our faith and distort our experience. We believe in Christ; we are saved and sanctified by his blood. If, when, after long struggling with unbelief, we do fully repose upon his promise, and the heart is cleansed and filled with the Holy Ghost, the poor body sinks, or the mind wanders in blissful vagaries, it is simply because "the flesh is weak," and faints under the vision, as did Daniel at the sight of an angel. Such an event adds no virtue to the grace of the Spirit, should never be sought as a *means*, certainly not as an end, and is only one of those often unaccountable involuntary effects upon the body induced by strong mental emotions.

POETRY.—We receive much for this department of the Guide which we are reluctantly compelled to lay aside. Plain prose can be reconstructed, and re-written, if need be, but we confess we are not competent to undertake this in much that is offered us as poetry. We think we can tell genuine poetry when we see it; but if our standard be correct, very few who write verse have the poetic gift. This will explain why many articles are delayed and more laid aside.

THE ASCENSION.

Arr. by W. McDONALD.

1. O they cru - ci - fied my Saviour, They cru - ci - fied, my Saviour,

O they cru - ci - fied my Saviour, And they nailed him to the tree.

But he rose, he rose, He rose he went to heaven in a cloud.

2.
One Joseph begged his body,
And he laid it in the tomb;
But he rose, &c.

3.
Two men in shining garments,
Came and rolled away the stone;
And he rose, &c.

4.
Then the earth began to tremble,
And the Roman Soldiers fell;
As he rose, &c.

5.
Poor Mary! she came mourning,
But she could not find her Lord;
For he rose, &c.

6.
"Pray tell me where you've laid him,
For he's missing from the tomb?"
Ah! he rose, &c.

7.
Go tell to John and Peter,
That their Jesus lives again;
For he rose, &c.

8.
Go preach to every nation,
And tell to dying men;
That he rose, &c.

9.
He shall surely come again,
With ten thousand of his saints;
Then we'll rise, we'll go to heaven, &c.

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THE

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

NOVEMBER, 1862.

"LOVE YOUR ENEMIES."

"But I say unto you, love your enemies." —
Matt. v. 44.

THE commands which God has laid upon men fulfil a part of their design in being convenient tests of the state of the heart. God measures human character by the state of the heart alone, and not at all by works, good or bad, except as these latter are exponents of the former.

Christ will say at the last day, "Come, ye blessed of my Father," &c., "for I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in;" and so on through the various forms of kindness to the poor. But are we hence to gather that only such as have actually performed these acts to some of Christ's little ones shall be saved? What, then, is to become of those little ones themselves who have been obliged by providence to be the beneficiaries rather than the benefactors of mankind? And what is to be done in the case of thousands of others who, like the penitent thief, die so soon after their acceptance of salvation as to have no opportunity for thus evincing their love to the Saviour? Obviously God takes the will for the deed; and he who, by the grace of God, has it in his heart to thus witness for the Master, though denied all opportunity of actually doing it, shall doubtless stand up at the last, with his more fortunate brother, and receive the wel-

come for precisely the same reason as he; for "God looketh on the heart."

If I were asked what I deemed the lowest or slightest proof of Christian character, I would say, love to the brotherhood; and for the highest, I think I would give, love to your enemies; for I am impressed that only the grace of God, ruling and pervading the heart, can bring it to fulfil such a requisition.

Love is fundamental in the Christian character. All his affections seem to have their base in love, — pure, holy love, — love to God, love to the brotherhood, love to the world, love to his enemies. Love is God's grand motive-power in man; and all holy activities, as well as all pure affections, find their source and their supply in love.

A sad omen appears when a Christian finds himself habitually saying, "I hate," "I don't like," "I am disgusted," "I abhor," "I detest," "I cannot bear," &c.; for these expressions prevailing, indicate that the sweet waters of holy love are ebbcd or ebbing from the heart. "Charity is the bond of perfectness." A good man is definable not always on his orthodoxy, but certainly on his love. He loves God, he loves Christians, he loves God's law, he loves the world of mankind.

Sin is repulsion, and can so fill a soul with disgust and hate as to make a man at once tired of the present life, and afraid to die; while love is attraction, and can make a man at once love to live for the

good of others, and desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better.

The command I have cited as my text puts love to its extreme test. Let us inquire,—

I. WHAT IS NOT INCLUDED IN IT ?

1. It does not demand that I shall not *know* when another injures me, or invades my rights. Grace does not destroy good sense.

2. It does not demand that I shall not *feel* it. True, there are times when God does so cover his people in the day of rebuke and sorrow that they are not very painfully affected by the insults or injuries they receive; but these seasons are exceptional; and though grace does always soothe the heart with the consoling balm of peace that it is saved from much of the *bitterness* of grief under injuries, yet it is a mistake to suppose that a man may have so much grace as not to feel pain under provocation and wrong. Did not Jesus both know and feel an insult or a breach of common courtesy? Simon, the Pharisee, invited him to dinner, and he went; but before he left, with what severe dignity did he criticise the faulty courtesy of his host:—"I entered into thine house, thou gavest me no water for my feet"—an attention quite necessary to the comfort of a guest in a country where the foot of the traveller was only protected by a sandal. "Thou gavest me no kiss"—a common token of cordial welcome. "Mine head with oil thou didst not anoint"—another respectful attention to the comfort of a guest. These words of Jesus reveal a sensitive nature, in which the divinest meekness had yet wrought no extinction of the capacity to appreciate the claims of social life; yet some persons seem to feel themselves licensed to treat Christians with rudeness, upon the principle that grace is a sort of spiritual chloroform.

3. The command does not enjoin that I shall regard with *approval* the conduct of an enemy.

4. Nor that I shall take him into my confidence as a bosom friend.

5. Nor does it forbid me to defend myself, in the sober use of such means as Providence may put within my reach, against the assaults of an enemy.

"But what then," you ask, "becomes of Christ's words in the preceding context?"

"But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain."

My answer is, this language must be understood to be strongly hyperbolic; for,—

1. It is always safe to interpret Christ's words by Christ's actions. It is recorded of him by John, that during his examination before the high priest he was asked by the latter some questions concerning his disciples and his doctrine. He answered; but his answer was thought wanting in respectfulness by an officer present, who reproved him and struck him with his hand. Jesus did not literally turn the other cheek, but reprov-ingly said, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil; but if well, why smitest thou me?"

2. The current language of Christ's instructions does not comport with such literal interpretation. "But know this," said he, "that if the good man of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched, and *not have suffered* his house to be broken up."

3. A literal compliance with the injunction to turn the other cheek, &c., would be, in many cases, to present a temptation to an offending party to repeat the offence, and thus aggravate his own guilt; so that the only interpretation we can put on the words under consideration, as it seems to me, is to understand them as forbidding all vindictiveness, and enjoining benevolent affections toward those who injure us.

Let us now consider,—

II. WHAT IS INCLUDED IN THE INJUNCTION OF THE TEXT.

1. That I shall entertain no desire for revenge.

2. That I shall entertain no secret wish that God would avenge my cause by judgment on the offender.

3. That I shall regard him with compassion,—that I shall love him with a love of pity.

4. That I shall be ready to assist him in his need, to avert a calamity from him, or to defend his character when wrongfully assailed, just as I would do by any other sinner.

III. WHAT ARE THE MARKS BY WHICH I MAY KNOW THAT I HAVE THE GRACE TO LOVE MY ENEMIES?

1. I shall not be very ready to think *that I have enemies*. I shall not make a man an offender for a word, nor be ready to take it for granted that he hates me because he has reproved me for what he thought was wrong, or because he has uttered a criticism on any of my acts or sayings.

2. I shall not *over-estimate* injuries received from one whom I am compelled to regard as an enemy.

3. The grace to love an enemy will always be found to be the grace by which, so far as in me lies, I shall avoid all just cause of offence to others.

4. The same grace will enable me to inquire with entire candor whether I may not, by some inadvertency, or some ill-turned word, have given occasion for offence.

5. It will lead me, if my enemy hunger, to feed him; if he thirsts, to give him drink.

6. It will lead me to *pray* for him; not ostentatiously and with a loud voice, in the presence of a group of friends and sympathizers. That were only a method of advertising my piety, and showing my friends how great a saint I am. But it will lead

me to go simply to God with the earnest request for mercy on the soul of my enemy.

7. It will make me glad to discover good points in his character, and happy to contemplate them. Alas, how many who have named the name of Christ appear to know nothing of this grace. It is enough for them to know or to fancy that one has said or done something unfriendly to themselves, when at once they become incapable of looking with candor, far less with complacency, upon any point in the character of the offender. He may be truthful, upright, benevolent, pious; “but no matter, he is not *my* man, and I do not want anything to do with him.” That is the spirit of the world, and so far as any man’s heart remains unsanctified, it is his spirit; but it is not the spirit of Christ. See him on the cross. The men who have compassed his death are the leading ecclesiastics of the country; but they have been his implacable foes during the three years of his public life. They have doggedly pursued him in his travels; they have carped at his words; they have maligned his motives; they have repeatedly plotted his death, and now they are succeeding. The night has been worn out in tedious and fruitless efforts to obtain false witnesses enough to carry the case against their innocent victim. At last, by mere vehemence, they have procured the sentence, and he is to die. Slow, torturing, and to the last degree abhorrent, is the death to which they consign him. Six hours drag slowly on, while they invent new tortures for the dying man. But amidst the faintings of the last moments he breathes a prayer for them. That prayer is a plea for God’s compassion on the only ground which constituted any alleviation of their guilt: “Father, forgive them, *for they know not what they do.*” They don’t understand themselves to be putting to death the Lord’s Messiah. And so Jesus dies with his eye on the *best point* in the character of his murderers. Hear it, my brethren

hear it, O my soul; and remember, "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his."

Let us remember then these following things:—

1. A good man may have enemies; a man good enough to love his enemies may have them; else the text were a fallacy in itself.

2. It is possible to know that men cherish nothing but ill-will toward us, and yet to cherish only good-will to them.

3. We can make a very valuable use of our enemies. They will doubtless assail our characters at the weakest points, and therefore there are few of us who cannot learn valuable lessons from their abusive words.

4. Finally; if this spirit were universal in the world, how soon the earth would bloom an Eden again. Between the law of retaliation and the theory of this text there is really no middle ground. But that law, in a world like this, where offences must needs come, would reciprocate each injury once committed till the whole world would be enveloped in universal strife and bloodshed; and the struggle could only terminate with the extinction of the combatants, that is, of the race.

How benignly in contrast with all this is the Saviour's theory. A man trespasses against you, and you go and tell him his fault "between him and thee alone." He haughtily asks, "What are you going to do about it?" You answer, "Nothing further." But he don't believe you, and for weeks he is still on the alert for some act of retaliation from you; but none comes, and on the other hand he receives several quiet proofs of your good-will. Still he thinks, or tries to think, "This is all a deep plot; he will certainly strike by and by." But no; you keep steadily on in your quiet way, doing good unto all men as you have opportunity, not excepting him, and in the mean time happier a thousand times for your own benevolent intentions. I know they say revenge is

sweet; and so perhaps it is to Satan, and those who are like him, but certainly to nobody else. But your enemy comes at length to see that he is to receive no return-blow for the injury he has done you; and so the chances are that he will become your friend, and, in the long run, bestow on you favors several times to counterbalance the injury he has done you. Meantime your gains are immense. You have conquered yourself. You have secured peace of mind. You have honored the Saviour. You have acquired great influence over a man who else might have delighted to oppose and annoy you for life.

Now let your thoughts multiply this single case by the number of strifes that arise in the earth, and you will have a glimpse of the glorious results which the Saviour's theory would work out, until the earth, now a babel and a battle-field, should bloom an Eden again, and all men rejoice in the universal brotherhood. Let each do his part, and the Lord hasten the consummation.

CHRIST IN THE HOUSE.

You remember what happened to Dagon, the idol of the Philistines, when the ark was brought into his temple. Twice he fell flat on his face, and, when his worshippers lifted him up, he was all broken and maimed. So idols fall down in the heart and in the house where Christ enters in. Christ and sin cannot stay peaceably together. An old Roman emperor was willing to put a statue of Jesus among the other gods of the empire; but the Christians said that would not do. Christ must be on the throne, and all that is against him must be made his footstool. This was one lesson taught by the budding of Aaron's rod when the staves of all the other tribes remained dead as they were.

But observe carefully that I have not

said, that before Christ comes in sin must be put out. It is his coming in that sends it away. Suppose you were in a dark room in the morning, the shutters closed and fastened, and only as much light coming through the chinks as made you aware it was day outside. And suppose you should say to a companion with you, Let us open the windows, and let in the light. What would you think if he replied, No, no; you must first put the darkness out, or the light will not enter? You would laugh at his absurdity. Just so, we cannot put sin out of our hearts to prepare for Christ's entering; we must open and take him in, and sin will flee. Fling the window open at once, and let Christ shine in.

Neither have I said that when Christ comes into heart or house all sin goes at once. After two shameful falls, that showed he was conquered, and broke his hands off, there was still a stump of Dagon left in his temple. So sin gets conquered, wounded with deadly wound, when Jesus comes in, yet much of it for a while remains. Our work is, to give it another and another fall, till it go all to pieces, and we can sweep out forever the very powder of it. Suppose you are in a room with the windows set open in the early morning. The light is just streaking the sky in the east. There is consequently very little light in the room yet. But it is night no longer. The sun, however, must first rise, before the room is full of light. Even then, there will be spots and corners left in comparative gloom, shadows cast by walls and tables, which prevent the light from filling all the apartment equally. But now suppose that all the furniture, and all the walls, were to become glass, then the sunlight shining through would fill every part of the room with glory. This will happen with every soul which Christ enters. And heaven will be such a house.

I said it was a happy thing to get sin out of the house. Do you doubt it?

Would it be pleasant if your house had serpents lurking in every dark corner? Would you be glad to get them banished? Sin is a snakelike thing, subtle, deadly. Do you count day pleasant? Who could dispute that the light is sweet? Perhaps a blind man might. He might say to people who had eyes, I do not understand what there is about that light you praise so much. It does nothing for me. It does not talk to me; it sings me no song; it does not smell sweet to me; it does not feed me. And yet it is too much to suppose this. A blind man would not say that. Blind souls say something very like it. They do dispute in that fashion. But oh, dear friends, believe it, sin is darkness; it is disease, it is death. Away with it, as you would throw out plague-stained robes, or a dead body on which corruption was preying.

When Christ comes into a house, and stays there, out go sinful tempers, sinful words, sinful pleasures, sinful actions. And in, like a train of angels, a troop of shining ones, come gentle words, holy delights, deeds of love. Yes, there are shining ones in his company, shining graces, shining angels, glory from God above.

Is it not happy to have Christ in the house, then? Are you ready, next time he knocks at the door, to say, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord?"

I have two questions to ask, and I have done: Have you Christ in the heart? He does not stay in a house where the hearts are kept shut. You must give him the keys of the innermost rooms, or he will not abide with you. Trust and love are the only doors he comes in at. Were not Martha and Mary much honored to have Jesus in their house, and at their table? Yes, but happier still to have him in their hearts. And you may have him there as well as they. Hear what he says: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if

any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me."

A second question is this: *Are you Christ in the house?* Every true child of God shows something of Christ. Joseph long ago carried something of God with him into his master's house, and into the prison. The little captive maid, in the house of Naaman the Syrian, had something of the God of Israel with her. If you are like them, you will bring a blessing down on the house you stay in. You will be a little ark of treasure. Happy he who is!

BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You use no other friend so ill.

O lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and open hands;
O matchless kindness! and he shows
His matchless kindness to his foes.

Admit him, for the human breast
Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;
No mortal tongue their joys can tell,
With whom he condescends to dwell.

Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
When Jesus comes, he comes to reign;
To reign, and with no partial sway,—
Thoughts must be slain that disobey.

Sovereign of souls, thou Prince of Peace,
O may thy gentle reign increase;
Be all our hearts to thee resigned,
And be thine empire all mankind.

SHOWING PIETY AT HOME.

You tell me a man is changed by the converting and renewing grace of God. Is he? Let me look at him. It is something that I may see him with the Bible in his hands. It goes as confirmation, that I behold him on his knees. It helps the evidence, that I hear him speaking his public vows in covenant with God and his people. But I would rather visit him invisibly in his home; see what sort of a husband and father he has become; wheth-

er he is gentle and self-restrained, when he used to be petulant and irritable; whether he is monarch of all he surveys, or the servant and minister of all; lives to receive the incense of the family homage, to be saved trouble, and to guard his personal comfort and convenience from interference and restriction, or to lavish thought, and toil, and care upon the welfare of all the dependent circle. Let me know, are his angles rounded off in the home? Is he eager to lift off the household burdens from the frailer form at his side, and adjust them to his own broader shoulders? Especially, has he become, in a scriptural and meaning phrase, a nursing father to the little ones there? Are they only the playthings of his idle moments, with whom he frolics as so many kittens when he is good-natured, and looks upon as so many stumbling-blocks, to be kicked out of the way when he is moody and hasty; or are they young plants, to be watched and nurtured for the garden of God; youthful learners, to be taught the way of life; early pilgrims, whose feet he is to lead with his own in the path to heaven?

Show me the evidence that he has discerned and accepted his most privileged and responsible calling of nurseryman for the great Husbandman in this little plantation of immortals. I wish to see him kneel with his right arm around his eldest born, and his left on the cradle of his babe; to hear him — with a tax which he shall feel, because it is painstaking study and effort, and yet for love's sake shall not feel, because it is freely and gladly borne — reading and expounding to young learners the way of truth and salvation. If his heart is not turned to his children, it is not turned to Christ.

Christ came to teach a pure morality, and assert the necessity of a perfect law-keeping, but does not expect to find it in us: he therefore wrought it for us.

REV. JOHN JANEWAY.

BEING evidently in a decline, he could have but little hope of life; yet he was so far from being alarmed, that he received the sentence of death in himself with great joy. In order to wean his friends from him, and his affections from them, "he was ashamed to desire and pray for life." "O," said he, "is there anything here more desirable than the enjoyment of Christ? Can I expect anything below comparable to that blessed vision? O that crown! that rest which remains for the people of God; and, blessed be God, I can say I know it is mine. I know that when this tabernacle of clay shall be dissolved, I have a house not made with hands; to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." And when he perceived one of his nearest relations greatly troubled at the thoughts of his death, he charged him not to pray for his life, except it were purely for the glory of God. "I beg you," said he, "to keep your minds in a submissive frame to the will of God concerning me. The Lord take you nearer to himself, that you may walk with him; to whom if I go before, I hope you will follow after."

He was much concerned about ministers, that they should be careful not to be engaged in low and sordid designs. He judged that to take up the ministry as a secular employment, and to aggrandize self, was absolutely inconsistent with the spirit of a true gospel minister. He thought it necessary that they who were devoted to the ministry should have first given themselves and their all to God, and be filled with a real disinterested affection to precious and immortal souls, that they might more ardently promote his glory.

He was full of compassion to souls, and would greatly lament the barrenness of Christians in their converse with each other. He once sat down silent, and took out his pen and ink, and wrote the conversation that passed between some friends,

even some who professed more than common understanding in the things of God; and after a while he took his paper and read it to them, and asked them whether such talk was that which they would be willing God should record. "O," says he, "to spend an hour or two together, and to hear scarce a word for Christ, or that speaks people's hearts in love with holiness! Where is our love to God and souls all this while? Where is our sense of the preciousness of time?—of the greatness of our account? Should we talk thus if we believed we should hear of it again at the day of judgment? Doth not this speak aloud our hearts to be very empty of grace, and that we have little sense of spiritual and eternal concerns?"

When he felt his body ready to faint, he called to his mother and said, "Dear mother, I am dying, but I beseech you be not troubled, for I am, through mercy, quite above the fears of death. It is no great matter; I have nothing to trouble me but the apprehensions of your grief. I am going to him whom I love above life."

It pleased the Lord to raise him again out of this fainting, having yet something more for him to do. His graces were never more active; his soul was almost filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. How would he cry out, "O that I could but let you know what I now feel! O that I could but show you what I now see! O that I could express the thousandth part of that sweetness which I now find in Christ! You would all think it well worth the while to make it your business to be religious. O my dear friends, we little think what Christ is worth upon a death-bed. I would not for a world, nay, for a million of worlds, be now without Christ and pardon. I would not for a world be required to live any longer. The very thought of a possibility of recovery makes me even tremble.

"O," says he, "how sweet is Jesus! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Death,

do thy worst. Death has lost its terrible-ness. Death is nothing, I say death is nothing, through grace to me. I can as easily die as shut my eyes, or turn my head and sleep. I long to be with Christ, I long to die!"

His mother and his brethren standing by him, he said, "Dear mother, I beseech you earnestly, as ever I desired anything of you in all my life, that you would cheerfully give me up to Christ. I beseech you do not hinder me, now I am going to rest and glory. I am afraid of your prayers, lest they pull one way, and mine another." And then, turning to his brethren, he said, "I charge you all, do not pray for my life any more. You do me wrong if you do. O that glory, that unspeakable glory which I behold! My heart is full, my heart is full. Christ smiles, and I cannot but smile. Can you find in your heart to stop me, who am now going to the complete and everlasting enjoyment of Christ? Would you keep me from my crown? The arms of my blessed Saviour are open to embrace me. The angels stand ready to carry my soul into his bosom. O did you but see what I see, you would all cry out with me, How long, dear Lord, how long! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! O, why are his chariot wheels so long a coming?"

A minister came often to visit him, and discoursed with him of the excellency of Christ, and the glory of the invisible world. "Sir," said he, "I feel something of it. My heart is as full as it can hold in this lower state. I can hold no more here. O that I could but let you know what I feel!"

Though he was, towards his end, usually in a triumphant frame, yet he had some small intermissions. He would cry out, "Hold out, faith and patience, yet a little while, and your work is done;" and when he found not his heart raised up to the highest pitch of thankfulness, admiration and love, he would bemoan himself, and cry out in this language: "And what is the matter now, O my soul? What! wilt

thou, canst thou, thus slight this admirable and astonishing condescension of God to thee? Seems it a small matter that the great Jehovah should deal familiarly with this worm?"

And then he breaks out again into another ecstasy of joy and praise: "Stand astonished, O ye heavens, and wonder, O ye angels, at this infinite grace! Was ever any under heaven more beholden to free grace than I? O, bless the Lord with me! Come, let us shout for joy, and boast in the God of our salvation. O, help me to praise the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever."

Another of his brethren praying with him, seeing him near his dissolution, desired that the Lord would be pleased to continue those extraordinary comforts to him. At the end of the prayer, he burst out into a wonderful ecstasy of joy, crying out, Amen, Amen, Amen. Hallelujah!"

An aged minister repeatedly said that he never saw, nor read, nor heard the like. He talked as if he had been in the third heavens, and brake out into such words as these:—

"O, he is come! He is come! O how sweet, how glorious is the blessed Jesus! How shall I do to speak the thousandth part of his praises! O for words to set forth a little of that excellency! But it is inexpressible! O how excellent, glorious and lovely is this precious Jesus! He is sweet. He is altogether lovely.

"O my friends, stand and wonder; come, look upon a dying man and wonder. I cannot myself but wonder. Was there ever a greater kindness? Was there ever more sensible manifestations of rich grace? O, why me, Lord? Why me? Sure this is akin to heaven; and if I were never to enjoy more than this, it were well worth all the torments men and devils could invent, to come through even a hell to such transcendent joys as these. If this be dying, dying is sweet. Let no Christian ever be afraid of dying. O, death is sweet

to me ; this bed is soft. Christ's arms, his smiles and visits, sure they would turn hell into heaven ! O that you did but see and feel as I do ! Come and behold a dying man more cheerful than ever you saw any healthful man in the midst of his sweetest enjoyments. O sirs, worldly pleasures are pitiful things compared with one glimpse of his glory which shines so strongly into my soul. O, why should any of you be so sad, when I am so glad ! This, this is the hour that I have waited for."

About forty-eight hours before his death his eyes were dim, his sight failed, and every part had the symptoms of death upon it. Yet even then, if possible, his joys were greater still. He spake like one entering into the gates of the New Jerusalem ; not a word dropped from his mouth but it breathed of Christ and heaven ; most of his work was praise ; a hundred times admiring the boundless love of God to him. "O, why me, Lord ? why me ?"

He took leave of his friends every evening, expecting to see them no more until the morning of the resurrection. "Now," says the dying saint, "I want but one thing, and that is a speedy lift to heaven. O, help me, help me to praise and admire him that hath done such astonishing wonders for my soul ! Come, help me with praise ; all is too little. Come, help me, all ye glorious and mighty angels, who are skilful in this heavenly work of praise. Praise is now my work, and I shall be engaged in that sweet employment forever. Come, let us lift up our voice in praise ; I with you, as long as my breath doth last, and when I have none I shall do it better."

According to his desire, most of the time was spent in praise, and he would still be crying out, "More praise still ! O help me to praise him ! I have nothing else to do, I have nothing else to do. I have done with prayer, and all other ordinances. I have almost done with conversing with mortals. I shall presently be beholding Christ himself, that died for me, and loved me, and washed me in his blood.

I shall in a few hours be in eternity, singing the song of Moses and the song of the Lamb. I shall presently stand upon Mount Zion with an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, and Jesus the mediator of the new covenant. I shall hear the voice of much people, and be one amongst them which say, Hallelujah, salvation, glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God ! And again, we say, Hallelujah ! Methinks I stand as it were one foot in heaven and the other on earth. Methinks I hear the melody of heaven, and by faith I see the angels waiting to carry my soul to the bosom of Jesus, and I shall be forever with the Lord in glory. And who can choose but rejoice in all this ?"

The day before his death he looked earnestly upon his brother James, and said, "I thank thee, dear brother, for thy love ; thou art praying for me, and I know thou lovest me dearly ; but Christ loveth me ten thousand times more than thou dost. Come and kiss me, dear brother, before I die." And then with his cold, dying lips he kissed him, and said, "I shall go before, and I hope thou shalt follow after to glory."

A few hours before his death he called his relations and brethren together, that he might bless them, and pray for them, which he did with much affection, authority, and spirituality. Then the godly minister who used to visit him came to pay his last visit. When he spake to him, his heart was in a flame of love and joy, which drew tears from the holy man, being amazed to hear a dying man talk as if he had been with Jesus, and come from the immediate presence of God. O the smiles that were then in his face, and the unspeakable joy that was in his heart ! One might have read grace and glory in his countenance. O the praises, the triumphant praises that he put up ! A little before he died, in prayer, or rather praise, he was so full of admiration, that he could scarce forbear shouting for joy ; and at length, with abundance

of faith and fervency, he said aloud,
"Amen, Amen."

And now his desires were soon satisfied.
Death was coming apace to do his last office. And after a few moments he turned himself on one side, and immediately fell asleep in Jesus, June, 1657, aged twenty-four.

THE SHADOWS OF THE CROSS.

OPPRESSED with noon-day's scorching heat,
To yonder cross I flee;
Beneath its shelter take my seat:
No shade like this for me!

Beneath that cross clear waters burst,
A fountain sparkling free;
And there I quench my burning thirst;
No spring like this for me!

A stranger here, I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent;
No home like this for me!

For burdened ones a resting place
Beside that cross I see;
Here I cast off my weariness;
No rest like this for me!

HOLY ASPIRATIONS.

"I, PAUL, am crucified with Christ," living
while I am dead!

This is a Christian paradox, which I have often
read;

But now, this union with my God I crave with
warm desire;

I long to feel within my heart a flame of holy
fire,

Consuming all the dross within; and night
shades flee away,

Dissolved before the brightness of the glorious
king of day.

Blest Sun of Righteousness, arise with healing
on thy wings,

Dispel all mists of worldliness; give me for
heavenly things

Assimilation sweet, dear Lord, that I by faith
may live,

And know that heavenly union here which thou
alone canst give.

Oh, be it mine to say, with Paul, "I live, and
yet not I;

But Christ now dwelleth in me." His Spirit
will supply

The faith and love I daily need. He gave him-
self for me,

And I shall reign with him, in heaven, through-
out eternity.

ALONE WITHOUT GOD.

WHERE'ER it is, where God is not,
Is felt a solitude profound,
A dark, mysterious desert spot
Within the godless soul is found.

Though pleasure spreads her gauzy wing
Above the pleasure-seeking throng,
And flattering crowds invite him in,
He bears his solitude along.

Obsequious at his command,
May wait the servile multitude;
Though loving ones attend his board,
Within is only solitude.

It is not in the forest dense,
Where rise the goodly pines and firs,
For God is there in thousand forms,
His temple thronged with worshippers.

How all things yearn for sympathy;
The drops their neighbor-drops embrace,
And hand in hand how joyfully
On to the ocean run their race.

The ivy and the tender vine
Reach out for some strong nervous arm,
Whereon to cling and grow and twine,
Secure from winds' and storms' alarm.

The tiny seed within the ground
Yearns to behold the sun's bright face;
Rolls the small stone from off its tomb,
And leaps into the fond embrace.

Thus nature quits her solitudes;
Afar from home she cannot rest;
All gross obstructions she eludes,
And hastens to her parent breast.

Then, O thou soul, awake, awake!
O'er barren wastes no longer plod;
Cry out for strength your bonds to break;
Away, away, and find your God!

THE DIVINE LIFE.

"But he that is joined to the Lord, is one spirit."—1 Cor.
vi. 17.

OH, sacred union with the Perfect Mind!
Transcendent bliss, which Thou alone canst give!
How blest are they this pearl of price who find,
And, dead to earth, have learnt in Thee to live.

Thus, in thine arms of love, O God, I lie,
Lost, and forever lost, to all but thee.
My happy soul, since it hath learned to die,
Hath found new life in thine Infinity.

Oh, go, and learn this lesson of the Cross;
And tread the way which saints and prophets
trod,
Who, counting life, and self, and all things loss,
Have found in inward death the life of God.

THOUGHTS ON HOLINESS.—ON THE RELATION OF SUFFER- ING TO SANCTIFICATION.

THE way of those who truly and deeply believe, like that trodden by the divine Master in whom they have trusted, is a path of thorns. The most eminent Christians have, as a general thing, been called to pass through the greatest sufferings. Infinite wisdom, which explains the means it uses by the results that follow, has seen fit to connect their sufferings with their sanctification. God has seen it to be necessary that they should suffer, not only for the good of others, which they could easily understand, but also for their own good, the reasons of which it was more difficult to see. A few remarks will explain, in part, the nature of this necessity.

2. A heart *unsanctified* is a heart which has become disordered in its attachments. Its desires, separated from their true centre, are either given to wrong objects, or, by being inordinate, act in a wrong degree. The sanctification of the heart is its restoration from this wrong state. And this is done by a course the reverse of that which sin has previously prompted it to take, namely, by taking the desires from wrong objects and by suppressing all their inordinate action. But such is the nature of the desires, that this cannot be done without the experience of much suffering.

A man, for instance, desires wealth. If this desire is disappointed, if the wealth which he desired is placed beyond his reach, he suffers. It is not a matter of choice, but of mental law. And in that sense it is a matter of necessity. A man desires friends, honors, power, reputation, influence, pleasures. If he does not obtain them, his heart bleeds. And of course the degree of the suffering will be in proportion to the intensity of the desire. If the desire exists in the highest degree, the suffering attendant on its resistance and suppression will be very great.

3. God, who is the author of sanctification, as he is of everything else except sin, knows what is in the human heart. He knows, better than any other being, the truth and the dreadful import of the fact that the hearts of men, so far as they are left to themselves, are full of unholy desires; and it is his design, through the death of his Son and by the application of his grace, to restore them from this state. He means, if they will yield to and co-operate with his purposes, to separate them from all such unholy feelings; but as the separation of so strong a tie cannot be effected without suffering, he means they shall suffer. The way in which he proposes to lead them is the way of the cross. "And whosoever," says the Saviour, "doth not bear his cross, and come after me, *cannot* be my disciple." Luke xiv. 27.

4. But it will be said, perhaps, that we have the promise of sanctification through *faith*. And it is readily and joyfully admitted that there are a multitude of passages of Scripture which ascribe our inward restoration in all respects to faith in God, and to that grace which is experienced through the merits of his Son. But still it is nowhere said or intimated that we are sanctified by faith *without suffering*. It is faith which first inspires the thought of a separation from the world; it is faith which brings us into harmony with God, and secures strength from him; it is faith undoubtedly which gives us the victory, but not the victory *without a contest*. Faith works by love and purifies the heart; but the love which faith inspires is the love of God, contending with and purifying the heart from the love of the world. Such a strife cannot exist without pain.

5. But it is not enough to say, that the restoration of the soul from an unsanctified to a holy state involves as a general thing, in consequence of the nature of the process, the *necessity* of suffering; undoubtedly it is a necessity, but it is also a *privilege*. We not only necessarily suffer

in being separated from the world, but the suffering itself indirectly gives strength to sustain us in the separation, and it does it in this way.

In a state of suffering, we naturally look somewhere for relief from it, or for support during its continuance. Generally speaking, our attention is first directed for aid to persons or objects near at hand. We lean upon a human arm, or upon a frail earthly object of some kind. But the result of our experience is, that nothing but a divine power can give us adequate support. We turn, in the season of our distresses, from the creature to God; and we never do this in sincerity, without finding in him a degree of support which we can find nowhere else.

On this point, heathenism itself furnishes instruction. It is worthy of notice that disappointment and sorrow have a great influence in inspiring the sentiments and practices of their imperfect worship, even in the minds of those who have known nothing of the Christian religion. "*Res adversæ*," said the Roman Camillus, after recounting the calamities and sufferings of his countrymen, — "*res adversæ admonuerunt religionum*." And however we may explain it, it will be found the general rule among all classes of men, and in all situations, that *sorrow leads to religion*.

6. The tendency of suffering is not only to lead us to God, as the only being who can help us, but to keep us there. The general result, in the case of Christians, is, the more they suffer the more they trust, and the more they trust the more will the principle of trust or faith be strengthened. So that affliction, by impressing the necessity of higher aid than human, tends not only to originate faith in God, but indirectly to increase it.

And it may be added further, it is difficult to see how faith can be much strengthened in any other way. When we walk by faith, we walk, in a certain sense, in darkness. If it were perfectly light around us, we should not walk by faith, but by

open vision. Faith is a light to the soul; but it is the very condition of its existence that it shall have a dark place to shine in. It is faith which conducts us, but our journey is through shadows. And this illustrates the meaning of certain expressions frequently found in the experimental writings of Dionysius the Areopagite, and other writers who hold similar views, such as the "*night of faith*," "*the divine darkness*," "*the obscure night of faith*," and the like.

It is hardly necessary to say that darkness or night, in its application to the mind, is a figurative expression, and means trial or suffering, attended with ignorance of the issues and objects of that suffering. And accordingly, these writers teach, in harmony with other experimental writers, that seasons of trial, leading to the exercise of faith, are exceedingly profitable. The Biblical writers, whom they profess to follow, obviously teach the same. "Persecuted," says the apostle, "but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about in the body *the dying of the Lord Jesus*, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body." And again, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." 2 Cor. iv. 9, 10, 17.

7. In sustaining the remark, that suffering may be regarded as a spiritual privilege, we are led to add here, that pleasure, which is the opposite of suffering, is *not* a good or privilege, unless it be the true pleasure. It is far better to suffer than to experience any pleasure in this life, either inward or outward, which God himself does not give. The only true pleasure is in doing and suffering God's will. There is an intoxicating and dangerous power in all pleasure which has not a divine sanction. One of its results is, even when it is characterized by thoughtlessness or levity rather than by crime, that it disturbs the natural and easy action of the mind, so that we cannot perceive and understand

the truth so easily as we should otherwise do. This want of clearness of perception is attended with a confusion and divided state of *feeling*. In other words, it is apt to leave what may be called, figuratively, a cloud, a mist before the mind; shutting out, or preventing, the pleasant clearness of God's presence.

8. It is well for us to suffer, among other things, that we may have a better understanding of the situation of others who suffer, and may have more sympathy with them. A fallen world, where evil is continually striving with good, is not the garden where true and unalloyed happiness may be expected to grow. Suffering, whatever distinctions grace may make among men, places us on a level with the common lot of humanity, and leads us continually to think of and to feel for sinners.

9. Another of the benefits, connected with the endurance of suffering, is, that when endured in the fulness of Christ's dispositions, it imparts true liberty of spirit. It is hardly necessary to say that there can be no bondage to the mind that cheerfully lays all the world's gifts upon God's altar. It finds its riches in having nothing, and realizes the feeling of its freedom in the fact that it has no choice separate from God's choice.

10. Again, when suffering is attended with right affections, it becomes one of the strongest, and perhaps the only satisfactory evidence of true love. If God should bestow upon us mercies alone, without trials, it might be difficult to say whether we loved him for himself, or only for the blessings he gave. But if our affection remains unshaken under the trials he sees fit to send, we have good reason to regard it as true. The love which exists and flourishes at such times is not a mere accessory, dependent for its continuance upon circumstances, but is a permanent principle.

11. These considerations do not exhaust the subject, but they may lead to reflection and self-examination on the part of

the reader. Two remarks only remain to be added here. One is this:—

When we lay down the general principle, that deprivations and sufferings are favorable to the exercise and growth of faith, we would not limit the remark to what we lose or suffer *outwardly*;—to the loss, for instance, of health, property, personal influence, reputation, and human friendships, and to the sorrows resulting from these causes. We include also sorrows of mind, such as result from specific and heavy temptations, and from a general and deep feeling of spiritual desolation, which sometimes exists in connection with such temptations.

12. The other remark is this: It is not enough merely to be patient under suffering; the highest spiritual experience requires us to *rejoice* in it. At least, it requires us to rejoice in all that suffering which results from a loss of those worldly possessions which are dangerous to us, and from the suppression of wrong desires. If we are satisfied that we cannot be fully sanctified without suffering, we ought to rejoice in it as our greatest good. We ought to rejoice in it because it strengthens our faith, because it gives us the victory over sin, because it makes us partakers of Christ's sufferings, because it enables us to fulfil the will of God, because it leads to everlasting life.

TEMPTATION.

CONVICTION is not condemnation. You may be convinced, yet not condemned; convinced of useless thoughts or words, and yet not condemned for them. You are condemned for nothing if you love God, and continue to give him your whole heart.

Certainly, spiritual temptations will pass through your spirit; else you could not feel them. I believe I understand your state better than you do yourself. Do not perplex yourself at all about what you shall call it. You are a child of God, a

member of Christ, an heir of the kingdom. What you have, hold fast, whatever name is given to it, and you shall have all that God has prepared for them that love him. Certainly you do need more faith; for you are a tender, sickly plant. But see, —

“Faith while yet you ask is given;
God comes down, the God and Lord,
That made both earth and heaven!”

You cannot live on what you did yesterday. Therefore, he comes to-day. He comes to destroy that tendency to levity, to severe judging, to anything that is not of God. Peace be with your spirit.

PERFECT LOVE ENJOYED.

“What we have felt and seen,
With confidence we tell.”

BEFORE I understood the “way of holiness,” I thought him a proud man who dared to avow an experience in perfect love. Saved from sin! Why, to believe it seemed the height of presumption. Ostentation preposterous! How *could* a man be “pure in heart” who had self-conceit enough to say so? Where was the humility which would admit such an assumption?

O! how were the words, “through Jesus Christ our Lord, — through the blood of the Lamb,” sealed to me! How strangely different does the confession of a sanctified soul appear now! To doubt now the experience of perfect love would be to doubt the efficacy of the great atonement. I could not be a Christian without the experience that Jesus Christ *can* save to the uttermost. His precious blood *does* cleanse my poor soul from sin. I have found out that it *means* something to “believe on the Lord Jesus Christ,” — much more than I used to think. What a salvation is ours! so full! so free!

My soul is continually seeking opportunity to testify to the power and glorious reward of living faith. I lived so long without it, or with only its shadow, — O

how much I lost! To what heights of Christian experience — of life and love in the soul — might I have attained, had I found this pearl twenty years ago. Yet, sometimes, even now, when in reviewing the past I mourn over my slow progress in the divine life, I stop, and reproach myself that I do not rather praise God with all my ransomed powers for keeping me from falling.

Yes, he *did* keep me, all the long time. He chastened me, and tried me in various ways, and led me on step by step. I do praise him to-day that he gave me a teachable spirit, — a heart ever open to the conviction of truth, and ready to receive and profit by it. Indeed, I never understood how a soul could continue justified in full view of any spiritual blessing, without earnestly seeking it.

But I was blind. I did not seek the *light* with all my heart. Would that I had begun earlier to “search the Scriptures.” This neglect was my sin. Oh, the forbearance of my God! How *can* I express my gratitude for his dealings and leadings? How long I lived charitably overlooking sin in others, and excusing it in myself, yet all the while wondering that I did not hate it more! I honestly thought it must be so, till “this mortal should put on immortality.” I believed, moreover, that the trying and failing, the sorrowing, regretting, and repenting consequent on such a course, was but the Christian’s conflict; but still hoped in some way, I knew not how or when, to gain the victory by and by.

And, bless God, the day of victory has come sooner than I expected. Sin, why it is “the abominable thing which my soul hateth.” I hate it with perfect hatred. I am no longer its bond slave, — through blood divine I am free. “Glory to the Lamb.”

The feeble branch wondered long that it did not bear more fruit, for it was ever “in labors abundant;” but it is all plain now, — it needed “purging,” pruning.

The light of God reveals "the hidden things of darkness,"—pride, self-esteem, self-complacency, love of approbation, disguised in the laudable desire to gain the confidence of others, in order the better to influence them on the side of truth. The Holy Spirit showed the need of an inward crucifixion; bade faith, weak though it was, grasp the two-edged sword, look up for power to use it, and begin its piercing, probing work, seeking out the secret, lurking selfishness of unsanctified desire; "cutting off the right hand," "plucking out the right eye," and severing every tie which kept the spirit groveling in dust, away from its own native element,—its nobler sphere of glorious freedom and lofty aspiration, worthy its immortality.

Then followed the losing of self; the sinking into nothing; the emptiness; the hungering, the thirsting. O! how meagre earth's vanities to satisfy such longings, such groanings after the fainting, broken, contrite spirit's only satisfying portion,—God! Such waiting before the Lord to be washed, to be cleansed! Such hoping, such looking up and expecting,—the door of the heart wide open to receive,—until the ever blessed Jesus took possession of the temple his own precious blood had purified and his Holy Spirit had fitted up! Now, bless his holy name, he reigns there supreme.

Oh, the recompense of simple faith,—the mystery of Infinite Love!

"Nothing but sin had I to give,
Nothing but love did I receive."

How it expands the soul: this taking in,—this filling up with love—with God! My heart is enlarged while I write. "My Beloved is mine, and I am his." O blessed, precious union with Christ! All earthly attachments seem cold in comparison. Not that they are less, but that he is infinitely more,—the chiefest among ten thousand, and the one *altogether* lovely."

Oh, this sweet repose! What is it but "partaking of the divine nature?" No more doubts, no more fears. Now I know when I pray that I am heard; for it is not I alone that prays, but "Christ dwelling in me;" and his Father and my Father "heareth *him* always." "Sing, O ye heavens; for the Lord hath done it: shout, ye lower parts of the earth; break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein; for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel."

"THEY GO FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTHIL."

THE memory of one ancient king I love especially to recall. Dear to my heart is the record of good old David's history. His love, his obedience, fain would I copy.

Although the Psalmist had endured many of life's ills, felt many of its sorrows, yet was he led to exclaim from the depths of a full heart, "those in Zion go from strength to strength."

How safe is that one who puts his trust implicitly in Jesus; who goes on in his strength, feeling assured that he will never leave nor forsake those who love him.

Truly the path of life is not then a dark and cheerless way,

"Where storms of sorrow fall."

No! although the Christian has the promise, "In the world ye shall have tribulation," yet close by its side is the word of comfort, which seems to encircle it with a halo of brightness,— "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

As the pilgrim pursues his heavenly journey, each day's trials, when past, leaves the number of them one the less; each besetting sin when overcome yields him strength to rise above each subsequent temptation in life.

When weary, and the mountains of care seem to bid defiance to the worn traveller, then does the "guiding star" brighten the path—"he giveth more grace." On wings of love triumphantly he rises, and with conquering palm he shouts the victor's song. But may the sanctified heart overcome *all* through Christ, who strengthens him? Yes,—

"Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear."

Well might the inspired penman feel assured that the child of dust may "go from strength to strength," while heavenly manna nourishes the soul, and while Faith's unveiled eye views the heavenly sunbeams illuminating his path by day, and the arms of Love encircling him through the watches of the night. Could he feel otherwise than safe while the Infinite Father careth for him?

"He goes from strength to strength," knowing that just beyond the Jordan of death lies the promised land. From Pisgah's height exultingly he views his distant home.

"On angel pinions, now, he bears his sheaves along,
With soul delighted, free, he sings the heavenly song,
And leaving all behind, charmed with the view before,
He on 'from strength to strength' soars upward evermore."

COUNT THEM.

COUNT what? Why, count the mercies which have been quietly falling in your path through every period of your history. Down they come every morning and evening, angel messengers from the Father of lights, to tell you of your best Friend in heaven. Have you lived these years, wasting mercies, treading them beneath your feet, and consuming them every day, and never yet realized from whence they came? If you have, heaven pity you!

You have murmured under your affliction, but who has heard you rejoice over your blessings? Do you ask what are these mercies? Ask the sunbeam, the rain-drop, the star, or the queen of night. What is life but a mercy? What is the propriety of stopping to play with a thorn-bush, when you may just as well pluck sweet flowers and eat pleasant fruits? Happy is he who looks at the bright side of life, of providence, and of revelation; who avoids thorns and sloughs until his Christian growth is such that, if he cannot improve them, he may pass among them without injury. Count mercies before you complain of affliction.

DIVINE PROMISE, — THE HOPE OF THE CHURCH.

WHAT a treasure to the church are the promises which abound throughout the sacred volume. No arithmetical computation, or even powers of description, can give to the mind even a glance of the value she derives from them. Their variety is so great, and their sentiment so clear, that they are immediately adapted to every position, however peculiar, in which the church may possibly be placed. There is no doubt that the trials which have already beaten against God's militant host have been as severe in their nature, and disastrous in their intent, as any which they may yet meet in the wilderness. And, certainly, would they have overcome the trembling patience of our forefathers, were it not for those hallowed expressions of God, promising defence, comfort, and victory. I almost see through the mist of past years the moral courage, and ardent, holy zeal, inspiring the threatened martyred host, who, following each other to their post of duty in the face of death, appeared to listen to the voice of their God,—"Lo! I am with you *always, even unto the end of the world.*" "*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.*"

Luther's Bible would have closed to his touch, notwithstanding the light it had given him, arousing him as it did to a sense of the darkness and guilt in the usages and faith of the Church of Rome; and Christianity's fire would have longer been permitted to smother, as it then did, beneath the soil, covered by superstition, *but for the hallowing, inspiring promises which that Holy Book unfolded to him.* See him, in his ascent of "Peter's steps," stop and think, light bursting in upon his dark mind, clear as noonday. That light not only disclosed to him his own wretchedness, but in that disclosure he has revealed to him the peril of the church, the danger of a world. Well might he have shrunk from an honest expression of his changed mind. But the God that gave light, gave the promise of success and defence in its search. "*My word shall not return to me void.*" He descends, and without a tremor, in the face of infuriated priests, breaks the crust that had concealed the holy fire, and down the sides of the volcano he aroused ran the holy lava into Switzerland, then into Spain, and then into Britain. His courage soon inspired others; and as in the face of persecution, in all the forms Hell could invent, men of holy ardor and fervent piety have watched over the interests of the church from that eventful period till the present, their fortitude and perseverance must not be traced to any inherent boldness, or unflinching zeal natural to their being, *but to the inspiration they caught from the promises whispered by their God, through the medium of his Holy Word.*

Who can delineate the character of opposing influence as it has presented itself in the way of Christianity's advancement? Could the dust come forth again, could its spirit speak, what a history would sainted missionaries of the cross present to us: the frowns they met, the persecutions they encountered, the rapid growth of superstitions, which to heathen,

depraved minds were most palatable,—all these freezing their zeal, and making dumb their speech. Oh, would they not speak of the closet refreshment; the Bible courage; the holy inspiration; the more than human boldness with which they faced these difficulties and succeeded,—all attributable to the divine promises? Those dark lands would have helplessly yielded to their darkness, and their teeming millions would have been obliged to wait till the dust returned to dust ere a Saviour's name would have greeted them, had it not been for the encouragements afforded in the Bible. But by those promises a Coke willingly embraces a voyage of mercy which unfortunately proved one of death (though his ocean burial doubtless contributed more than we think to the accomplishment of the evangelization of Ceylon). A Carey, Williams, Wesley, Hunt, Knibb, and a host of others, forgot their toils, smiled on the waves, bore with manly patience the sneers of those they went to save; and even their new homes, fraught with privation, and too often with want, were made palaces brilliant by the lustre of the divine promises.

Surely, in these times, while wars and rumors of wars make the church tremble, the promises which have all along its history strengthened its arm will prove amply sufficient to preserve her cheer, provide her strength, and defend her rights.

The church certainly possesses her enemies as well as her difficulties,—enemies who profess friendship to the world, and against whom it becomes us to be faithful and firm. It is possible for us to take such comfort from promises of divine aid, as to forget that to secure that aid it is an absolute necessity that we watch with care, and preserve with firmness the purity, and advance the interests of that church. Now if we are to claim and enjoy the promises, the trust reposed in us must be sacredly kept.

It need not be said that in addition to

the superstitions which belong to certain creeds of long life, there are arising continually different forms of infidelity to which the pure gospel should unflinchingly be directed. No reader of the notorious *Essays and Reviews* can be blind to the fact that infidelity is not sparse of means by which to inculcate its deleterious principles. And as, in other forms, Satan is trying intelligently to oppose the Bible, it becomes us to array ourselves in battle, and, trusting to the God of promise, fearless of defeat, endeavor to build up Zion, though it be amid the missiles of the world's persecutions.

The promises of God's word not only refer the church to resources on which she may lean while she is fighting her battles, but to the grand consummation of all her hopes, the fruits of all her toil, the victory of all her battles. A church without anything to do would not be comfortable, and without a prospect to cheer its trust would be burdensome. The warrior's hands would hang in languor by his side did he not cherish a lingering hope that his feet would tread the floors of the besieged citadel. It is so with God's hosts. We know that victory will turn on Israel's side, "*for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.*" Let Rome disseminate her groundless faith, her wild doctrines. Let Mohammedanism boast, and Paganism boast in her idols, and the "seven essayists" boast in the logic of their unscriptural arguments; and even let them be joined by as many more in the production of such injurious literature, *the day is coming*, LORD HASTEN IT, when the pure, unadulterated truth shall prosper above them all, and their systems shall feel the crushing foot of an avenging God.

Let us glory *only* in the strength promised, and in the merits of a Saviour provided; the beauty of the Lord will then be upon us, and all that has been promised will be realized.

CALEDONIA, C. W.

AN EXPERIENCE OF THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

I HAVE ever felt a deep interest in the experience, whether written or verbal, of those who were travelling from the city of destruction to the "Christian's home in glory," and have often found in those experiences just such lessons of instruction as I needed. For although we may not expect our experience to be just like that of others, we may profit by the victories, and even by the defeats of those who have "fought the good fight of faith" in the army of the Lord.

It is for the glory of God that his people tell how he hath led them through the wilderness, shielded them from the armies of the aliens, and brought them into the promised land. Yet, strange to tell, I have for years been shrinking from this duty, except in class, love-feast or social converse.

My experience is perhaps unlike that of all others, in that my sins were pardoned several months before I received the spirit of adoption. Be not startled; for if this is not good theology, it is, at least, my experience, and the very best I was ever able to obtain on that point. True, its singularity caused me a great many severe conflicts and despairing hours; but the Lord gave me victory; and I now believe that this very singular experience will bear investigation; for we are to *ask* and receive, *ask expecting* to receive; and have no right to expect *what* we do not ask for.

I had been used to the language of prayer ever since at my mother's knee I learned to say "Our Father" and "Now I lay me," &c. I had all along, through early years, been conscious of the persuasive influences of the Holy Spirit, and used often, with heart as well as voice, to sing,—

"Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above."

For some years I had been a student in that nursery of piety, the Sabbath school.

I revered Christians, believed they were *almost* angels; yet my mind was dark as to the *way* into the faith and family of God.

While in that state of mind, a friend, a professor of religion, said to me, "L—, I wish you were a Christian." I made no answer, and the subject was dropped. But that remark was registered by power divine, and was soon flying on the wings of memory through all the chambers of my soul. Alone or in company, by night or by day, "wish you were a Christian" was continually echoing and re-echoing across my spirit's ear, until I sorrowfully answered, Well, if I am not a Christian what am I? And conscience said, A sinner; there are but two distinct grades of character in God's sight; a Christian is Christ-like, and you are not like him. No, I am not, was the response of my burdened heart. With the Bible for my companion, in my chamber, upon my knees, I looked at myself until I *saw* that I *was* a sinner, a justly condemned sinner.

How wretched I was! Whichever way I turned for light, the darkness grew more dense, while around me stood, in dark array, the sins of all the past,—my unholy tempers, my stubborn will, unkind words, and broken resolutions to be good. From my earliest years I had been in love with Christianity and intending to be a Christian. But ah! I had failed, and was, instead, a poor, despairing sinner. The Bible was my only counsellor, and earnestly did I study it to learn *how* vile I was, and if God *could* pardon me.

I have no recollection of being troubled about a future punishment, an eternal death; but my trouble was, that I was already dead to goodness, and altogether *unlike* the pure and holy Lamb of God, whom I ought to be like. Thus I wept and prayed, and studied the Holy Book, for two or three weeks; and the Lord was with me, leading me, though I knew it not, till one day, while I was mournfully singing,—

"Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?"

the deep of my heart was broken up, and tears almost rained over the work in my hands; still I sung on,—

"Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair."

Quick as thought, a light from above entered sweetly into my heart, and all my grief was gone. Love to God sprang up in my soul, pervading and encompassing my entire being. My God was reconciled, and had given unto me the "oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." I had prayed for pardon, for deliverance from sin. The answer came, bringing with it unspeakable joy; and, like a child of fewer years, I was satisfied with the joy without attempting to analyze it.

Months passed, and, called by another name, I left my father's house for a home hundreds of miles away, and found myself associated with Methodism, as it was twenty-five or thirty years ago. A class met near my home, composed in part of young ladies, whose "lamps" of devotion were always "trimmed and burning." These I soon learned to love; and they as soon manifested a deep interest in the youthful stranger, who *was not* a professor of religion. A quarterly meeting approached, and to it I looked forward, resolved to make it the time of my espousals to God, earnestly praying that the great Shepherd would meet me there, and that I might be —

"Gathered into the fold, with believers enrolled,
With believers to live and to die."

Saturday evening of the meeting came; and in those days *that* evening always brought with it special services, for the benefit of poor sinners. I listened to the call for volunteers with intense interest, and as the sweet strains of the invitation—

song were rolling through the house, I stood trembling with sacred awe, resolving, yet hesitating, to approach the altar, and ask the King for heirship to a crown of life. Just then one of those dear sisters laid her hand gently on mine, and without a word we walked forward, and I knelt at the altar.

Hour after hour flew swiftly by, while, surrounded by penitents and believers, I, like the impotent man at the pool, "waited for the moving of the waters," determined not to go back, yet seeing not how to go forward. I had turned my back upon the world to become a traveller in the way to heaven, and to *start right* was the great idea, *the only safe way*.

The charms of earth did not fetter me, nor the fear of the cross deter me, yet I lingered. The services closed, and we retired at about eleven o'clock. At the house of entertainment we had another season of prayer and sacred song.

From some cause the people were not so tenacious of their *right to sleep* in those days as is common now, often continuing in prayer till twelve or one o'clock, and yet always ready for the morning *love feast*.

Was it because they had more religious zeal? or less tenderness for "the outward man?" Whatever the cause might be, the result certainly was a more powerful baptism of the church, and a greater ingathering of souls. But I am digressing.

Sabbath morning came; that glorious Sabbath of *my public espousals* to the blessed Saviour. Of its earliest hours I have no recollection, till I was sitting on one of the movable seats in front of the pulpit. The house was filled, and the doors were shut, for it was the hour of morning love feast; and sometime during its prayers, — I cannot now tell when, — an invitation was given, that I do not remember to have heard given since, that, if any in the house desired the prayers of Christians, they should manifest it by rising up. In an instant I was on my feet, —

not even thinking it was a cross, for I had already resolved to do every duty, desiring above all things to be a *living Christian*.

How often since that hour have I been surprised at the hesitating, irresolute, non-committal manner of those who profess to be seekers of salvation. Alas! there are, comparatively, few who, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, stop their ears to all of earth, and cry, "Life! life! eternal life!"

But I have again wandered. In the prayer meeting, preceding evening preaching, I bowed with the worshippers and joined in the singing, almost ready to exclaim with the poet, —

"And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!"

Yet, I put aside the thought, lest I should rejoice too soon. During the singing the minister came reverently up the aisle; now, thought I, I'll see what the text and sermon contain for me; and when the preacher arose and read, "A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked," I hid the word in my heart, and listened to the sermon, fully believing that even *my* longings after "righteousness" were a *better* inheritance than all the earthly possessions of the neglecters of salvation.

Next came the prayer meeting, and I again bowed with the seekers of pardoning grace; but I seemed to be receding from, instead of drawing near to, God. Some who kneeled near me were weeping and praying in agony of spirit, and *I* was calm. Oh, how that calmness grieved me, for it seemed like mockery to so unfeelingly approach God, asking for so great a blessing! Yet in vain did I plead for conviction, for brokenness of spirit.

The shouts of *some* newly created in Christ Jesus were mingling with the songs of maturer Christians and the pleadings of those who seemed determined never to give the struggle over; while I, almost in

despair, could only say, Ah ! that *I* were like some of these. Just at that trying time the minister, who had preached that evening, directed no doubt by the Holy Spirit, kneeled in the altar near me, and sympathizingly inquired if I had not, at some former period, obtained the pardon of my sins. My consciousness at once let go of all surrounding things, and, quick as thought, I stood in my Father's house, with tears of penitence on my cheeks, and peace and new-found joy flowing into my subdued and trembling heart, — and back to the altar I brought the assurance that *that* was the work of a forgiving God. Then, to the friend who counselled me, I related my former conviction for sin, my deep repentance, and the sweet relief which was given me, and was advised to believe in Jesus as *my* Saviour, and ask for the witness of the Holy Spirit.

How reasonable this appeared to my perplexed and weary heart, and I immediately set about complying with the directions; but I had scarcely turned the eye of faith heavenward, when light from the throne fell upon my spirit's vision, and all anxiety, doubt and fear were lost in its effulgence! How glorious seemed the place! How glorious the plan of redemption! And O how glorious my God — my adored Redeemer!

The witness of the Spirit was clear, unmistakable; and with a free heart I joined in singing,—

"My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry."

SATISFIED WITH CHRIST.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."—
Ps. xvii. 15.

I ASK no more — no more will vainly question
Of that far land to which my footsteps tend;
No vision ask of shining wall and bastion,
And golden streets, or vales where rivers bend

Through meads, all fragrant with immortal flow-
ers,

With bending trees, fruit-laden, far and wide;
I only know that in those heavenly bowers
I shall be satisfied.

Oh, I have gazed, at the calm hour of even,
On this fair earth, with lovely dale and hill;
And I have asked if the bright fields of heaven
Could be more beautiful; and still — and still,
With all earth's loveliness around me lying,
With joy and beauty spread on every side,
My soul in anguish has been wildly crying,
"No, no! Unsatisfied!"

And oft when friends, beside the solemn river
That separates from immortality,
Have paused ere they have crossed its flood for-
ever,
With eager, anguished tone my soul would cry
For some sure knowledge of their heavenly dwell-
ing,
That land invisible where they abide;
But only this each placid face was telling,
"We shall be satisfied."

Ah! not the highest angel's brightest vision
Of that fair land whispered to mortal ear
Of palaced cities, vales and fields elysian,
Could be to our worn spirits half so dear
As that assurance of that yon immortal;
Tell me no more; if on the other side
Of death's dark flood, within the heavenly portal,
I shall be satisfied.

O blessed awakening! Welcome the calm slum-
ber,
The dreamless rest, though dark and chill the
bed;
Though nature shudder, countless years to num-
ber
In the lone city of the silent dead;
Yet welcome to this throbbing heart and aching,
For when the angel's trump, resounding wide,
Shall pierce the tomb, I, in that great awaking,
Shall with his likeness be well satisfied.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

Gould & Lincoln have just published, in the most inviting form, a volume of the choicest hymns that have been written upon the celestial world. They are entitled "Hymns on Heaven." The volume, which bears the evidence of assiduous labor and a chastened taste in its preparation, is edited by Rev. Dr. Thompson, the author of "The Better Land," and other sigilar volumes. The following beautiful lines were selected from the Dublin University Magazine.

TIME is a river deep and wide;
And while along its banks we stray,
We see our loved ones o'er its tide
Sail from our sight away, away.

Where are they sped — they who return
No more to glad our longing eyes?
They've passed from life's contracted bourn,
To land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view, but we may guess
How beautiful that realm must be;
For gleamings of its loveliness,
In visions granted, oft we see.
The very clouds that o'er it throw
Their veil, unraised for mortal sight,
With gold and purple tintings glow,
Reflected from the glorious light
Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere;
The mourner feels their breath of balm,
And soothed sorrow dries the tear;
And sometimes listening ear may gain
Entrancing sound that hither floats —
The echo of the distant strain
Of harps and voices blending notes,
Beyond the river.

There are our loved ones in their rest!
They've crossed Time's river; now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.
But there pure love can live, can last; —
They look for us their home to share;
When we, in turn, away have passed,
What joyful greetings wait us there,
Beyond the river.

MY FOURTH SPIRITUAL BIRTHDAY.

ANOTHER year! Oh hast thou flown so soon,
So soon escaped my fond yet feeble hold,
To mingle in the boundless ocean of
Eternity thy drops bitter and sweet!
O faithful monitor, swift flying year,
Servant of God, what witness hast thou borne
To Heaven's recording scribe of good or ill?
Full oft (and oh, my God, I tell it weeping
That I should ever grieve a Friend I love
So well), full oft I know I've failed to use
To my own soul's best good or Heaven's glory
Thy precious moments, which have flown away
To Heaven's portal, bearing naught for me —
No witness there, save that the trifling word
Had passed my lips, while my dear Saviour's
cross,
Which should have been my glory, was left un-
borne.

For this I weep in dust. Unworthy I,
And all unprofitable — but oh, my trust,
My only trust, is in my Saviour's name;
He loves and saves me still. When years ago
I sought at Jesus' feet and sweetly found
The priceless boon, a Father reconciled,
How easy then, how precious seemed the cross,
How light my Saviour's burden. His yoke to me

Was liberty. 'Twas sweet for him to toil,
For him to suffer; I counted it my joy.
Oh, have I still the joyful consciousness
Of Jesus' loving smile, and is't my meat
And drink to do my Master's will? Father,
Where'er I've strayed, or failed to do thy will,
Forgive for Jesus' sake, and grant that I
Henceforth no will may know, save thine. O
Time,

Thou'st borne to Heaven the record of my sins,
Bear now this witness that at Jesus' feet
Again I lay my all. Henceforth the world,
With all its vain display of gilded joys,
I'll count but worthless dross, and the dear cross
Of Jesus Christ my Lord shall ever be
My glory and my joy.

"WHEN THOU PASSEST THROUGH THE WATERS I WILL BE WITH THEE."

ISAIAH XLIII. 2.

THOUGH dark and unsounded they rise o'er my
head,
The waves of that river so chilling and dread;
Though, rushing, they sport with my weakness
and woe,
Let me pass through the waters as heavenward I
go!

Let me pass through the waters, albeit I shrink,
As helpless I stand alone on its brink;
For, plunging, I cast off my childish alarms,
And rising I soar to a kind FATHER'S arms.

Then wrestle, my soul! with the cold crested
wave,
Ne'er doubting the arm of that Father can save;
Though drenched by the tempest, though chilled
by the night,
Thy robe, deeply crimsoned, henceforth shall be
white.

Thus when the dark stream sweeps on just before,
Bearing me down to the dim, distant shore,
I'll fearlessly, peacefully launch on its tide,
And safe through its waters my Helmsman shall
guide.

SECRET OF A MOTHER'S SUCCESS.

A MOTHER who had brought up a large family
of children, all of whom had become members
of the Christian fold, was asked what means she
had used with so much success to win them to the
cross. She replied, "I have always felt that if they
were not converted before they became seven or
eight years of age they would probably be lost;
and when they have approached that age I have
been in an agony lest they should pass it uncon-
verted. I have gone to the Lord in my anguish,
and he has not turned away my prayers, nor his
mercy from me."

MRS. PALMER'S LETTERS.

ISLE OF MAN. }
June 24th, 1862. }

WOULD that I could portray on paper the scenes of awakening, saving and sanctifying power we are daily beholding here. Surely this fair portion of our heavenly Father's domain is being visited. It is a time of the "passing by" of the Son of God, and he is setting up his kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, in many hearts.

We are having mid-day and evening meetings which are very largely attended, particularly the latter, when many leave unable to find standing-room. Could I spread out before your readers the scene we witnessed last evening at St. James' Hall, it would call forth the strain,

"Glory to God in the highest,"

from hundreds of heaven-attuned hearts.

From the first of the evening's service the presence of the High and Holy One was a felt reality. About an hour after the commencement of the service such a remarkable effusion of the Spirit occurred, that not an individual present can ever forget the gracious event. In the midst of a solemn appeal to entire devotedness of heart and life, the speaker suddenly paused, and said, "I feel divinely impressed with the conviction, that if all who have named the name of Christ here will at once bring all their tithes into the Lord's storehouse, and prove God herewith, we shall have the windows of heaven opened upon us, and such an outpouring of the Spirit as has never before been witnessed in this place, and result in such a revival as has not been seen on the Isle of Man."

There was a sudden pause, and every one seemingly in that large assembly, that could free themselves from their crowded position, fell on their knees before God. For about three minutes all was silence, with the exception of stifled sobs on the

part of the contrite, and suppressed exclamations of praise, when the tide of Divine power and holy joy rose to an irrepressible point. Glory! Glory! Alleluia! burst from every part of the house. The tithes had been brought in, and the overflowing blessing had been poured out; and, judging from the effects, many hearts were saying, —

"It comes in flood we can't contain."

Many, before the close of the service, were sanctified wholly. Scores of heaven-illuminated countenances seemed to bespeak unmistakably the reception of an indwelling power, which we trust will be diffusing on others its hallowing influences during all the future of their lives. Many who had been convicted during the service of the evening found mercy, but I have not yet heard the number.

The editor and proprietor of the *Mono Herald* is most happily numbered with those who have brought all into the Lord's storehouse, and is now disposed to say, with the editor of a political paper who was converted at another town where we were laboring, "If I cannot edit a paper for God, I will not edit one at all."

We feel it to be a blessed privilege as far as able to turn even the few occasional seasons of respite which offer into means of grace. We came to this salubrious, pleasant island, intending to enjoy three or four days' respite, by the invitation of a friend, G. Pennell, Esq.; his large means being all devoted to the speedy upbuilding of Christ's kingdom. He conceived the idea that if a large hall might be taken, aside from denominational bias, a more general attention to the interest of the soul might be secured. He took the St. James' Hall at his own expense. According to his faith it has been done. God is now working mightily on the people of this community, irrespective of sect, though the Wesleyans are sharing the most largely.

The whole of the island, of about 50,000 inhabitants, comprising three consid-

erable towns and several villages, is one Wesleyan District. The excellent Chairman of the District was with us last evening, and is in attendance at all the meetings, as far as the onerous duties of his position will allow, and the same may also be said of all the Wesleyan ministers on the circuit.

As we stand engaged to attend a camp-meeting, to be held near Enniskillen, Ireland, commencing June 27th, our arrangements were made to leave to-morrow, but we have just been waited upon by a committee of ministers, bringing a memorial signed by about two hundred persons, entreating that we will not leave the town for a few days to come. The memorial expresses the belief that the blessed work of the Spirit, so gloriously begun, is destined to spread over the island, if the special services so divinely owned thus far may be continued, and to this our hearts say Amen and AMEN.

The only record we have seen giving any clue to the introduction of Methodism in the Isle of Man, is graciously illustrative of the fact that the arch-deceiver has not the gift of prescience. It is given by Mr. J. Rossen in writing to Rev. George Marsden, and reads thus:—"The first direct effort appears to have been made in the year 1758. From a manuscript before me I learn that in that year Mr. John Mullin, the 'weeping prophet,' was in the island, and stayed about a week. Mr. Mullin, in a published account of this early visit, says:—"I embarked in July, 1758, for Liverpool. But the captain deceived us, and carried us to the Isle of Man. Here we stayed a week. The second evening I preached in a barn, but on Sunday it would not contain the congregation, so I was obliged to preach abroad. The people in general behaved well, and gave great attention. After I left them, they sent to Whitehaven, desiring to have another preacher, but it was some years before another went, there being so little probability of doing any con-

siderable good, while the whole island was a nest of smugglers.' Amid honor and dishonor, and peril of life and limb, Methodism began to gain ground in the island in 1775, through the instrumentality of Rev. John Crook. His persecutions from the clergy and people were formidable, and sometimes so vexatious that he was tempted to desist, but he was enabled to endure through the girdings of Divine power. Great prosperity subsequently crowned his labors, so that his name is as ointment poured forth, and he is here spoken of to this day as the apostle of Methodism. Early in June, 1777, Mr. Wesley visited the island. May 30th, 1777, he writes: 'I went on to Whitehaven, where I found a little vessel waiting for me. After preaching in the evening, I went on board about eight o'clock, and before eight in the morning landed at Douglas, in the Isle of Man.' This is the point from which I now write."

What a change has since occurred in connection with the interests of Methodism! Then, there was no Wesleyan chapel, and Mr. Wesley, forbidden to preach in the church, was constrained to preach in the church-yard. Now, the Wesleyans have eight stationed preachers and between three and four thousand members on the island, and over forty preaching places.

PHCEBE PALMER.

ENNISKILLEN, IRELAND, }
July 17, 1862. }

DEAR BROTHER GORHAM: It is two weeks to-day since we arrived in Ireland. The camp-meeting which we came to attend closed on Monday of the present week. The guidance of grace in our coming is gloriously manifest.

I used to wonder in years gone by, as I read of Philip's being taken up by the Holy Spirit and set down at Azotus, in what manner the removal was accomplished. Perhaps the removal might not have been so manifestly supernatural as

some have imagined. However it was done, scarcely could Philip have been more settled in his convictions that he was under heavenly guidance when caught away to Azotus, or when joining himself to the eunuch's chariot, than we have been of divine direction in being carried about by the voice of the church, as we have been impelled from place to place, since we saw you last.

The Irish camp-meeting just closed was remarkably blessed of the Lord in the conviction and conversion of sinners, and the entire sanctification of believers. Unlike our American camp-meetings, the services continued about two weeks. We did not arrive till after the meeting had been in progress a week. The power of saving grace had been graciously manifested before our arrival, but as some who had been blessed had left the ground, the people going and coming, and a special record not having been kept, the recordings of the book of life alone can fully disclose the results of the meeting. The Rev. Mr. Graves, an excellent brother of the Troy Conference, who came to these regions in quest of health, has, under God, been the prime mover in the camp-meeting enterprise in this country. His name will long be loved and honored. Rev. Wm. Hall, a dear young minister from Toronto, full of faith and power, who is on a visit to this country, has also been much blessed in his labors at this meeting. A number of other ministers from various parts of Ireland have been at this feast of tabernacles, whose ministrations have been in the demonstration of the Spirit.

During the last week of the meeting, the work was so glorious, that we urged the appointment of a special secretary, that the souls born into the kingdom might be garnered for the church, and also that the name of the Lord might be exalted by his doings being made known among the people. From Tuesday of last week till Monday of the present week the scenes of saving grace were remarka-

ble indeed. Prayer meetings succeeded every public service. These were mostly held in a large tent, at which it was usual to see from twenty to fifty bowed at the penitent forms as seekers.

Yesterday was memorialized above all other days. It was the Lord's day. During the preceding days the hosts of Zion had been putting on their strength. Many might say as the beloved disciple on the Isle of Patmos, "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day."

Many of the beloved disciples of the Saviour, having set themselves apart for God, had received the gift of power. God does not leave the heart a vacuum. He cleanses the temple, and beautifies it with holiness, and then, before astonished angels and men, proclaims his entrance into his redeemed, purified temple, saying, "Ye are the temple of the living God." How amazing! Yes, the heart of every true Christian is the living temple of the living God, where he who was once the incarnate Deity lives, moves, and works; as God hath said, "I will dwell in them and walk in them." Truly holiness is power. But why multiply words by way of demonstrating this to you? You know it, and by your daily walk and conversation I am persuaded you are exemplifying the glorious principle.

It was His power that told largely on the success of the services yesterday, when we have reason to believe over one hundred deeply-convicted sinners were brought to Jesus. The secretary informed me this morning that he recorded the names of one hundred and thirty-six, all of whom professed to have found either the blessing of pardon or purity yesterday. The convictions were deep and the conversions powerful. The secretary, in giving me this account, said he believed many more had been subjects of the work beside those whose names had been received; the work being too diffusive to come within his reach. It is estimated that about five thousand persons were on the

encampment. During the addresses, from ten till one o'clock, the arrows of conviction penetrated the hearts of the unconverted in every direction.

In the large tent to which we retired, after leaving the stand, we had one steady gust of divine power. This meeting continued without any intermission about four hours, during which about ninety who had been wounded by the Spirit's sword were made whole. Oh, it was indeed a scene of wondrous triumph, as one after another rose in rapid succession to declare what great things the Lord had done for their souls.

I was much interested with the case of a dear man with whom I had labored some time the evening previous, as a seeker of holiness. Having been well known as a professor of religion, he said the cross of coming out and kneeling at the penitent form as a seeker of the great salvation was very heavy; and he found himself for some time so tempted as to find it difficult after he came to bring his mind to any point on the subject. But before leaving he obtained a glorious victory, and ere we parted, at the close of the meeting, he was rejoicing in the witness that the blood of Jesus cleanseth.

Yesterday, as we were on the eve of commencing the blessed four hours' meeting just referred to, I saw this young man standing amid the crowd in the tent as we entered, and seeing his eyes red with weeping, I paused and said to him, "I hope, my dear brother, you have not cast away your confidence." He said, "Oh, no; but I am feeling so deeply for my unconverted brother, and other relatives who have come upon the ground to-day." I encouraged him to believe that, as God's order had been obeyed, and judgment begun with him, he might expect to see the answer to his prayers speedily in behalf of his unconverted relatives. In a few minutes after this conversation the unconverted brother was bowing at the penitent form near the same spot where his brother

had received the blessing of purity the evening previous. He had been suddenly and most powerfully arrested by the Spirit, and with strong cries and tears was pleading for mercy. The process of his conversion did not, I imagine, occupy more time than that of the jailer in Paul's day. Less than an hour had passed from the time I was conversing with the brother so burdened in his behalf, ere I saw the two brothers clasped in each other's arms, amid tears and praises, glorifying God. Both brothers soon became intensely interested for the salvation of their unconverted sisters who were also in the tent. It was not long before the two sisters yielded to the importunity of the brothers, and though separated at different points in the tent, they began to plead for saving mercy. Little over an hour had passed after the commencement of that glorious prayer meeting, when I witnessed the affecting sight of the two brothers and two sisters all locked together in each other's embraces, weeping and praising the Lord with unutterable gladness. It was a sight which angels must have gazed upon with joy; calling Dr. P.'s attention to it, I exclaimed, "See! that band has just been newly bound together in the bundle of life." The eldest brother, who the evening before had told me how tempted he was in regard to kneeling among the penitents as a seeker of holiness, came to me as soon as the first burst of praise was over, and said, "Oh, did not the Lord repay me soon for the cross I took up last evening!"

The closing services of the meeting took place this morning. After a delightful fellowship meeting, Dr. P. and myself were invited by the excellent superintendent minister to give some parting advices. Soon after the Lord's Supper was administered, of which many partook. It was an affecting thought that so many of us were for the first time surrounding the table of our Lord on earth, and in expectation of so soon parting to meet no more

till we should assemble at the marriage supper of the Lamb. The whole service closed by encompassing the ground in procession, pausing, as with us, before the preachers' stand to take the parting hand, in the meanwhile singing,

"There'll be no more parting there,
There'll be no more parting there;
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no more parting there."

July 20th. By the suggestion of the mayor of the town and several other leading friends in the community, we have been solicited to remain a few days and hold revival services in the Town Hall; we have consented, and are now having a continuation of camp-meeting services in the midst of the town. The meetings are numerous attended, and many we trust are coming to Jesus. A large room in connection with the hall is used as a vestry. To these the seekers are invited after the addresses. Here scores may be seen each evening at the penitent forms as humble seekers of salvation.

P. S. Since the date of the preceding, we have received a letter from the brother who was appointed to record the names of those who were special recipients of grace at the camp-meeting. From his report we have reason to believe that at least five hundred of those who came forward as seekers were enabled to testify, to the praise of God, to the reception of the blessing sought.

P. P.

MEETING FOR HOLINESS IN NEW YORK.

NOTES TAKEN AT DIFFERENT TIMES
BY A REGULAR ATTENDANT.

A SISTER.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform," etc.

FIVE years ago God brought me into this rest. A loved companion was lying shrouded for the grave, and I went into a

retired spot to meditate with God. I was enabled by the leadings of the Holy Spirit to throw myself on God, and then Jesus and the Father came and took up their abode in me. From that time to the present, I have been enabled to live with him, and the language of my heart has been,—

"If so poor a worm as I," etc.

I went into the room where my husband's body lay, and I said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." A minister came in, and as he took my hand he said, "This does not look like the house of mourning!"

Trials which I have since been called to endure have been heavy, but I found delight and solace in the word of God, and my prayer is that I may live the life of faith. I do know that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses me from all sin, and I rejoice in the prospect of incorruptible, unfading treasures. My soul is attracted to Jesus. God is teaching me day by day, and I am learning more and more how to step up higher and higher in this way of holiness. My chief anxiety now is to bring others into the liberty of God's dear children.

MISS ANNESLEY.

I have learned in the way of holiness that I had to keep to that which was right, and not to yield to every one's reproof or censure. I learned not to have any mortification of feeling, whilst my motives and principles are right. I think that my manners are not equal to my principles. I need the atonement, and feel that it saves me from condemnation. The truest ground of my confidence is that the Lord knows my heart, and I wish with diligence to keep the clear witness of my salvation.

I have often praised God that he has given me a simple, teachable, humble heart. I am nothing but a sinner saved by grace. I am astonished that God gives me Himself.

I have an entire self-emptiness, and an entire reliance on Christ, and I think that if he puts up with me, I may put up with myself.

My heart is buoyant with the consciousness that I am Christ's, and that he is mine; that he loves me, and saves me to the uttermost.

BROTHER ELLIOTT.

I have refrained from speaking because I wished to hear others. So far as I understand their expressions and consciousness, I am with this meeting. There are points in the experiences which I have not gained. I am satisfied that you are right, and I wish that I were as you are.

I stand on a point of which I am glad to testify: a clear experience, which is far above what I ever knew before.

It seems to me that the converted state is a mixed state, whilst the sanctified is a simple state.

For twenty-one years I was in a mixed state. I knew that I desired God's glory; I knew that I had selfish ends; I knew that I wanted to work for God; I knew that I wanted rewards from him; I knew that I had faith, and yet I knew that I had unbelief. I consulted God in prayer; I consulted self in the exercise of reason; I found disturbance of spirit,—the waves of the sea throwing up the mire and dirt of corruption.

And yet God, in his wonderful mercy, used me in his cause, and enabled me to write and speak words which were food for sanctified souls.

For twenty-one years I was in my minority. Through the process of consecration, and through the exercise of faith that it was accepted, I passed into a new sphere and mode of spiritual exercises and religious labor. It is a simple state. I do not seek the will of God and my will; I seek the will of God only. I think I can say that I do not even care to have the reward of a joyful sense of acceptance. I am willing to lay the sacrifice on the altar, and let it lay there until eternity.

God's will is all. My object in seeking advice is to know, through that person, what is the will of God. I don't wish to follow the judgment of men. I want to be used for God. I don't want to be a spectacle and a reproach unless it be the will of God that I should be so. I have no choice, but I want by all means to secure the glory of God. This is the predominant feeling in all things—looking to God and devoted to God. I have no agitation; I have eagerness and restlessness of desire after the things of God. Trial keeps me awake, but it does not agitate; it keeps me awake to think of the goodness of God. Whether my heart is cleansed from all sin, whether I have the witness of the Spirit, I do not know; I know that in no conscious voluntary act or choice do I separate myself from the will of God. I do at all times what seems to me the will of God. I don't know that I commit one voluntary act wrong; that is as far as I can go; but I can say that through Jesus Christ and for his sake, and through the blood he has shed, I have no condemnation. So far as I understand, the doctrine of entire sanctification through faith is a present and permanent thing in this life. I think it is childishness in the church and in the ministry, when, with the Bible in their hands, they close their eyes to the glorious doctrine which common sense and experience prove to be true.

FAITH does not consist in thinking that my sins are comparatively little, and therefore may be forgiven; but in knowing that they are very great, and believing that, though they are never so many and great, past or present, Christ's blood is above them all.

Nothing but Christ's blood, taking away, and as it were annihilating sin, can quiet an awakened conscience. Repentance implies an abiding self-dislike and self-abhorrence, and can neither destroy the existence, nor extinguish the remembrance, nor heal the smart, of past sin; the torment of it can never die but with a conviction that Christ took it all on himself.

The Guide to Holiness.

NOVEMBER, 1862.

THE SIMPLICITY OF FAITH AS A CONDITION OF FULL REDEMPTION.

A VERY interesting and touching letter from a distant correspondent, which may appear in a future number of the Guide, with answers to its queries, suggests the fact that many, apparently sincere seekers after a pure heart, are bewildered by misapprehensions of the simple and clearly defined process of salvation set forth in the New Testament. They are watching, waiting, praying, and believing, for—they hardly know what; and finding nothing in their experience answering to their conception of what is implied in the terms "perfect love," or according with the experiences that they have heard from the lips of others, they remain subject to painful doubts, and walk in great spiritual darkness. We cannot understand every peculiar case, because we cannot read the heart. There may be a serious stumbling-block in the way; and perhaps the individual may be, as yet, unconscious of it. It may be a reluctance to yield some chosen pursuit, the gratification of some powerful appetite, the shrinking from some providential cross, the unwillingness to acknowledge the soul's desire for a deeper work of grace, and to confess its barrenness of enjoyment—one or several of these "roots of bitterness" may be the hindering cause, holding back the presence and grace of the Holy Spirit. If, however, the soul is in earnest to enter fully into the Kingdom of God, in the act of seeking admission (not while resting in helpless unbelief and inoperative desires and prayers), the Holy Ghost, who searcheth the heart, will clearly reveal this rock of stumbling, that it may be removed: for "if any man will *do* the will of God, he *shall know* of the doctrine."

Presuming, then, that one sincerely desires to experience the full baptism of the Spirit, and is willing to follow the divine Guide wherever he may lead, and to drink of whatever cup he may place to his lips, what is he to do, and what to believe?

Years before, perhaps, he came, a sinner, to the Father, and

"Gave up every plea beside,
Lord, I am lost, but Jesus died."

Penitent for sin, yet unable to atone for it by his tears, or to keep himself from sinning, he simply trusted in the divine word, that God did, at that hour, freely forgive all his sins for Christ's sake. The result of this faith was a delightful peace of mind, a filial love towards God, and a power to resist temptation, coming either from

within or without. Gradually, the mind becomes painfully conscious of a struggle on the part of subdued appetites and affections to acquire their old control; sometimes they gain the temporary ascendancy and bring the conscience into distress, and the heart into darkness. But the New Testament sets forth Christ as able to save "unto the uttermost," and his blood as "cleansing from all sin." How may I secure the utmost power of this "great salvation" in my heart? First of all, I must have for my guide the Holy Spirit. I pray for the Divine presence, entirely relying upon the assurance of my Saviour, that the Father is "more willing to bestow the Holy Ghost upon them that ask him than earthly parents are to give good things to their children." When I pray, I believe that I *have* the Spirit, simply because Jesus says I *shall* have it. He is with me; I rely upon this; although, being a Spirit, no impression is made by his coming upon my bodily senses. I now give up every self-conceived idea of the great spiritual work I am seeking, and turn solely to the treasure-house of truth—the Word of God. What does the New Testament propose to do for me? It proposes to relieve me from self-condemnation; "there is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." It pledges me an entire victory in this inward controversy between my desires and my duty. "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us." It affirms that my moral nature shall be entirely purified. "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." "He is faithful and just to forgive and to cleanse from all unrighteousness." It promises a baptism and indwelling of the Holy Ghost. "That ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

Now what does the New Testament enjoin upon me to do in order to receive all this? It must be made the one desire and business of my life. This "one thing I do"—"Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and *his righteousness*."

I yield everything I have and am to Christ, deliberately, unreservedly, and with the aid of the Spirit now with me, to *be* what he would have me, to *do* what he would have me, and to *suffer* all his blessed will. "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me; for whosoever will save his life shall lose it." "Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of?—they say unto him, we are able."

I then simply, confidently, humbly repose upon the divine assurance that God does for me, in that moment of penitent, confiding reliance, just what he promises to do.

"What shall I believe?" asks the correspondent referred to above. Not that you are sanctified before you have a knowledge of the fact, for this is simply impossible; not that your heart is filled when you have no intimation of it. You are not to believe that you receive the blessing of "perfect love" in order to receive it. We can-

not force our minds to believe without some adequate foundation. But we are, at once, confidently to trust in the amazing fact, that when we repose upon the provisions of the atonement God does precisely what he has promised to do. We believe now, because he has unqualifiedly assured us of it, that he does cleanse the heart from "all unrighteousness," and that the blood of Jesus "cleanses from all sin." Here we rest in simple, trusting repose, not doubting, moving right forward in Christian duty, unhesitatingly clinging to the "sure word of prophecy." The rest of the work is *entirely divine*. I have not to embarrass my consciousness with it.

"To draw, redeem, and cleanse are thine."

The Holy Spirit, who has led me to the promises and enabled me to apprehend them, will not fail in his glorious office. It is indeed "according unto our faith." As we rely on God's word, the renewing grace is bestowed.

"Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,—
My Lord, my Love, is crucified."

The presence and work of the Holy Spirit will be their own witness. We need not compare our experiences with others; we must not wait for emotions or impressions; our one work is to rest our panting souls upon the specific words of promise, and to believe that "every jot and tittle" of it is fulfilled, when the terms upon which it is offered are met.

Our friend, whose case we have had somewhat in our mind in this writing, seems to be embarrassed because she appears to be required to believe that she has a certain blessing which she knows she has not, in order to obtain it. No! we are to believe that we *have*, what God has *promised to give*, when we pray; in contradistinction to that unbelief which would require of him a sign, a vision, or an impression upon the senses; we are to take him upon his pure word, and to believe that he does simply what he has promised to do. He never fails to respond to this faith.

"To him that in thy name believes,
Eternal life with thee is given;
Into himself he all receives,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven."

SPIRITUAL AND INTELLECTUAL FOOD.

We seek to inculcate in these pages a "pure and undefiled religion," deep and permanent in its character, practical in its results, and founded upon an intelligent faith. To secure this end, in addition to the instructions of the Guide, we have issued quite a library of well-written literature upon the great central doctrines of the cross. Those sincere lovers of holiness who most carefully study the sacred pages, and nourish their faith by the perusal of the best works of thoughtful and devout

Christians upon this theme, will have the clearest views of the path of life and make the richest discoveries of its divine resources.

There are collateral topics, the study of which both enlarge the mind and afford a firm foundation for its faith. We have just risen from the examination, in course, of three excellent volumes, bringing home the gospel of the Son of God in a fresh and clear manner to the understanding and affections. The first is styled the "Life of Christ," and is written by Professor Ellicott, of King's College, London. In a series of Lectures, plainly written, all the events and teachings contained in the four Evangelical records are brought out in order and in chronological succession, and the principal difficulties in harmonizing them are carefully considered. Full and striking notes upon such passages in the gospels as suggest any comments are interspersed along its pages. A sweet and devout spirit and a constant practical application of the theme render the volume the more interesting, as they certainly make it more profitable.

The second volume is entitled, "Introduction to the Study of the Gospels." It is written by Mr. Westcott, formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge, and author of some of the most valuable articles in Dr. Smith's noble "Dictionary of the Bible," the first volume of which has been lately published both in England and in this country. This work enters fully into a consideration of the providential preparations in the world for the introduction of Christianity, and into the origin, authors and characteristics of the different narratives of Christ's life and teachings. The minister, or Sabbath-school teacher, or even private Christian, could not become familiar with its rich treasures of scriptural illustration without receiving great personal advantage, and being better prepared to open the fountain of life to the lips of others.

The last volume, smaller, and in some respects sweeter for the closet and hours of retirement, is the "Testimony of Christ to Christianity," by Peter Bayne, the well-known author of "The Christian Life." It is a new argument for the divine origin of Christianity, founded upon the character and testimony of our Lord himself. It is written in a singularly attractive and luminous style, and will at once confirm the faith and refresh the heart of the believer. In these days, when unbelief finds its advocates among even the professed ministers of the gospel, and distrust is thrown on the records of the New Testament, the church should gratefully welcome a defence of the ancient faith at once so hearty and satisfactory, and so unanswerable in its logic. Its rich and delightful appreciation of the character of our Lord will render it a welcome volume to those who specially relish any work that brings him near to their minds and hearts.

These volumes are all published by Gould & Lincoln, and can be found at any of the book-stores.

WHAT AFFECTS THE CHILD.

SAID a clergyman, "I never saw my father shed a tear but once. It was when he was speaking about the salvation of his children. We were all sitting at the breakfast table, and the matter being accidentally introduced, he said, "If one of my children should be lost I do not know how I could bear it." I looked up into his face, and I saw a tear roll down his cheek. He had often been in trouble, lost vessels at sea, been cheated by bad men, and met with many disasters in business; but a year before, he had lost a handsome fortune, accumulated by hard labor; but I never saw him weep before." Nothing that father could have said would have affected his child as powerfully as that unbidden, unwonted, but sincere tear.

Said a candidate for the ministry, when examined in reference to his religious experience, and the leading means used for his recovery to God, "I trace, under God, my salvation to a mother's faithfulness to my childhood. Yes," said he, "the taking of my little hand within hers (I can almost feel it still) as she led me to the closet where she poured out her soul for my salvation; the sound of that dear voice, as I would pass her chamber-door, as she wrestled with the God of Jacob for her child—these—these," said he, "I mark as among the effective means by which the God of mercy led my soul to himself."

"When we see the flower-seeds wafted
From the nurturing mother tree,
Tell we can, wherever planted,
What the harvesting will be.

Never from the blasting thistle
Was there gathered golden grain;
Thus the seal the child receiveth
From the mother will remain."

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

"AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

ONE of our dear brethren in the ministry has been unable for some months to discharge any of the public duties of his office, and it is very doubtful whether he will ever recover his health sufficiently to resume them. His small resources were soon exhausted. Whither should he turn for support for his little family? His wife is an invalid. It was an hour of heaviness through manifold temptations. He sat upon the bedside and looked sadly into the future; his faith had well-nigh failed. The tears started from his eyes. His wife, who sat by his side, wept also. The oldest child, who not only caught from sympathy the sorrow of his parents, but could himself, in a measure, appreciate the occasion of it, sat near them, also in tears. It was an hour of bitterness. Let not those who have never been sick, helpless, with a dependent family and without earthly substance, look coldly upon such a scene.

The youngest child, a very bright little boy, now singing among the angels on high, was playing in the room. He saw the sadness of his parents. Something was wanting. What was it? He was uneasy, and finally went into an adjoining room. The door was partially closed. Soon his little shrill voice was heard singing; it was an evangel from the Father—

"O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end."

It was enough. The bow was seen in the cloud. Jesus, by the little child, wiped away the tears from his servants' eyes. What a rich return did these parents, in this one experience, receive for all the good seed they had sown in this little heart.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

DEAR Jesus, let thy pitying eye
Look kindly down on me;
A sinful, weak and helpless child,
I come thy child to be.

Oh, blessed Saviour, take my heart,
This sinful heart of mine,
And wash it clean in every part;
Make me a child of thine.

My sins, though great, thou canst forgive,
For thou hast died for me;
Amazing love! Help me, O Lord,
Thine own dear child to be!

"Forbid them not," the Saviour says;
"Let children come to me;"—
I hear thy voice. Now, dearest Lord,
I come thy child to be.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

I LOVE thee! I love thee! my own precious lamb,

I died to redeem thee, thy Saviour I am.
I am the Good Shepherd and care for my sheep,
And all the young lambs I will tenderly keep.

I love thee! I love thee! Dear lamb, do not fear,
No evil shall harm thee, thy Shepherd is near.
In my bosom I'll shelter thee, safe in my fold,
And keep thee in winter secure from the cold.

I love thee! I love thee! and in the fierce heat
Of summer, when weary and wandering thy feet,

To ever green pastures I'll bear thee away,
And near the still waters thy footsteps shall stray.

I love thee! I love thee! And when death is near,

My own precious lamb! I will quickly appear;
My rod and my staff shall then be thy stay,
And safe through the valley I'll bear thee away!

THERE, THERE IS REST.

Rev. G. D. BROWNE.

Allegretto.

Partly Composed and Arr. by A. HULL.

1. Come poor pilgrim, sad and wea - ry, Why heaves thy breast ;
 2. There is rest for thee in glo - ry, A - mong the blest ;

3. There are those who've gone be - fore us, All who are blest ;
 4. There the gold - en harps are ring - ing, Harps of the blest ;

Roaming this wide world so drea - ry, Sigh - ing for rest.
 Lis - ten to the joy - ful sto - ry, There, there is rest.

Singing now the hap - py cho - rus, There, there is rest.
 And the an - gel bands are sing - ing, There, there is rest.

Coda. Ad lib.

Tempo.

Rest, rest, sweet rest. Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 Rest, rest, sweet rest. Where the wicked cease from troubling,

And the wea - ry are at rest.
 And the wea - ry are at rest.

5.
 And while we on earth are praying,
 Jesus the blest ;
 Unto us is sweetly saying
 There, there is rest.
 Rest, rest, &c.

6.
 We shall meet where parting never,
 Comes to the blest ;
 And we'll safely dwell forever
 In heavenly rest.
 Rest, rest, &c.

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

DECEMBER, 1862.

REDEMPTION.—ITS FACTS AND MOTIVES.

But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace ye are saved), and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus; that in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace, in his kindness toward us, through Christ Jesus. — Eph. ii. 4-7.

THE facts and the philosophies, the methods and the morals of the gospel, alike excite our wonder. But we never see the real glory of the system till we come to look upon it as an expedient of Almighty love for the rescue and exaltation of man. The text I have read in your hearing contemplates the subjects, the facts, and the motives of redemption. Let us follow this order in our present meditation.

I. THE SUBJECTS OF THE WORK OF REDEMPTION,—man dead in sin.

Man is the glory of God. He is the highest work of creation. A little lower than the angels—a little lower than "Elohim," as the text is: man, fearfully made, wonderfully endowed.

But man is dead; and when death comes it hurls down that which was highest to be the lowest and most abhorred. Our horror is not much of dead trees, it is more of dead brutes, but most of dead men; and these are dead men to whom the gos-

pel comes. Dead while living,—dead souls in live bodies,—walking ghosts of men that have lost God and heaven, and wander, groping and grasping with ceaseless hunger and blind unrest.

"Dead in sin." Dead *by* sin; dead *because* of sin, by the *virus* of sin. Dead because sin has wrought in their members to bring forth fruit unto death till their whole being is surcharged with the poison, and life is gone. Or, if you prefer another understanding of it, say dead *for* sin—as the penalty of sin—a culprit, lately caught and executed by the law. Or, combine the two, and you may grasp the fearful significance of "*dead in sin.*"

Now, the gospel proposes to bring man up to great excellence of character, great exaltation of spiritual attainment; but it does not predicate its power thus to raise him on any assumption that he is naturally good, or not naturally wholly evil and lost. "We have received the sentence of death in ourselves," says Paul, "that we should not trust in ourselves, but in Christ, who raiseth the dead." As if he had said, "When I see Saul of Tarsus I see a man under sentence of death. I cannot trust in such a man; he cannot save nor succor. But I trust in Christ, for he can raise the dead; and he alone that can make a dead man live can give life to me." That is the gospel view. There is no good thing native to the human soul. Its first salutation to every man is a charge of capital offence against the

government, and of thorough heart corruption. Such is man "dead in sin."

II. THE FACTS OF REDEMPTION.

1. God hath quickened us together with Christ. To quicken is to bring to life; and God has brought every man from death to life, who is a saved man, "together with Christ." Converting and sanctifying power is resurrection power. So taught Jesus (John v. 25,) so implies the text, and so does that rich benediction of Paul upon the Hebrews, "Now the God of peace, *which brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus*, that great Shepherd of the sheep, . . . make you perfect in every good work to do his will," &c. But this being quickened "*together with Christ*" seems to imply that faith, laying hold on him, does so unite the soul to him as to make it instantly a partaker of the power that awoke him in the tomb of Joseph, and lifted him up from Olivet.

2. "And hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus." Christians are not where they were; they have been raised up together by the power of God. Their characters, their views, their destinies, have all been elevated by grace; by which, even now, they sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. They occupy places like heaven; they have the tempers of heaven; they have a measure of the peace and joy of heaven. They have kindred employments with heaven, and in their sweet communings with heaven they often sing, —

"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss."

Moreover, the grace of God has so rooted out the selfishness of the heart that there is a lovely, heavenly union and concord among all that believe and are saved in Christ Jesus. They "sit together." Their religion is more in love than orthodoxy, and finds expression rather in holy char-

ities than in sharply-defined creeds. "They sit together," — true Christian love knows no party lines, nor partition walls. It is so *like* heaven — so a *part* of heaven I may say — that, with open heart and extended arms, it is ready to embrace in its affections all the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. From the moment of conversion, does every child of God possess something of this grace: but when the purifying flame has purged the soul from the dross of selfishness, and the heart has received a baptism of pure love, sweetly filling all the soul, then it is, and not till then, that it looks forth among all that have named the name of Jesus, and exclaims, "He that doeth the will of my Father, the same is my mother, and my sister, and my brother." The union of heart which exists among those who are really filled with the Spirit of God can never be told in the language of earth.

The peculiar rest of faith appears to be conveyed in the word "sit," in the text; implying that the heart's eager searchings and truant wanderings are all at an end now, and that its activities and desires are no longer of a character to disturb its serene repose in the will of God.

III. THE DIVINE MOTIVES IN THE REDEEMING WORK.

1. "But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us." God's mercy furnished him a motive for the redeeming work. "Judgment is his strange work." "He delighteth in mercy." "He giveth manifold mercies," and "his mercy endureth forever." The redemption of lost men was at the promptings of such a nature. In harmony with this is that other clause, "for his great love wherewith he loved us." How can a holy God love men "dead in trespasses and in sins"? Not certainly with approval; but yet with great compassion. God loves sinful man, not because he is lovely, but because he perceives in him what may be made so; and the benevo-

lence of his own nature prompts him to seek and to save a valuable creature that was lost.

Passing along the street, some day, your eye is arrested by a little boy. He is sprightly and active; but he lies, and swears, and steals. You think in a moment what he is, and what he might be. A moment more, and your purpose is formed to take the friendless orphan up; to wash him, and clothe him, and school him; and then, if he will profit by your bounty, to adopt him as a son, and make him your heir. You are moved to do this by the great love wherewith you love him; and in your yearning compassion, and the act to which it prompts you, you bear a faint resemblance to God, in the text, "Scarcely for a righteous man would one die; peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die: but God commendeth his love unto us, in that, while we were yet sinners, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." So the text, "But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins," exhibits the same truth,—that God is moved to the expedients for human salvation, not by any goodness in man, but by the benevolent impulses of his own nature.

2. But the text sets forth a concurring motive. "That in the ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of his grace, in his kindness toward us, through Christ Jesus." God designs that future ages shall see and admire his grace in us. He means to hold us up before "the ages to come" as specimens and illustrations of the provisions and achievements of grace. He would make us representative men of our times,—men whose lives shall shed a guiding light upon the paths of those who come after us. The wealth of every age is mainly in the worthy lives of them that went before. This is true of the state;

but it is true with greater emphasis of the church. Take the eleventh of Hebrews away from her, and she would be poor indeed. We drink a new inspiration from the heroic godliness of the first ages, and grow confiding, and fearless, and enduring in the presence of Abraham, Daniel, and Job.

Just as God is lifting up the men of the olden time for the better inspiration of the present, so would he fain lift us up, and fill our lives with the glory of great illustrative facts and heroic deeds, and send our histories down to "the ages to come." God has ordained that the name of the wicked shall rot; but good men live mainly after death; and he has wrought a noble end in life who dies in peace, and bequeaths to the church another spotless example.

Every age ought to furnish its quota of men to represent it in the ages that come after,—men whose lives shall have made and adorned their era, and so contributed to swell the measures of the church's wealth; proving to posterity that in their day, also, the gospel was the power of God.

Allow me to conclude this discourse with a single reflection upon the theme I have briefly discussed. What greater encouragement can be afforded to our best and highest aspirations than is furnished by the text? It covers a large area of the spiritual life. It goes back to conversion; it discloses the divine method in the development of character; and it reveals the most beneficent designs of God in reference to the saints of each successive age. God pities man when he is dead in sin, and seeks his restoration. He exerts the power by which Christ was resuscitated in the tomb of Joseph to bring the dead man back to life. Thus he wrought for each of us that are alive in Christ to-day. He has elevated us; he has united us in bonds of divinest union and fellowship; he has given us peace and rest, and already brought us into neighborhood

with heaven. He that has done so much will surely give us all things. He loves to bless us; he means to exalt us, and magnify us, and make us the salt of the earth in our own day, and great guiding lights for the ages to come. To encourage our faith, and patience, and hope he frankly tells us his great design. Ever since he drew us from the pit his dealings have harmonized with that design; and we know, therefore, that when we are hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and when our souls aspire after all the mind that was in Christ, our Heavenly Father is not opposed to us, nor indifferent to us, but is in full sympathy with our highest aspirations, and evermore waiting to be gracious. Nay, our very desires are inspired by him; and even now, while we pray, the Spirit helpeth our infirmities with groanings which cannot be uttered.

I know you ask, Why, then, do the blessings we seek so earnestly seem to delay their coming? I answer, Certainly not because of any reluctance on the part of God to give them: but, perhaps, sometimes because we ask amiss; sometimes because we lack fervor of desire; sometimes because our consecration is not complete; sometimes we lack faith, and sometimes God will test our patience.

But you ask again, If God is in sympathy with our highest aspirations in the divine life, why does he allow trials and obstacles to beset our way? I answer, The encounters you have with these trials are the very methods God is taking for your discipline and training for heaven. Do not deceive yourself by thinking of your trials too much. Life is not mainly an experience of sorrow to you. Your blessings are more in number and weight than your calamities, and your helps are infinitely more than your hindrances. Look up. Be of good cheer. He that has begun a good work in you will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ.

I hold, and am held by, the cross.

ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

I. THE NATURE OF ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

It may be defined to be an entire conformity of heart and life to the will of God, as made known to us in his word. The term "to sanctify," so often employed by the sacred writers, has two leading meanings. 1. It signifies to consecrate, to separate from a common use, and dedicate to God and his service. 2. It signifies to cleanse from moral corruption, to make holy. In both these senses it applies to the subjects of entire sanctification. They are consecrated to God, and cleansed "from all unrighteousness."

1. *It does not differ in ESSENCE from regeneration.* — It introduces no new principle into the experience of the Christian, but is only the growth and perfection of that moral change which is effected in "every one that is born of the Spirit." "Regeneration," says Mr. Wesley, "is a part of sanctification, not the whole; it is the gate to it, the entrance into it. When we are born again, then our sanctification, our inward and outward holiness, begins; and thenceforward we are gradually to grow up in Him who is our head."* In regeneration there is an infusion of spiritual life into the soul, in which life all the graces of the Christian character are virtually included; but in the work of sanctification these graces are unfolded and matured.

2. *It does not imply a state of indefectibility.* — Absolute perfection belongs to God alone, and lies infinitely beyond the reach of all created beings. Nor is it possible that we should attain either angelic or Adamic perfection. As to angels, they are a superior order of intelligences; and though their knowledge is doubtless limited, yet we must suppose that it is perfect in its kind — that their understanding is as clear as the light, and their

* Wesley's Works, vol. i. p. 406.

judgment always true. And as they have ever maintained that sinless purity in which they were originally created, the fire of their holy affections must burn with an intensity, and their services must be performed with a faultless precision and rectitude, which are not possible to fallen man in his present state of being.

"Neither can any man, while he is in a corruptible body, attain Adamic perfection. Adam, before his fall, was undoubtedly as pure, as free from sin, as the holy angels. In like manner his understanding was as clear as theirs, and his affections as regular. In virtue of this, as he always judged right, so he was able always to speak and act right. But since man rebelled against God the case is widely different with him. He is no longer able to avoid falling into innumerable mistakes, consequently he cannot always avoid wrong affections; neither can he always think, speak, and act right. Therefore man, in his present state, can no more attain Adamic than angelic perfection." *

3. *It does not exclude the possibility of temptation.*—To be tempted is reconcilable to the highest degree of moral perfection. This is evident from the history of our first parents. No one will deny that in their primitive state they were perfectly pure and holy; and yet they were subjects of temptation. But it is more strikingly evident from the history of our Lord. Though he was "holy, harmless, undefiled," and "separate from sinners," yet he "was in all points tempted like as we are." It is, therefore, not to be expected that any state of grace which we can attain in this life will place us beyond the reach of temptation. Indeed, a liability to temptation seems to be necessarily involved in the very idea of a probationary state.

What, then, is implied in that state of grace which we call entire sanctification? To this we answer, that it implies the ma-

turity or perfection of all the fruits of the Spirit which compose the Christian character. These are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Gal. v. 22, 23. It implies obedience to the law of love. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment; and the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Matt. xxii. 37-39. "Love," says St. Paul, "is the fulfilling of the law." Rom. xiii. 10. We conclude, therefore, that the whole of entire sanctification or Christian perfection is included in the phrase, "perfect love," as employed by St. John. He tells us that "there is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear."

II. THE ATTAINABILITY OF ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

That a state of perfected holiness or entire sanctification is attainable may be argued from various considerations drawn from the sacred Scriptures.

1. *Such a state is expressly commanded.*—Thus God said unto Abraham, "Walk before me, and be thou perfect." Gen. xvii. 1. And our Lord said to his disciples, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Matt. v. 48. These passages are not to be considered as requiring of men a perfection like that of the Deity, unlimited and absolute; but a perfection is certainly required, and it can mean nothing less than an entire conformity of heart and life to the will of God. Hence we are commanded to be "*holy* in all manner of conversation," and to love God with all the heart, soul, and mind, and our neighbor as ourselves.

Are we, then, capable of complying with these requirements? To say we are *not*, is virtually to say, with the slothful servant, that God is a hard master, "reaping where" he has "not sown, and gath-

* Wesley's Works, vol. ii. p. 163.

ering where" he has "not strewed." It is to say that we are held responsible for what is not in our power—that for the non-performance of what is absolutely impossible we are in danger of eternal fire; for it is expressly declared that without holiness "no man shall see the Lord." But if it be allowed that we are capable of complying with these injunctions, the possibility of holiness or Christian perfection will necessarily follow.

2. *To the obtainment of this state we are frequently exhorted.*—"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Rom. xii. 1. "Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, *perfecting holiness* in the fear of God." 2 Cor. vii. 1. In these passages, which are only a specimen of what might be quoted, a full deliverance from sin is clearly indicated. The latter passage especially goes to the extent of the entire sanctification of the whole man, a cleansing "from *all filthiness of the flesh and spirit*;" the obtainment of *perfect holiness*.

3. *This gracious state is also made the subject of explicit promise.*—"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isa. i. 18. "Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean. From all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you." Ezek. xxxvi. 25. "Thou shalt call his name JESUS; for he shall save his people from their sins." Matt. i. 21. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John i. 9. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." It must be evident to every candid mind that these Scriptures hold out a deliverance from the very *inbeing* of sin, as well as

from its guilt and dominion. It follows, therefore, that if we would not charge God with tantalizing man by such "great and precious promises," we must admit the attainability of entire sanctification.

4. *It is, moreover, the object of special prayer.*—David prayed, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." Psa. li. 10. Our Lord taught his disciples to pray that the will of God might "be done in earth as it is in heaven." Here the standard of moral rectitude and service is placed sublimely high. The rule to be observed is the will of God. The manner in which his will should be obeyed is, as it is done in heaven. If angels are sinless and pure, rendering to God a full and consistent obedience, then are we authorized, by the language of our Lord himself, to pray for that degree of sanctity which will at least preserve us from all voluntary transgression. If the attainability of entire holiness is impossible, how can the putting of this prayer into our lips be harmonized with sincerity and truth? But that it is attainable, is manifest from our Lord's own prayer for his beloved disciples. In addressing the Father in their behalf he uses this notable petition: "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." John xvii. 17.

We next adduce in this connection the expressions of St. Paul, which exhibit his views of this important subject. "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you *perfect in every good work to do his will*, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight through Jesus Christ." Heb. xiii. 20, 21. Again: "The very God of peace *sanctify you wholly*; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." 1 Thess. v. 23. This passage evidently embraces all that is included in the doctrine of holiness;

and it therefore follows, either that the apostle prayed for what he believed to be unattainable, or that he believed in the attainability of *entire sanctification*. But as the former is too absurd to be supposed, the latter must be admitted.

To this we add that sublime prayer which the apostle offered for his Ephesian brethren. "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye may be filled with all the fulness of God." Eph. iii. 14-19.

5. *The doctrine of entire holiness is confirmed by personal examples.*—Thus it is said of Noah that he "was a just man and perfect in his generations," and that he "walked with God." Gen. vi. 9. It is also said of Job that he "was perfect and upright, and one that feared God, and eschewed evil." Job i. 1. And the sacred historian informs us that Zacharias and Elizabeth "were both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." Luke i. 6. When our blessed Redeemer, who knows the hearts of all men, "saw Nathanael coming to him," he exclaimed "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile!" John i. 47. In accordance with these examples, St. Paul speaks of those who had attained Christian perfection. "Howbeit, we speak wisdom among them that are perfect." 1 Cor. ii. 6. "Let us, therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded." Phil. iii. 15.

These are some of the leading arguments in support of the attainableness of entire holiness or Christian perfection.

He who examines them with care and candor will hardly fail to conclude that it is the Christian's privilege to be cleansed "from all unrighteousness;" to love the Lord with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself; and to perfect "holiness in the fear of God."

REV. MR. HAMMOND AND THE YOUNG LAWYER.

Rev. Mr. Hammond, while a student of the Bangor Theological Seminary, visited Scotland for his health. While there he first introduced himself to the religious public by giving interesting accounts of the progress of religion in the United States, and especially by recounting the blessed effects of the daily union prayer meetings among business men, in some of the principal cities of this country. Revivals followed his labors, some of them very remarkable in their character and extent. Upon his return to this country his labors were sought by many churches in New England; and, particularly, in some of the cities and towns in Maine, very interesting and powerful revivals followed.

Many of the incidents attending these revival labors found their way into the public prints, and excited much attention. A general desire having been expressed that they should be gathered and published, Mr. Hoyt, of Boston, will soon issue a handsome duodecimo volume, embodying the most remarkable features in the work of this young and earnest Evangelist. It is entitled "The Harvest Work of the Holy Spirit." We select from the unpublished sheets of the forthcoming volume an account of the conversion of a young lawyer of Lewiston, Me., son of a well-known and respected Senator in Congress.

"MR. FESSENDEN detailed at some length the story of his conversion, which enchained the attention of the large audience, and came home to many a heart. Mr. F. spoke nearly as follows:—

"I cannot refrain from saying that it is repugnant to my natural feelings to speak of myself; but in the hope that it may, possibly, with God's blessing, be the means of some little good, I will speak. I feel impelled to speak for the cause of Jesus, and of my late experience, though my words be feeble. My story is a simple one. But a short time since I had

supposed that I was possessed of a strong will, of good nerves, and of a clear judgment. I did not think I was emotional, and I remarked to a friend with whom I was conversing, and who mentioned that Mr. Hammond was creating an excitement, that if he could raise any emotion in me I should like to have him, for it was dull; and it had been so long since I had felt emotion, that I should like to feel it. One Sunday evening it entered my mind that I would go and hear. I went, and listened intently, but it was with no expectation that it would afford me any pleasure except that of hearing one who, from report, appeared to be an earnest and impassioned speaker. I listened to him and went away. I descanted to my friends upon his power of illustrating, and told them that he drew upon his travels for his figures of speech. I was utterly indifferent so far as my personal state was concerned. Some time after, I attended again, and listened attentively. I fastened my eye upon the speaker, and, for some moments, his gaze was riveted on mine, as he invited me, in tones of impassioned earnestness, to come to Christ. It was thus I began to think, Is this real? Is it necessary? Is it a duty we have resting upon us? But, when the sermon closed, I walked down the aisle, and out of church alone. I thought then, There is no necessity of my stopping here to talk with these people; it will do well enough for persons not in the habit of thinking for themselves, but not for me. I concluded that I would not go again, but, on reflection, I said, I will go; I am not afraid to hear the man. I went. I was interested in the sermon. I was interested in the experience of Mr. Wight. I was interested and moved by the affecting prayer for physicians and lawyers, more particularly, perhaps, because I had been introduced to Mr. Hammond during the day, and thought he might have me in his mind, and my heart was somewhat softened; but I did not

heed the invitation to stop: steeling my heart, I walked to the door.

"I was overtaken by him. He urged me, and a friend who was with me, to remain. He said my old father was praying for me, and kindly pressed me to stay. He asked me to promise him that I would pray that night, but I refused the promise, and said I would see him the next day. As I walked down the still street my feelings overcame me, and I wept; but when I neared my home I endeavored to crush out all my feelings of remorse, so that I might enter the presence of my wife calm and unmoved, for I would not let her see that a man in the prime of life could be so wrought upon, and appear so unmanly. I sat down, but my grief came over me, and I covered my face with my handkerchief. She sought to comfort me. I choked down my sensations for the moment, and said, "This is excitement—it will pass away;" but she replied, "It is the Spirit of God struggling with you," and begged me to yield to its influences. I was softened. I asked her to pray. She did so, and asked me to pray, and for the first time since I was a young boy I knelt and prayed. The next morning Mr. Adams met me. He talked a moment with me in the street, and I invited him to my office. He then talked and prayed with me, and I tried to pray. He left, and during that day I was overwhelmed with mental anguish. My sins were before me. The memory of my past life came vividly to my mind, and temptations and suggestions of all sorts pressed upon me to shake off these delusions; but I prayed constantly and fervently in my mind that the Spirit of God would not leave me, but would continue to strive. That evening I attended meeting, and heard the story of the Son of God; that he came to save the lost; that for our sakes he was treated as though a guilty rebel; of his agony upon the cross; and when I listened to the words of the dying Jesus,

in the extremity of agony, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" my heart melted. I stopped at the inquiry meeting, and on my knees I promised God that if he would forgive my sins I would take sides with Jesus,—that I would stand up for Jesus,—give my heart to him, and would trust to him and be his. I was at peace. Hence I am willing to stand up and speak to you to-night. This may seem to some a simple story, but appears a solemn reality to me."

LIFE A SUCCESS.

A late number of the Oberlin Evangelist records the dying testimony of Rev. Elijah C. Winchester, M.D., of Buffalo, N. Y., to the power of that "love that casteth out all fear." Dr. W. graduated at Oberlin in 1842, intending to preach, but a failure of health prohibiting this, he turned his attention to the practice of medicine. The Evangelist thus speaks of the last months of his life:—

DURING the last two years of his life he has been walking on the verge of the grave,—the outer man perishing, but the inner man renewed day by day. It is rare that we have known such an exemplification of the power of a *living Christ*, seen and loved and most manifestly *present* to the soul of his trusting child. Such were our impressions in our last and sweetly solemn interview with him, November 10, 1860. They have been only confirmed by what we learned from his near friends during the week past. Rev. Henry Smith, D.D., his pastor, kindly favored us with the following notes:—

"I can never describe the smile of peace, joy and triumph, with which he greeted me when I first visited his dying bed. I said to him, 'My brother, I have not come to weep with you; I have come to rejoice with you.' 'Yes,' said he, 'my life is ended, *but it is a success.*'

"At the close of this interview I said, 'I hope you find in yourself a submissive spirit.'

"I suppose," he replied, 'I know what

you mean by submission, but it is a long time since I have had the feeling. God's will is my will. My heart goes forth to it with joy. I have my pains and sufferings, and seasons of darkness, but what of that? My hand is in the hand of Christ, and where he leads me I rejoice to go. And,' said he, 'exhort Christians to look away from themselves to Christ. He is an all-sufficient Saviour. I am complete in Christ. I ask nothing different, nothing otherwise.'

"On one of the last occasions when I saw him, referring, apparently, to the defects of his faith, he quoted the text,—*"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."* That,' said he, 'was the text of my first sermon. I *believed* it then; but, oh, I *know it now!*'

"What is your strong proof and reliance,' said I, 'that when this struggle shall be over, you shall awake beyond the river, and say to yourself, "The great catastrophe is past,—death is over, and I am still alive?"'

"I never think of that,' said he. 'I do not speculate; I do not doubt; I *know*, yes, I *KNOW* that my Redeemer liveth, and I shall live also. Christ is with me in my heart, the hope of glory.'

"He intimated that for two years past his victory over the world and the temptations of the adversary had been well-nigh complete. Now his faith amounted to knowledge,—to perfect assurance, and to entire, unwavering trust in God. When I asked him if he felt no anxiety for his family, he replied, '*None.* It would be the basest ingratitude, after my experiences of the faithfulness of God, to distrust him longer. All will be well.'

Said Dr. S., in his funeral sermon, "You remember the anthem of triumph which burst from his lips as we were gathered round his bed on Sabbath evening [the last evening before his death]. Like Stephen, he gazed steadfastly upward,

and then there burst forth these words, which sounded in our ears like a pean of victory:—

'Girt with the love of God on every side,
Breathing that love as heaven's own healing
air,
I work and wait, still following my Guide,
Braving each foe, escaping every snare.
'Tis what I know of Thee, my Lord and God,
That fills my soul with peace, my lips with
song.'

Then, as if returning to earth, he turned to a Christian brother who sat on his bedside, and said, 'Brother, this *pays*; the religion of Christ *pays*. Invest largely in it.'

"I left him, never more to hear a voice which had come to be music to my ears, saying, as I bade him adieu, 'I must go, but I leave Christ with you.'

"'Yes,' said he, 'leave him, but take him with you.'"

We quote again from the funeral sermon: "In one connection he intimated to me that he thought it had been a sin in him that his opinions about the gospel scheme had been too liberal. I understood him to mean that he had extended his charity, his hope of their salvation, to many who really knew nothing of Christ as a divine and almighty Saviour, a Saviour from sin, as well as from the punishment of sin."

Hoping it may prove a service to the cause of evangelical truth, we venture to place alongside of the last paragraph the amount of certain statements Dr. W. made to us nearly two years since, to the effect that, several years ago, his heart was strongly drawn towards that well-known class of philanthropists who combine earnest anti-slavery sentiments, and a high tone of humanitarianism generally, with a gospel system in which there is practically no atoning sacrifice and no divine Helper.

After a season he became sensible of a great void which such a gospel did not begin to fill; was led to inquire, from a new standpoint, for those richer glories

of the true gospel,—a Christ once dying for us, now living and energizing *within* us; since which this gospel had been to him, in a higher sense than ever before, "the power of God unto salvation." He now looked back to that critical period of his religious life with feelings of horror in view of his peril, but of most tender gratitude to God for his deliverance.

"My life is ended," said John Jacob Astor, "and here are ten millions,—the fruit of my labor,—yet my life is a *failure*."

"My life is ended," said the dying Winchester, "but it is a *success*." Yet, our brother had amassed no worldly treasure. Stocks, houses and lands he had none. As to the great objects of human endeavor, he had failed in every direction. Poor health blasted his hopes of labor in the ministry; poor health crippled his work in the medical profession; seeking health in the Carolinas, he had accumulated a moderate amount of earnings there, to see it swept clean from his grasp by secession and bad faith. An investment in New Jersey, which he had hoped might be a future home for his family, slipped from his hand; so that he died empty-handed; yet he could truly say, "My life is a *success*!". Yes, my brother, to have gained such a *Christ* is a success indeed! And to stand on the grave's brink amid such hopes, and in presence of this one Infinite Gain, and pronounce thy life a success, is morally, gloriously sublime.

It was fit that such a child of God should pass from earth to his Saviour's presence in the exultation of Christian triumph. His surviving widow gave us his last words:—"I have no doubt I am going to Jesus, for I love him with all my heart, and he knows it!"

"Many have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil. I observe there is evil, and that there is a way to escape it, and with this I begin and end."

THY WILL BE DONE.

We see not, know not; all our way
Is night; with Thee alone is day.
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayer we lift,
Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint,
But who are we to make complaint,
Or dare to plead in times like these
The weakness of our love of ease?
Thy will be done!

We take with solemn thankfulness
Our burden up, nor ask it less,
And count it joy that even we
May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee,
Whose will be done!

Though dim as yet in tint and line,
We trace thy picture's wise design,
And thank Thee that our age supplies
The dark relief of sacrifice.
Thy will be done!

And if, in our unworthiness,
Thy sacrificial wine we press,
If from thy ordeal's heated bars
Our feet are seamed with crimson soars,
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by Thee, our present pain
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Strike, Thou, the Master, we thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies!
The minor of thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done!

JESUS RISING.

AN EASTER HYMN.

MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus dissipates its gloom!
Day of triumph through the skies—
See the glorious Saviour rise!

Christians, dry your flowing tears,
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave,
Doubt no more his power to save.

Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away,
See the place where Jesus lay.

So the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
So returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

CELESTIAL JERUSALEM.

FROM THE LATIN OF BERNARD.

To thee, dear, dear country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is there.
O one, O only mansion!
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And joys have no alloy.

Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,—
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop on the wall.
Thy ageless walls are bounded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints built up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean,
Thou hast no time, bright day,—
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away.
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise the holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And many a martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,
And there, from toil released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they beneath their Leader,
Who conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

Hymns on Heaven.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER ENCOURAGED.

I TIM. VI. 12.

MUCH in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Fight the fight, and, worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe;
Faint not — much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christians — will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
Fight till all the conflict's o'er,
Nor your foemen rally more.

But when loud the trumpet blown
Speaks their forces overthrown,
Christ, your Captain, shall bestow
Crowns to grace the conqueror's brow.

THE ANCHOR WITHIN THE VEIL.

AMID the shadows and the fears
That overcloud this home of tears,
Amid my poverty and sin,
The tempest and the war within,
I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

Drifting across a sunless sea,
Cold, heavy mist encurtaining me;
Toiling along life's broken road,
With snares around and foes abroad,
I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

Mine is a day of fear and strife,
A needy soul, a needy life,
A needy world, a needy age;
Yet, in my perilous pilgrimage,
I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

To thee I come — ah! only thou
Canst wipe the sweat from off this brow;
Thou, only thou canst make me whole,
And soothe the fever of my soul;
I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

On thee I rest — thy love and grace
Are my sole rock and resting-place;
In thee my thirst and hunger sore,
Lord, let me quench forevermore.
I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

'Tis earth, not heaven; 'tis night, not noon;
The sorrowless is coming soon;
But till the morn of love appears,
Which ends the travail and the tears,
I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

WHERE ARE THE NINE?

"And Jesus answering said, Were there not ten cleansed?
but where are the nine? There are not found that returned
to give glory to God, save this stranger." *Luke xvii. 17, 18.*

TEN cleansed, and only one remain!
Who would have thought our nature's stain
Was dyed so foul, so deep in grain?
Even He who reads the heart, —
Knows what he gave and what we lost,
Sin's forfeit, and redemption's cost, —
By a short pang of wonder crossed,
Seems at the sight to start.

Yet 'twas not wonder, but His love
Our wavering spirits seemed to reprove,
That heaven-ward seemed so free to move
When earth can yield no more:
Then from afar on God we cry;
But should the mist of woe roll by,
Not showers across an April sky
Drift, when the storm is o'er,

Faster than those false drops and few
Fleet from the heart, a worthless dew.
What sadder scene can angels view
Than self-deceiving tears,
Poured idly over some dark page
Of earlier life, though pride or rage
The record of to-day engage,
A woe for future years?

Spirits, that round the sick man's bed
Watched, noting down each prayer he made,
Were your unerring roll displayed
His pride of health to abase;
Or, when soft showers in season fall,
Answering a famished nation's call,
Should unseen fingers on the wall
Our vows forgotten trace;

How should we gaze in trance of fear!
Yet shines the light as thrilling clear
From heaven upon that scroll severe,
"Ten cleansed, and one remain!"
Nor surer would the blessing prove
Of humbled hearts that own Thy love,
Should choral welcome from above
Visit our senses plain,

Than by Thy placid voice and brow,
With healing first, with comfort now,
Turned upon him, who hastes to bow
Before Thee heart and knee;
"Oh! thou who only wouldst be blest,
On thee alone my blessing rest!
Rise, go thy way in peace, possessed
Forevermore of me."

LETTER OF BRADFORD THE MARTYR.

A letter which he wrote to a faithful woman in her heaviness and trouble, most comfortable for all those to read that are afflicted and broken-hearted for their sins.

AN, my dearly and most dearly beloved in the Lord, how pensive is my heart at present for you, by reason of the fearful judgment of our God, which even now I heard of for truth. May God our good Father for his great mercies' sake in Christ have mercy upon us, and comfort you, my dear heart, with his eternal consolation, as I desire to be comforted by him in my greatest need. Amen.

The bearer can tell you the cause why I have not sent to you since the receipt of your letter. Yea, if I had not heard for truth of this heavy chance, you had not heard from me as yet. For I began of late *piece of work* for your comfort, whereof I send you now a part, because my heart is heavy for your sake, and I cannot be quiet till I hear how you do in this cross, wherein I beseech you, my dear sister, to be of good comfort, and to be no more discouraged than David was by Absalom's death; the good Jonathan, by his father Saul's fearful end; Adam by that of Cain; Noah of Ham; Bathsheba by the terrible end of her father or grandfather Achitophel, &c. Not that I utterly condemn and judge your father, for I leave it to God, but because the fact of itself declares God's secret and fearful judgment and justice towards him and all men, and his great mercy towards us, admonishing all the world how he is to be feared, and that Satan does not sleep — and especially warning us his children how weak and miserable we are of ourselves, and how happy we are in him, who have him to be our father, protector, and keeper, and shall have forevermore, so that no evil shall touch us, further than shall be to our Father's glory and to our everlasting advantage. And therefore

let this judgment of God be an occasion to stir us up to walk more carefully before God, and to cast our whole care unfeignedly upon our dear Father, who neither can nor will leave us; for his calling and gifts are such that he can never repent of them. Romans xi.

Whom he loveth, he loveth to the end; none of his chosen can perish, of which number I know you are, my dearly beloved sister. God increase the faith thereof daily more and more in you: may he give unto you to hang wholly on him, and on his providence and protection. For whoso dwelleth under the secret and help of the Lord, he shall be quite sure for evermore. He that *dwelleth*, I say; for if we are flitters, and not dwellers, as Lot was a flitter from Zoar, where God promised him protection if he had dwelt there still, we shall remove to our loss, as he did to the mountains.

Dwell therefore, that is, trust in the Lord, my dear sister, and that finally, unto the end, and you shall be as Mount Zion. As mountains compass Jerusalem, so doth the Lord all his people. How then can he forget you, which are as the apple of his eye, for his dear Son's sake? Ah, dear heart! that I were now but one half hour with you, to be a Simon to help carry your cross with you. God send you some good Simon to be with you and help you.

You complain in your letters of the blindness of your mind, and the troubles you feel through talk with some. God make you thankful for that which he has given unto you: may he open your eyes to see what and how great benefits you have received; that you may be less covetous, or rather less impatient, for so I fear it should be called, and more thankful. Have you not received at his hands sight to see your blindness, and a desirous and seeking heart, to see where he abideth in the mid-day, as his dear spouse speaketh of herself in the Canticles? Oh! Joyee, my good Joyee, what a gift

is this! Many have some sight, but I know none that have this sobbing and sighing, none this seeking which you have, but such as he has married unto him in his mercies. You are not content to kiss his feet with the Magdalen, but you would be kissed even with the kisses of his mouth. Cant. i. You would see his face with Moses, forgetting how he bids us seek his face. Psalm xxvii. Yea, and that forever, Psalm cv., which signifies no such sight as you desire to see in this present life, which would see God now face to face; whereas he cannot be seen but covered under something, yea, something in that which is, as you would say, clean contrary to God,—as to see his mercy in his anger. In what appears bringing us to hell, faith sees him bringing us to heaven; in darkness, it beholds brightness; in hiding his face from us, it beholds his cheerful countenance. How did Job see God, but as you would say under Satan's cloak? For who cast the fire from heaven upon his goods? Who overthrew his house and stirred up men to take away his cattle, but Satan? And yet Job pierced through all these, and saw God's works, saying, "The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away," &c.

In reading the Psalms, how often do you see that David in the shadow of death saw God's sweet love! And so, my dearly beloved, I see that you, in your darkness and dimness, by faith do see charity and brightness; by faith, I say, because faith is of things absent, of things hoped for, of things which I appeal to your conscience whether you desire not. And can you desire anything which you know not? And is there any other true knowledge of heavenly things than by faith?

Therefore, my dear heart, be thankful, for (before God I write it) you have great cause. Ah, my Joyce! how happy is the state wherein you are! Verily, you are even in the blessed state of God's children: for they mourn, and do not you so? And

that not for worldly weal, but for spiritual riches, faith, hope, charity, &c. Do you not hunger and thirst for righteousness? And I pray you, saith not Christ, who cannot lie, that happy are such? How should God wipe away the tears from your eyes in heaven, if now on earth you shed no tears? How could heaven be a place of rest, if you found it on earth? How could you desire to be at home, if in your journey you found no grief? How could you so often call upon God, and talk with him, as I know you do, if your enemy slept all day long? How should you elsewhere be made like unto Christ, I mean in joy, if you sobbed not with him in sorrow? If you will have joy and felicity, you must needs first feel sorrow and misery. If you will go to heaven, you must sail by hell. If you will embrace Christ in his robes, you must not scorn him in his rags. If you will sit at Christ's table in his kingdom, you must first abide with him in his temptation. If you will drink of his cup of glory, forsake not his cup of ignominy.

Can the head corner-stone be rejected, and the more base stones in God's building be esteemed in this world? You are one of his lively stones; be content therefore to be hewn and snagged at, that you may be made more meet to be joined to your fellows which suffer with you Satan's snatches, the world's wounds, the accusations of conscience, and threats of the flesh, through which they are enforced to cry, Oh! wretches that we are, who shall deliver us? You are of God's corn; fear not therefore the flail, the fan, millstone, nor oven. You are one of Christ's lambs, look therefore to be fleeced, hailed at, and even slain.

If you were a market sheep, you should go in more fat and grassy pasture; if you were for the fair, you should be stall-fed, and want no weal; but because you are of God's own occupying, therefore you must pasture on the bare common, abiding the storms and tempests that fall.

Happy, and twice happy are you, my dear sister, that God now haleth you whither you would not, that you might come whither you would. Suffer a little and be still. Let Satan rage against you, let the world cry out, let your conscience accuse you, let the law load you and press you down, yet shall they not prevail, for Christ is Emmanuel, that is, God with us. If God be with us, who can be against us? The Lord is with you; your Father cannot forget you; your spouse loveth you. If the waves and surges arise, cry with Peter, "Lord, I perish!" and he will put out his hand and help you; cast out your anchor of hope, and it will not cease for all the stormy surges, till it take hold on the rock of God's truth and mercy.

Think not that he, who has given you so many things corporeally, as foretastes of spiritual and heavenly mercies, and that without your deserts or desire, can deny any spiritual comfort you desire. For if he give to desire, he will give you to have and to enjoy the thing desired. The desire to have and the going about to ask ought to certify your conscience that they are his earnest of the thing which if you ask he will give you; yea, before you ask and whilst you are about to ask, he will grant the same, as Isaiah saith, to his glory and your eternal consolation. He that spared not his own Son for you will not and cannot think anything too good for you, my heartily beloved.

If he had not chosen you, as most certainly he has, he would not have so called you; he would never have justified you; he would never have so glorified you with his gracious gifts, which I know, praised be his name therefor; he would never have so exercised your faith with temptations, as he hath done and still does, if he had not chosen you. If he has chosen you, as doubtless, dear heart, he has done in Christ, for in you I have seen his earnest, and before me you could not deny it, I know both where and when,—if, I

say, he has chosen you, then neither can you, nor ever shall you, perish. For if you fall, he putteth under his hand; you shall not lie still, so careful is Christ your keeper over you; never was mother so mindful over her child as he is over you; and has not he always been so?

Speak, woman, when did he finally forget you, and will he now, think you, in your most need, do otherwise, while you are calling upon him, and desiring to please him? Ah! my Joyce, think you that God is mutable? Is he a changeling? Does not he love to the end them whom he loveth? Are not his gifts and callings such that he cannot repent of them? For else he were no God. If you should perish, then he would want power; for am certain his will towards you is not to be doubted. Hath not the Spirit, which is the Spirit of truth, told you so? And will you now hearken with Eve to the lying spirit, which would have you, not to despair (no, he goeth more craftily to work, howbeit to produce that end if you should give ear unto it, which God forbid); but to doubt and to stand in a mammering,* and so should you never truly love God, but serve him of servile fear, lest he should cast you off for your unworthiness and unthankfulness; as though your thankfulness or worthiness were any cause with God why he hath chosen you, or will finally keep you.

Therefore, my dearly beloved, arise, and remember from whence you are fallen; you have a Shepherd which neither slumbereth nor sleepeth; no man nor devil can pull you out of his hands; night and day he commandeth his angels to keep you. Have you forgotten what I read to you out of the twenty-third Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I can want nothing?" Do you not know that God barred Noah in the ark on the outside, so that he could not get out? So has he done to you, my good sister, so has he

* Hesitating.

done to you. Ten thousand shall fall on your right hand, and twenty thousand on your left hand, yet no evil shall touch you; say boldly therefore, "Many a time, from my youth up, they have fought against me, but they have not prevailed;" no, nor ever shall prevail; for the Lord is round about his people; and who are the people of God, but such as hope in him? Happy are they that hope in the Lord; and you are one of those, my dear heart; for I am assured you have hoped in the Lord; I have your words to show most manifestly; and I know they were written unfeignedly; I need not say that even before God you have simply confessed this to me, and that oftentimes no less. And once if you had this hope, as you doubtless had it, though now you feel it not, yet shall you feel it again; for the anger of the Lord lasteth but a moment, but his mercy lasteth forever. Tell me, my dear heart, who hath so weakened you?—surely not a persuasion which came from him that called you. For why should you waver? Why should you waver, and be so heavy-hearted? Whom look you on? On yourself? on your worthiness? on your thankfulness? on that which God requireth of you, as faith hope, love, fear, joy, &c.? Then can you not but waver indeed; for what have you as God requireth? Believe you, hope you, love you, &c. as much as you should do? No, no, nor ever can in this life. Ah! my dearly beloved, have you so soon forgotten that which should ever be had in memory—namely, that when you would and should be certain and quiet in conscience, then should your faith burst through all things, that you have in you, or which are in heaven, earth, or hell, until it come to Christ crucified, and the eternal sweet mercies and goodness of God in Christ? Here, here is the resting place, here is your spouse's bed; creep into it, and in your arms of faith embrace him, bewail your weakness, your unworthiness, your diffidence, &c., and you

shall see he will turn to you. What said I you shall see? Nay, I should have said, you shall perceive he will turn to you. You know that Moses, when he went to the mount to talk with God, entered into a dark cloud, and Elias had his face covered when God passed by; both these dear friends of God heard God, but they saw him not; but you would be preferred before them! See now, my dear heart, how covetous you are. Ah! be thankful, be thankful; but, God be praised, your covetousness is Moses's covetousness. Well, with him, you shall be satisfied; but when? Forsooth, when he shall appear. Here is not the time of seeing; but, as it were, in a glass. Isaac was deceived, because he was not content with hearing only.

I beseech you, I pray you, I desire you, I crave at your hands, with all my very heart, I ask of you with hand, pen, tongue and mind, in Christ, through Christ, for Christ, for his name, blood, mercies, power, and truth's sake, my most entirely beloved sister, that you admit no doubting of God's final mercies towards you, howsoever you feel yourself. But complain to God, and crave of him, as of your tender and dear Father, all things, and in that time which shall be most opportune you shall find and feel, far above what your heart, or the heart of any creature, can conceive, to your eternal joy. Amen, Amen, Amen.

The good Spirit of God always keep us as his dear children; may he comfort you, as I desire to be comforted, my dearly beloved, for evermore. Amen.

I break off thus abruptly, because our common prayer-time calls me. The peace of Christ dwell in both our hearts for evermore. Amen.

"Make no more resolutions to do what you never will; but know your weakness, trust and pray."

PANTING FOR LIGHT.

The following communication seems to call for, and has received, a personal answer. Some of its difficulties have also been considered in a previous number of the Guide. But still, as it possibly presents the experience of many professing Christians, walking in darkness, and of others who, having passed through it, have emerged into the light and liberty of the children of God, we introduce it here. We trust some of our correspondents, who may have a personal acquaintance with the cause and cure of the writer's spiritual malady, will feel moved to respond, through our paper, to the inquiries so earnestly put forth in this letter. — ED. GUIDE.

PRESUMING you to be possessed of the spirit of the Master, after years of perplexity, and, at times, of suffering; and having exhausted, seemingly, every ordinary resource, I come to you to ask, "Can you tell me the way to Jesus? Can you point out the hindrances that debar me from entering into rest? Can you lead me to the all-cleansing fountain, and show me into God's armory where the saints are equipped? Can you tell me why I worship in the "outer court," and have not yet found my way into the "holiest?" In short, can you tell me how I can become fitted to do all the will of God, and redeem my life from that comparative failure which it threatens to be? Not that I desire to have you define the way of holiness in general, nor tell how it is to be sought and found in general; but I want you to tell me, if you can, how I can enter in; for this is what I perish to know. Nobody's case is like mine, none so strange, none so dark and mysterious.

The limits of this sheet will allow me to state my case but briefly; and in the multitude of thoughts that crowd my mind, I will endeavor to suppress all that do not seem pertinent to the case. Eighteen years ago, that is, when a child of nine years, I began seeking God. Until I was fourteen I sought him almost constantly with many prayers and tears; but all this time, as I afterward supposed, gathering tight around me the fetters of unbelief.

Then an older sister being converted, I opened my heart to her, and she led me to trust in Jesus. Since then I have in a measure counted all things loss for Christ, and set my face as a flint Zionward. Very soon after my conversion, I felt sorrow on account of inward unholiness beyond anything I had ever felt in seeking the pardon of sin. I satisfied myself in regard to the attainability of a clean heart, and set about seeking it. Not, I trust, neglecting the Bible; Wesley, Fletcher, Palmer, and the books you publish generally, have been my constant companions, and the Guide I have esteemed as my necessary food. Sometimes for weeks, and even months together, almost every breath has been a prayer for purity. All this time I have had heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart daily. Then I have striven for the prize,—poured out my soul in prayer till body and mind were exhausted. Meanwhile darkness gathered thicker around me. I tried to believe, but no help, no light. Then I have fought against despair, and, rallying my exhausted powers, have trusted feebly in God. Not daring or wishing to turn from the narrow way, I have gone feebly on trying to do the will of God as best I could. Always it has been thus; the more earnestly I have sought, the deeper has been the sorrow, the darker the way; yet such convictions have I had for holiness as have left no alternative but to seek. Formerly, my motive for desiring this blessing was that I might be holy before God, for my inward corruption was loathsome. More recently, it has been that I might be prepared to labor for God. I dare not shrink from responsibilities, but I am straitened beyond measure in meeting them. I see sinners perishing, but my heart is like a stone. I have never attempted to labor much for them. I see multitudes of carnal professors in whose ears I would fain sound the alarm, but I lack the power; a few like myself are thirsting after righteousness, groping in

the dark, with no one to explain to them the way of faith. When I reflect on these things my soul almost chooses death rather than *this* life. I seem to myself utterly powerless as a Christian laborer. When others testify of God's fulness in their souls, instead of its being a source of encouragement to me, it is as an arrow to my soul, making, as I cannot help, the comparison between their state and my own. When I see one struggling in unbelief and darkness after the higher life, knowing that if my lips were touched with the living fire I could help them on to God, the sense of my *responsibility* and *helplessness* becomes a burden insupportable. I fear to mingle in society lest some such responsibility shall face me. In times of revival, my own necessities overwhelm me, and I do not seem to care for others. I cherish no idol; I love not the world, and *would be* willing to do anything for God *if I had a prepared heart*. In my temporal concerns I am in the habit of trusting to God's guidance. Notwithstanding what I have written, I have sometimes peace in believing, and am never led to doubt of my interest in Christ. But I see no way to be delivered from the difficulties of which I have spoken, having so long and earnestly sought deliverance apparently without success. You will probably conclude that I lack faith. This is undoubtedly the case; but *how shall I obtain it?* Shall it be by an effort of the mind to believe? Shall it be by commencing, though feebly, the habit of faith? Can I have, should I seek for a speedy delivery from my distressing conflicts, or have my powers become so weakened in a habitual course of unbelief that I must begin slowly to recover? Must I consecrate myself to God as well as I can, and then, with or without the sensible evidence of a change, begin to do the works of a sanctified Christian, *believing* I know not what? I have tried this latter repeatedly, but it has never succeeded. Do you tell me to consecrate

myself wholly to God, and then believe that he sanctifies me? *This is a hard saying; who can hear it?* I have had many advisers. One tells me to think no more about self, but go about the work of my Master. Another tells me I am already sanctified if I will only believe it. To others my case is an inexplicable mystery. Miserable comforters are they all. I stand out before the world as an uncompromising Christian. I have made this profession. I dare not revoke it. God thrusts me on, and hedges up my rear. Others look to me for counsel; whither shall I flee? I have got to do something or basely dishonor the cause. Life is fleeting, eternity nearing. *How* shall I get the baptism? If you will stoop to help one of Christ's little ones, may be you will be doing something for your Master.

Yours, most unworthily,

U. E. T.

GOD'S TRUTH IN HUMAN UTTERANCES.

THE utterances of pious souls, in all ages, are to me often like fountains in a thirsty land, strengthening and refreshing, yet not without an aftertaste of human frailty and inadequateness, a slight bitterness of disappointment and unsatisfied quest. Who has not felt at times that the letter killeth, that prophecies fail, and tongues cease to edify, and been ready to say, with the author of the *Imitation of Christ*, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth? Let not Moses nor the prophets speak to me, but speak thou rather, who art the Inspirer and Enlightener of all. I am weary with reading and hearing many things; let all teachers hold their peace; let all creatures keep silence; speak thou alone to me."

"There can be no true peace with God without faithfulness in duty, and a resolute abhorrence of all sin."

GOD THE KEEPER OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL.

"Wherefore, let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit the keeping of their souls to him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator."—1 Pet. iv. 19.

THESE words contain the true principle of Christian patience and tranquillity of mind in the sufferings of this life, expressing both wherein it consists and what are the grounds it.

1. It lies in this, committing the soul unto God in well-doing. If you would commit your soul to the keeping of God, know that he is a holy God; and an unholy soul that walks in any way of wickedness, whether known or secret, is no fit commodity to put into his pure hand to keep. Therefore, as you would have this confidence to give your holy God the keeping of your soul, and that he may accept of it and take it off your hand, beware of wilful pollutions and unholy ways. Walk so as you may not discredit your Protector, and move him to be ashamed of you, and disclaim you. Shall it be said that you live under his shelter, and yet walk inordinately? As this cannot well be, you cannot well believe it to be. Loose ways will loosen your hold of him and confidence in him. You will be driven to question your interest, and to think, "Surely, I do but delude myself. Can I be under his safeguard, and yet follow the course of the world, and my corrupt heart? Certainly, let who will be so, he will not be a guardian and patron of wickedness. No; *he is not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness, nor shall evil dwell with him.* If thou give thy soul to him to keep upon the terms of liberty to sin, he will turn it out of his doors, and remit it back to thee to look to as thou wilt thyself. Yea, in the ways of sin, thou dost indeed steal it back, and carriest it out from him; thou puttest thyself out of the compass of his defence, goest without the trenches, and

art, at thine own hazard, exposed to armies of mischiefs and miseries.

This then is primarily to be looked to—you that would have safety in God in evil times, beware of evil ways. If you will be safe in him, you must stay with him, and in all your ways keep within him as your fortress. *He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.* He that wanders not, but stays there, shall find himself there hidden from danger. They that rove out from God in their ways are disquieted and tossed with fears; this is the *fruit of their own ways*; but the soul that is indeed given to him to keep, keeps near him.

Study pure and holy walking, if you would have your confidence firm, and have boldness and joy in God. You will find that a little sin will shake your trust and disturb your peace more than the greatest sufferings; yea, in those sufferings, your assurance and joy in God will grow and abound most if sin be kept out. So much sin as gets in, so much peace will go out. Afflictions cannot break in upon it to break it, but sin doth. All the winds which blow about the earth from all points stir it not; only that within the bowels of it makes the earthquake.

I do not mean that for infirmities a Christian ought to be discouraged. But take heed of walking in any way of sin, for that will unsettle thy confidence.

Commit the keeping of their souls. The Lord is an entire protector. He keeps the bodies, yea, all that belongs to the believer, and, as much as is good for him, makes all safe, *keeps all his bones, not one of them is broken*; yea, says our Saviour, *the very hairs of your head are all numbered.* But that which, as in the believer's account and in God's account, so certainly in itself is most precious, is principally committed and received into his keeping, *their souls.* They would most gladly be secured in that, and that shall

be safe in the midst of all hazards. Their chief concern is, that whatsoever be lost, this may not; this is the jewel, and therefore the prime care is of this. If the soul be safe, all is well; it is riches enough. *What shall it profit a man, though he gain the whole world, says our Saviour, and lose his own soul?* And so, what shall it disprofit a man, though he lose the whole world, if he gain his soul? Nothing at all.

When times of trial come, O what a bustle to hide this and that; to flee, and carry away and make safe that which is but trash and rubbish to the precious soul; but how few thoughts of that! Were we in our wits, that would be all at all times, not only in trouble, but in days of peace. O how shall I make sure about my soul? Let all go as it may, can I but be secured and persuaded in that point, I desire no more.

Now the way is this, *commit it to God*: this many say, but few do. Give your souls into his hand, *lay them up* there, so the word is, and they are safe, and may be quiet and composed.

Learn from hence what is the proper act of faith; it rolls the soul over on God, ventures it in his hand, and rests satisfied concerning it, being there. And there is no way but this to be quiet within, to be impregnable and immovable in all assaults, and fixed in all changes, believing in his free love. Therefore be persuaded to resolve on that; not doubting and disputing, "Whether shall I believe or not? Shall I think he will suffer me to lay my soul upon him to keep, so unworthy, so guilty a soul? Were it not presumption?" O what sayest thou? Why dost thou thus dishonor him and disquiet thyself? If thou hast a purpose to walk in any way of wickedness, indeed thou art not for him; yea, thou comest not near him to give him thy soul. But wouldst thou have it delivered from sin, rather than from trouble, yea, rather than from hell? Is that

the chief safety thou seekest, to be kept from iniquity, from thine own iniquity, thy beloved sins? Dost thou desire to dwell in him, and walk with him? Then, whatsoever be thy guiltiness and unworthiness, come forward, and give him thy soul to keep. If he should seem to refuse it, press it on him. If he stretch not forth his hand, lay it down at his foot, and leave it there, and resolve not to take it back. Say, "Lord, thou hast made these souls; thou callest for them again to be committed to thee; here is one. It is unworthy, but what soul is not so? It is most unworthy, but therein will the riches of thy grace appear most in receiving it." And thus leave it with him, and know, he will make thee a good account of it. Now, should you lose goods, or credit, or friends, or life itself, it imports not; the main concern is sure, if so be thy soul is out of hazard. *I suffer these things for the gospel, says the apostle; nevertheless I am not ashamed; Why? for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.*

2. The ground of this confidence is in these two things, the ability and the fidelity of him in whom we trust. There is much in a persuasion of the power of God. Though few think they question that, there is in us a secret unbelief even in that point. Therefore the Lord so often makes mention of it in the prophets. And, on this point, the apostle Paul is particularly express: *I am persuaded that he is able to keep, etc.* So this apostle: *Kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time, i. 5.* This the apostle here implies in that word *Creator*. If he was able to give them being, surely he is able to keep them from perishing. This relation of a Creator implies likewise a benign propension and good-will to the works of his hands. If he gave them us at first, when once they were not, form-

ing them out of nothing, will he not give us them again, being put into his hand for safety? And as he is powerful, he is no less faithful, *a faithful Creator*, truth itself. Those who believe on him, he never deceives or disappoints. Well might St. Paul say, *I know whom I have trusted*. O the advantage of faith! It engages the truth and the power of God. His royal word and honor lies upon it, to preserve the soul that faith gives him. If he remain able and faithful to perform his word, that soul shall not perish.

There is another ground of quietness contained in the first word, which looks back to the foregoing discourse: *Wherefore* — what? Seeing that your reproaches and sufferings are not endless, yea, that they are short, they shall end, quickly end, and end in glory, be not troubled about them, overlook them. The eye of faith will do it. A moment gone, and what are they? This is the great cause of our disquietness in present troubles and griefs; we forget their end. We are affected by our condition in this present life, as if it were all, and it is nothing. Oh, how quickly shall all the enjoyments and all the sufferings of this life pass away, and be as if they had not been!

“I WILL GIVE YOU REST.”

TOSSED on the billows of life's sea,
Where shall the weary soul find rest?
Oh where, dear Saviour, can it flee
But to thy breast?

There it may find a sweet repose,
A calm and heavenly rest,
A rest that's only known to those
Whom thou hast blest;

Sweet rest from soul-corroding cares,
From vain ambition, lust, and pride.
In vain the fowler lays his snares
While here we hide.

E'en crosses are inscribed with love,
And toil doth wear a smiling face;
We feel, while rest comes from above,
No weariness.

REV. SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

DURING the time of his last sickness, he uttered many savory speeches, and often broke out in a kind of sacred rapture, exalting and commending the Lord Jesus. Especially when his end drew near, he often called him his “Blessed Master,” his “Blessed King.” Some days before his death, he said, “I shall shine; I shall see him as he is; I shall see him reign, and all his fair company with him, and I shall have my large share. Mine eyes shall see my Redeemer, these very eyes of mine, and none for me. This may seem a wide word; but it is no fancy or delusion; it is true. Let my Lord's name be exalted, and, if he will, let my name be grinded to pieces, that he may be all in all. If he should slay me ten thousand times I will trust in him.” He often repeated Jer. xv. 16, “Thy words were found, and I did eat them.”

When exhorting one to diligence, he said, “It is no easy thing to be a Christian. For me, I have got the victory, and Christ is holding out both his arms to embrace me.” At another time, to some friends present, he said, “At the beginning of my sufferings I had mine own fears, like other sinful men, lest I should faint, and not be carried creditably through, and I laid this before the Lord, and as sure as he ever spake to me in his Word, as sure as his Spirit witnesseth to my heart, he hath accepted my sufferings. He said to me, Fear not; the outgate shall not be simply matter of prayer but matter of praise. I said to the Lord, If he should slay me five thousand times five thousand, I will trust in him; and I speak with much trembling, fearing I should not make my part good; but as really as ever he spake to me by his Spirit, he witnessed to my heart that his grace would be sufficient.” The Thursday night before his death, being much grieved with the state of the public, he had this expres-

sion, "Horror hath taken hold on me." And afterwards, falling on his own condition, he said, "I renounce all that ever he made me will and do, as defiled and imperfect as coming from me; I betake myself to Christ for sanctification as well as justification;" repeating these words, "He is made of God to me wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption;" adding, "I close with it, let him be so, he is my all in all." . . .

The next morning, as he recovered out of a fainting, in which they who looked on expected his dissolution, he said, "I feel, I feel, I believe, I joy and rejoice, I feed on manna." Mr. Blair, whose praise is in the churches, being present when he took a little wine in a spoon to refresh himself, being then very weak, said to him, "Ye feed on dainties in heaven, and think nothing of our cordials on earth." He answered, "They are all but dung; but they are Christ's creatures, and out of obedience to his command I take them. Mine eyes shall see my Redeemer; I know he shall stand at the last day upon the earth; and I shall be caught up in the clouds to meet him in the air, and I shall ever be with him; and what would you have more? There is an end." And stretching out his hands, he said again, "There is an end." And a little after, he said, "I have been a sinful man, but I stand at the best pass ever a man did: Christ is mine, and I am his." He spoke much of the white stone and new name. Mr. Blair, who loved with all his heart to hear Christ commended, said to him again, "What think ye now of Christ?" To which he answered, "I shall live and adore him. Glory, glory to my Creator and my Redeemer forever! Glory shines in Emmanuel's land." In the afternoon of that day he said, "Oh! that all my brethren in the ministry may know what a Master I have served, and what peace I have this day. I shall sleep in Christ, and when I awake, I shall be satisfied with his likeness. This night shall close

the door, and put my anchor within the veil, and I shall go away in a sleep by five of the clock in the morning;" which exactly fell out. Though he was very weak, he had often this expression, "Oh! for arms to embrace Him! Oh! for a well-tuned harp!"

Afterwards, when some one spoke to him of his former painfulness and faithfulness in the ministry, he said, "I disclaim all that; the port that I would be at is redemption and forgiveness through blood, — 'Thou shalt show me the path of life; in Thy sight is fulness of joy.' There is nothing now betwixt me and the resurrection, but 'To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.'" Mr. Blair saying, "Shall I praise the Lord for all the mercies he has done, and is to do for you?" he answered, "Oh! for a well-tuned harp!" To his child he said, "I have again left you upon the Lord: it may be you will tell this to others, that the lines are fallen to me in pleasant places. I have got a goodly heritage. I bless the Lord that he gave me counsel."

Thus, by five o'clock in the morning, as he himself foretold, it was said unto him, "Come up hither," and he gave up the ghost, — the renowned eagle took its flight into the mountain of spices:

"JESUS WILL TAKE ME HOME."

WHEN Colonel Herman Canfield was wounded at the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, knowing that his wound would be fatal, he expressed a wish to his young brother-in-law that he would take him home to his family. But, as the battle raged, the enemy pressed upon them, so that they were in momentary fear of being made prisoners. The surgeon, the chaplain, and many others who were in attendance upon the wounded, were taken. But, remarkable as it may appear, they were left unmolested. That was a moment of trial to them both. His brother

in-law was not able, without aid, to convey him to a place of safety, and he expressed a fear that he should not be able to comply with his request. To which the colonel calmly replied, "Never mind, Charley, Jesus will take me home." Oh, what childlike trust, what Christian faith is there expressed! Having lived near to God, and long trusted in his sure promises, he had no doubts now. He knew that the Lord of hosts was present on the battle-field as well as in the peaceful home. As he lay there, his life-blood ebbing from a ghastly wound in his lungs, he testified of the goodness of God, and showed with what fearlessness a Christian may yield his soul to him who gave it.

At last assistance arrived, and he was borne on a stretcher through low, marshy defiles, and over rough, pathless woodland, toward the Tennessee. At night they encamped upon its bank. It was the last night he passed upon earth. A dark and fearful one it was to his companions. A storm raged about them; the very elements seemed pouring forth their sad requiems for the dying and the dead. During the vivid flashes of lightning, they had glimpses of the agonizing features of their beloved commander. And many were their anxious inquiries; but he assured them that though his physical sufferings were great, his soul was at peace with God, and he knew he would soon be at rest. Doubtless he caught glimpses of that brighter world where darkness and death cannot enter, because God is the light thereof. What that brave soldier and true Christian suffered during that night of agony, none but God can know. He did not murmur at his fate, and thought not his life too great a sacrifice for the cause in which he fell.

The following day he was removed to a hospital-ship, where his wounds were carefully dressed. But he gradually grew weaker until evening, when, leaving tender messages for his loved wife and children, he calmly committed his soul to God, and *Jesus took him home.*

LETTER FROM MRS. PALMER.

THE SERVANT OF THE CHURCH IN ILLNESS.

69 EYERTON HOUSE,
Liverpool, Sept. 29, 1862. }

DEAREST SISTER: The state of my health is such that I scarcely dare trust myself to take my pen; but as dear Dr. P. is writing in reply to a letter just received from S. and W., I cannot forbear sending an accompanying line.

I need not tell you that since my last, of several weeks ago, I have been flickering for days between the two worlds. I seemed so near the haven of rest that I had little expectation of returning. And yet I had no intimation of what the Lord was about to do with me; such was the rapid force of disease, day after day, that I knew not which wave would bear me to the eternal shore.

In the midst of all, I felt that the everlasting arms were underneath and around me, and for worlds I would not have taken my destiny into my own hands whether to live or to die. Still, when I looked abroad over the world, and saw the great work to be done, and the laborers so few, and thought of the little I had done, in comparison to what I might have done, my heart was almost ready to break in agony for souls.

Though my unworthiness is great, and shortcomings many, yet I do rejoice in the consciousness I have of sympathy with my Saviour in love for souls. How often has my heart breathed out from its deepest recesses, —

"My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with thee."

I want my heart to rest so closely on the heart of my all-glorious, precious Redeemer and Saviour, that its every pulsation may beat in unison with his, and all its sympathies flow out upon the world through him.

I believe I have been restored in answer to the intercessions of God's people. "The prayer of faith shall save the sick," said a Christian brother, in praying for me, yesterday. "Lord, in answer to the ten thousand prayers which have been presented, restore our sister, so that she may again, and speedily, be permitted to enter upon her happy toil in bringing souls to thee;" and to this I am sure you will say, *Amen*.

We are delighted with the reports we receive from time to time of the Tuesday meeting in the Guide, and in the Beauty of Holiness; and thus it is with others. A brother, who has long been a subscriber to the Guide, thought to-day that he would be almost willing to take a voyage to America to attend the Tuesday meeting. So you see the testimonies given there refresh souls here at three thousand miles' distance. My heart is feeling unutterable sorrow for the state of my beloved country. I have no hope of the success of our army unless *emancipation* is proclaimed.

Yours,

P. P.

TUESDAY MEETING.

ONE said she had found, in her experience, that the Lord is not a hard master; does not require her to be in two places at once, or engaged in but one duty at a time. She had found that the obligation which had hindered her from her closet at the accustomed time was not a loss; but that duty is a means of grace, whether public or private, in travelling or in company. When deprived of retirement, she had found the presence of the Lord. This abiding of his love is the fruit of his holiness, in which she greatly rejoiced.

With much feeling and tenderness, one presented the case of a soul in whom she was much interested, and on whose influence the best interests of many depended. She begged the prayers of God's dear children in his behalf.

Mrs. D. related the conversion of a lad of the Five Points' Mission, and his exceedingly triumphant sick-bed and death. The pastor of the Forsythe-street church attended him, and said he had never witnessed such a scene of glorious triumph through faith in Christ. He passed away in a shout of triumph. When first laid on his bed Mrs. D. called to see him, and he had a novel by his side. She expressed her surprise at him, in his state, reading such a book. He replied, the doctor wished him to amuse his mind, and keep up his spirits. She conversed and prayed with him. He began to think of his precious soul, and became absorbed in its eternal interests. He believed in Christ at night, when alone, and in his joy sprang from his bed, and walked the room in his weakness, praising the grace that saved him; and his end was glorious.

Many rose for prayers. One, at the close of the meeting, found that the hindrance in her way for years in seeking a clean heart was, that there were duties she was unwilling to perform, and that Satan had magnified them before her, so that she thought they were impossibilities. She was advised to lay aside the stumbling-blocks, and bear the cross. We think she left with this resolution.

"Faith goes before salvation, and works follow it; not to be made the ground of our justification, but as the necessary concomitants and proper fruits of faith; and whenever obedience puts itself in the place of faith, St. Paul's words may fitly be applied to it, 'Know that thou bearest not the root, but the root thee.' Why, then, are works to be the great subject of inquiry at the day of judgment? Because they are the visible effects of faith, and only good as springing from a root of faith, so that the want of them proves of course the want of faith."

"What makes a happy life? Knowing that we can smile on death."

The Guide to Holiness.

DECEMBER, 1862.

THE MORE OBVIOUS MARKS OF A HOLY HEART.

WE do not propose to consider the decisive evidences, whether inward or outward, of the entire consecration of the heart and life, but simply to call attention to certain characteristics that seem to be necessarily connected with it. Indeed, we can hardly conceive of a consecrated man except as one illustrating such tempers, and involuntarily look for them, and feel a painful disappointment at their absence, when any one makes the sublime profession of having "become altogether the Lord's."

1. We can but expect to see in such a person a manifestation of perennial religious *joyousness*. There will undoubtedly come hours of "heaviness through manifold temptations," and the heart may be at times subjected to sharp discipline, for the "trial of our faith is precious;" but these clouds, floating beneath the beams of the "Sun of righteousness," are only temporary. How can one, in whose affections "the chiefest among ten thousand" constantly dwells, whose heart is a temple of the Comforter, with whom the Father "abides," fail to "rejoice with joy unutterable and full of glory?" "There is joy in heaven," and where Christ is, there is heaven.

"Thy presence makes my paradise,
And where thou art is heaven."

The great body of professed Christians present anything but a joyful aspect. They seem "weary and heavy laden," and appear to lack, rather than to enjoy, that "rest" which Jesus promises. It is because they are perishing with "spiritual hunger," while there is "bread" enough and to spare in the Father's house. But those who are constantly "feeding upon the body and drinking of the blood of the Son of man," should continually "rejoice in God their Saviour." In the present spiritual condition of the church, no one outward manifestation would be more significant, or more immediately suggest the fact that one "had been with Jesus." The higher forms of religious development certainly should not render us forbidding, and create the impression upon others that a rich state of grace utterly unfitted us for all human relations, and veiled the heart and life with sombre shadows. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Our countenance and conversation should be like pure glass, which does not stain the light as it pours through. We should reflect the pure, bright beam that fall from the Saviour's face upon all around us. No one should, for a moment,

have occasion to infer that a consecrated heart failed to yield a serene and joyful life. It is a grace not to be overlooked, but to be cultivated. It is a constant and powerful sermon, silently, but eloquently, preaching wherever the happy believer goes. It is constantly inviting those that do not know by experience what perfect peace is, to "come up higher," saying ever to them, in more effectual language than words, "Come with us, and we will do you good; for God has spoken good concerning Israel." Is it not well for those professing to have apprehended Christ in all his offices, to ask themselves, "What is the impression that my daily life makes upon those nearest to me as to the power of my faith to create a constant, rational, elevating joy?"

2. We involuntarily look for a marked *gentleness* of life in the experience of holy persons. Grace does not indeed change the temperament, and make us all after exactly the same model. There will always be more or less marked appearances of our peculiar natural characteristics. But after making all these qualifications, we expect to discover a very powerful impression upon the whole intellectual and moral man, by this amazing work of the Spirit. The old nature will appear subdued and under heavenly control. We all notice that even very harsh natures are oftentimes powerfully affected, and take upon themselves unwonted tenderness in hours of great sorrow; how much more when that Divine Presence, that bade the raging sea to be still and it obeyed him, enters the heart and establishes his kingdom over all the affections, will the whole spiritual being be affected. The lion sinks into the lamb. This is becoming Christ-like. It is having Christ "formed within us." It is "putting on Christ." We expect to meet this in those who have received the full power of the gospel unto salvation. "The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all men." And although it is expected, it is none the less impressive. It is such a triumph over nature, it is so really a divine work, that it becomes a constant "epistle, known and read of all men."

3. We look to these beloved disciples of Jesus for eminent *charitableness* of temper. They are the adopted children of Him who causeth his "rain to fall upon the just and upon the unjust;" they are brought into the most familiar and tender relations to him who, "by the grace of God, tasted death for every man;" who bears with enduring patience the coldness of his professed followers, "ever living to intercede for them at the right hand of God." We expect this hopeful patience and forbearing tenderness in the lives of his consecrated followers. In all their conversation and Christian labors, in the church and in the world, we seek for that blessed charity which "endureth long and is kind," which "thinketh no evil," and which "faileth not." It is so rare, in all its heavenly breadth and height, that it rests upon a consecrated life like a crown of glory. It becomes an overwhelming argument

in favor of the power of the gospel to save unto the uttermost. It exhibits a grace beyond the production of nature, and wins, with its sweet force, the world to that cross that can crucify selfishness, and endue the human heart with holy charity.

4. Finally, among these obvious evidences of a fully redeemed heart, is a *readiness for every good word and work*. To such a one the field is indeed *the world*. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," are at once welcomed by the consecrated heart. His labors and interests are not narrowed to the enjoyment of a small circle of sympathizing friends. He does not yield himself to the cultivation of his own spirit and affections alone. He does not forget the calls of a perishing world, or the thousand claims upon his time and substance incident to his relations to society. To whom much has been both forgiven and given, we involuntarily look for large returns. Grace will naturally work in the direction of the gospel, and where it pervades the heart, powerful impulses in all the channels of usefulness will be seen. In the efforts to save the young, to rescue the fallen; in personal endeavors to win souls to Christ; in generous contributions to sustain the institutions of religion at home, and throughout the world, the consecrated disciple is naturally expected to be an example, just in proportion to his ability. No influence could be more chilling than to be disappointed here.

Nothing could be more fatal than to make a confident avowal of entire devotion, and of a constant indwelling of the Spirit, and to fail in practical interest and effort for the sustenance and spread of the church of Christ. Nothing will sooner throw distrust not only upon an individual experience, but upon the precious doctrine of holiness itself, than a hesitation to enter, heart and soul, into legitimate services and sacrifices for the Saviour's cause. Nothing that is dear to Jesus can be foreign to such a heart; and it should be more even than meat or drink to do the Father's will.

These are a few of the plainest outward marks of the inward life, which never can be lacking where that life exists. Others have a right to look for these, in full development, whenever by the grace of God we are enabled to say, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanses me from all sin." We ought not to be entirely satisfied with our experience unless, in a greater or less degree, it makes, of itself, these impressions upon the hearts of those acquainted with us.

"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

COVER. Please read the Cover carefully. The advertisement are important to ALL.

A CORNER FOR BOOKS.

THE very clear and comprehensive article in this number upon entire consecration, by Samuel Wakefield, D. D., forms a portion of a chapter upon this vital theme, in a new work just issued from the Methodist Book Concern; the remainder will appear in the January number. The volume, which is a finely printed octavo, is entitled "A Complete System of Theology." Dr. Wakefield, who is a highly esteemed member of the Pittsburgh Conference, proposed at first an abbreviated edition of Watson's Theological Institutes, but wisely concluded to construct a new work, making such use as his plan required of the valuable collections of Mr. Watson. The volume will meet a manifest want of a popular and truly evangelical presentation of the theology of the Bible, in a portable and economical form. For Sabbath-school teachers and Biblical students, as well as for the study of private Christians, it will be an important addition to the library. J. P. Magee, No. 5 Cornhill, has it for sale.

For the holidays, and as a work of permanent value, the Book Concern issues, in various styles of binding, the well-received volume published last year, entitled "Moral and Religious Quotations from the Poets, by Rev. William Rice, A. M." A delicate taste, comprehensive readings, and a devout heart have unitedly rendered this volume far superior to any collection of the kind heretofore published. It forms a beautiful and a wholesome gift for the season. Found in every variety of style at Magee's.

No volume immediately occasioned by the present fearful struggle has so directly met the great want of the hour as the touching biography of Adjutant Stearns, written by his father. Its affecting recitals have come home to the hearts of thousands of parents, and yielded lessons of piety and of true patriotism to as many young men in the army. His life was short, but complete. He illustrated the highest form of Christian courage, and fell, greatly beloved and lamented, in the hour of victory. The volume should have the widest circulation. No young man can resist the charm of its recitals, or the powerful moral lessons it inculcates. It is published by the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, and is for sale at their Depository, No. 13 Cornhill.

Andrew F. Graves, 24 Cornhill, has just published an interesting little volume written by the well-known authoress, who styles herself, in her book, Mrs. Madeline Leslie. It is entitled "The Two Homes; or, Earning and Spending." In a simple and attractive story, the history of two families, one developing moral principle, and the other showing the lack of it, is given, with their natural and legitimate results. It will prove a wholesome volume for the fireside and Sabbath school.

Henry Hoyt, No. 9 Cornhill, has just issued a

new volume, by Mrs. Baker, entitled "The Organ Grinder; or, Struggles after Holiness." It is a touching story, illustrating vital truth. It bears all the characteristic marks of this successful authoress, and will be read with interest and profit by young and old.

A CONFIDENTIAL WORD WITH OUR READERS.

No periodical has truer or more permanent friends, and we trust our efforts to respond to their kindness are appreciated.

We might be justified in limiting, in every possible way, our expenses upon the Guide next year, as the price of all printing materials and paper have advanced more than twenty per cent. Instead of this, we shall, with the first number of next year, considerably enlarge our page, thus increasing our reading matter; introduce our accustomed engraving; and have made arrangements to secure valuable articles through the year from some of our best writers upon the doctrine advocated by our periodical. We have reason to expect that we may offer to our readers as valuable a series of monthly numbers as has ever given character to the issues of the Guide.

May we once more ask our friends in return to yield us still their patronage, to forward promptly the small subscription price, and to send, if possible, the names of two or three new subscribers, who may be greatly blessed by the reading of the Guide.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE CHILD AND DEATH.

"DEAR mother," said a little child,
"I should not like to die,
And lie within the grave, nor see
The sun shine in the sky.

"Oh! is it not a dreadful thought,
When all the earth is bright,
To know that we must go to sleep,
And never see the light?"

"It would be so," the mother said,
"Were not God's promise given,
That from the dreamless sleep of death
We shall awake in heaven,

"Where shines a brighter sun than this,
Our opening eyes to bless,
That never sets, nor veils his face,
The Sun of Righteousness."

"But does it not seem very sad
To leave the glad young flowers,
That we have loved to look upon
Through all the summer hours?

"When winter comes with threatening clouds,
They droop their heads and die;
Dear mother, do they live again,
And blossom in the sky?"

"Not so, my child. Like us, the flowers
Of earthly dust are made;
But heaven has skies without a cloud,
And flowers that never fade.

"And happy spirits wander there
Through long, unnumbered days,
And join the angels round the throne
In songs of endless praise."

"Dear mother," said the little child,
With earnest, thoughtful eye,
And drawing closer to her side,
"How I should like to die!"

"THE GOD TO WHOM I PRAY."

A MOTHER heard with a shudder the name of God carelessly spoken from the lips of her child. The little boy had gleaned the word from the streets without knowing its import. She wisely said nothing, until, prepared for his bed at night, he said at her knee his evening prayer. Then she told him what she had heard, and how it grieved her, and who it was whose name her little boy had carelessly uttered. "Why, mother," said the now terrified child, "you don't mean that it was the God I pray to that I spoke so about?" The mother assured him that it was the same good God and Father whose law he had broken. "What shall I do?" he cried, in great anguish, not being willing to go to bed until something could be done. The mother told him to ask forgiveness, and repeated the promises of the New Testament. They then prayed together, and the forgiven child, effectually saved from any repetition of this sin, soon fell into peaceful slumbers.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S REQUEST.

A SKEPTIC connected in business with a Christian father made no secret of his unbelief. On one occasion a child, then only nine years old, was present when her father was endeavoring, but in vain, to convince this gentleman of his fatal error. When the painful conversation had ended, and her father had left the room, the child asked this gentleman to take a walk with her in the garden; and when no one could overhear them, she inquired whether she might ask him a question.

"Certainly," he replied, "any question you please."

"Then," said she, "have you ever read the New Testament through with a desire to understand it?"

"No," he answered; "I never have."

"I thought so," said she, "for I am sure you would not have spoken of it to my father as you did just now if you had;" and in an earnest manner she added, "O, do read it, and do wish to understand it."

That child's entreaties and tears led the infidel to the Bible, and the Bible led him to his Saviour.

LOOKING HOME.

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WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Ah! this heart is void and chill, 'Mid earth's noisy thronging; For my Fa-ther's

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. It consists of three staves: a treble staff with a melody, an alto staff with a harmonic accompaniment, and a bass staff with a bass line. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and continues with eighth and sixteenth notes.

Refrain.

mansions still Earn-est - ly is long - ing. Look - ing home, Look-ing home,

The second system of the musical score is also in G major and 6/8 time. It continues the three-staff format. The melody for the refrain starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The accompaniment and bass line provide a steady harmonic and rhythmic foundation.

Towards the heavenly mansions, Jesus hath prepared for me, In his Father's Kingdom.

The third system of the musical score continues the three-staff format. The melody for the second verse begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5, and continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The accompaniment and bass line continue to provide a steady harmonic and rhythmic foundation.

2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,
Heavenly pleasures bringing;
Night will be exchanged for morn,
Sighs give place to singing.
CHORUS—Looking home, &c.

3 Oh! to be at home again,
All for which we're sighing,
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying.
CHORUS—Looking home, &c.

4 With this load of sin and care,
Then no longer bending,
But with waiting angels there
On our soul attending.
CHORUS—Looking home, &c.

5 Blessed home, Oh! blessed home,
All for which we're sighing,
Soon our Lord will bid us come,
To our Father's Kingdom.
CHORUS—Looking home, &c.

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